No. 22260.65

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

OCT 14

Jun 21.

1920

JAN 11

OUR STARTING POINT.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

THE

WORLD AS WE SAW IT

BY

MRS. AMOS R. LITTLE

2260.65

ILLUSTRATED

606

BOSTON
CUPPLES AND COMPANY
1887

Copyright, 1887,
By Cupples, Upham & Co.

All Rights Reserved.

73.H
398.072
May 12, 1887

Electrotyped by
C. J. Peters & Son, Boston.

Printed at the Hyde Park Press.

TO

The Memory of My Beloved Cousin,

LUCY A. PETERSON,

WHOSE TENDER SOLICITUDE FOR OUR WELFARE PROMPTED
THE JOURNAL LETTERS FROM WHICH THESE
CHAPTERS ARE ARRANGED,

I MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME.

NOTE.

THE urgent solicitation of many friends, and the frequent inquiries of strangers concerning our route and our experiences, have caused the publication of this volume.

My original intention in arranging my home letters in their present form was to give pleasure to my friends. If these rapid glancings at places and people prove to be sufficiently individual and different from those of other travellers, I shall hope to interest the public.

ANNA P. LITTLE.

NOVEMBER 14, 1886.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

DEPARTURE FROM PHILADELPHIA — GOOD OLD PENNSYLVANIA — CHICAGO — THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — TRIP TO ESTES PARK — HOTEL AND RANCHES — MOUNTAIN SHEEP — DEER AND TROUT — PARK FLOWERS — AT DENVER — ITS MINING MILLIONNAIRE — ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK — WAGON-WHEEL GAP — SODA HOT SPRINGS — SHOOTING AND FISHING — A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HEROINE — THE RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE 1

CHAPTER II.

ROUTE TO SALT LAKE — MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN SCENERY — THE CITY OF THE SAINTS — ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO — VISIT TO OREGON — CHINAMEN AS SERVANTS — PUGET SOUND — VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND — SEATTLE — RETURN TO PORTLAND — AN EARTHQUAKE 20

CHAPTER III.

HUNTING IN THE NEHALAN VALLEY — RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO — BEAUTIFUL OCTOBER WEATHER — CABLE CARS — PARK AND OCEAN DRIVE — SAN JOSÉ, SANTA CLARA VALLEY — LARGE PUMPKINS — OLD MISSIONS — MONTEREY — HOTEL DEL MONTE — THE FLOWERS — PRINCESS LOUISE — SANTA CRUZ — LOS GATOS — RANCH LIFE — SANTA BARBARA — OLIVE RANCH —

Sulphur Spring — Ojai Valley — Los Angeles — Sierra Madre Villa — Orange and Lemon Groves — The Chinese 34

CHAPTER IV.

Again at San Francisco — Mare Island — The Captain's Story — Voyage to Honolulu — Diving for Coins — Native Dress — Eating Poi — Luxuriant Flowers — The Pali — Fish Market — Transferring Passengers — Hilo — Princess Kinan Buying a White Child — Lomi Lomi — Volcano of Kilauea — Back to Honolulu — Dangerous Surf — A Crooked Railroad — Sugar Mill — Refusing a Throne — King Kalakaua — The Tabu 54

CHAPTER V.

Voyage to New Zealand — Stormy Seas — Flying Fish — The Southern Cross — Crossing the Equator — Samoan Islands — Confusion of Times and Seasons — Arrival at Auckland — Mount Eden — Iron Hot Springs — Passion Fruit — The Hot Lakes — Fine Bathing — Swimming Babies — Freedom of Natives — Maori-Gum — Sailing Down the East Coast of New Zealand — Gisborn — Napier — Wellington — Christ Church — A Large Station — Dunedin Inver-cargill — Embark for Tasmania — Stormy Seas . . 77

CHAPTER VI.

Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land — Extinction of Native Tribes — Hobart and its Surroundings — Across Bass Strait to Australia — Melbourne — St. Kilda — Great Drought — Miserable Barbers — Beautiful Public Gardens and Parks — Melbourne — Sydney — Australian Squatters — Snake Stories — Lizards — Botany Bay — Excursion to Hawkesbury River — Beautiful Scenery — Blue Mountains — Govett's Leap 99

CHAPTER VII.

Ocean Voyage to Hong Kong — Calm Seas — Townsville — Blacker than Black Natives — White Ants — Coral Reefs — Meeting an American Vessel — Pearl Fisheries — Man Overboard — Catholic Savages — "Head Hunters" — A Water Spout — On the Edge of a Typhoon — Arrival at Hong Kong 120

CHAPTER VIII.

Hong Kong — The Mode of Conveyance — A Hobbling Young Woman — Leave for Japan — The Fourth of July — Pleasant Voyage — Yokohama — Devout Worship at a Temple — Japanese Courtesy — Cloisine Factory — The Missionaries — Funerals — Tokio 137

CHAPTER IX.

Travelling in Japan — Temples at Tokio — Japanese Music and Dancing — Cheap Labor — The Museum — Journey to Nikko — Tea Presses — Curiosity of the Natives — Official Courtesies — Arrive at Nikko — Japanese Dress and Wooden Shoes 153

CHAPTER X.

Trip to Ikao — Kangos — Hot Baths — Curious Customs — Pack-Horses and Saddles — Japanese Runner — High-Toned Watering-Places — Benefits of Simple Dressing — Hot Vapor Baths — Return to Yokohama 171

CHAPTER XI.

Trips in Japan — An Imposing Mountain — The "Big Hell" — Kobe and Kioto — A Typhoon — Intruding Curio Men — Terrible Fires — Going Down the Rapids of the Kozu River — Painted Children — "Nightingale Floors" — Bewitched by Foxes — A Japanese Yankee of 1583 — The Inland Sea — Nagasaki — Leave for Shanghai 184

CHAPTER XII.

Voyage to Shanghai — Equipages — Character of the Chinese — Male Seamstresses — Consulting the Joss — Investing Money and Securing Houses in Heaven — Chinese Servants — Chinese Ladies — Wheelbarrow Riding — Houseboats — Sporting — The Mail Service — Burial Mounds 204

CHAPTER XIII.

Return to Hong Kong — English Rule — Compradores — English Prudery as to Bathing — Streets of Canton — Unpleasant Scrutiny — Not Exactly Afraid but Nervous — The How-qua Family — Back to Hong Kong 220

CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage to Singapore — Gharry-Wallahs — Picturesque Costumes — The Fan-Palm — Malays — Poor Pay of American Consuls — Story of a Siamese Princess — Different Ways of the World — A Trip to Java — Batavia — Simple Customs — Buitenzog — Bungalows — White Lizards — The Paradise of the World — Rice Meals — Tropical Luxuriance — Habits of the Natives — Bandong — No English Spoken — Sindanglaya — Kindness to Strangers — Straits of Sunda 240

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage to Colombo, Ceylon — The Singhalese — A Native Bride — Luxuriant Vegetation — A Buddhist Temple — Kandy — Crows of Ceylon — Rude Native Boats — Madras — Poor Harbor — Native Jugglers — Christmas Day at Sea — The Ganges — Arrive at Calcutta — Sacred Pigeons — Style of Carriages — Lord Dufferin — The Hindoo — Watering Streets 260

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave for Darjeeling — Curious Cars — Tiger Hill — Mount Everest — The Himalayas — The Natives — "Dandy" Conveyance — Birch-Hill Road — Tea Plantation — Again at Calcutta — A Paper Hunt — Evening Party and Ball — Benares — The Monkey Temple — Measuring his Length to the Temple — Multitudes of People — Wells — Camels — Narrow Streets — The Golden Temple — Devout Worshippers — Sunrise at the Ganges — The Bathing Ghauts — Evidence of Faith — A Lucky Accident — Hindoo Widows 276

CHAPTER XVII.

Allahabad — The Bungalows — Fakirs — Cawnpore — The Indian Mutiny — Nana Sahib — Lucknow — The Patriarch's Place — Agra — The Taj Mahal by Moonlight — Tomb of Sultan Akbar — Native Divers — The Hindoos — Delhi — Old Moguls — War News — Kutab — Jeypore — Elephant-Riding — Ambra — Tiger-Hunting — Bombay — The Parsees — Variety in Costumes — Fine Houses — Shipping Mules — Caste — Elephantine Caves — The Towers of Silence — Parsee Burial Customs — Hindoo Crematory . . 293

CHAPTER XVIII.

Voyage from Bombay to Suez — Aden — Mocha Coffee from Java — Suakin — The Red Sea — Suez — Sand-Storms — A New Dragoman — An Egyptian Family — Native Huts — Cairo — Howling Dervishes — The Pyramids — Mummies — Fleas — Alexandria 315

CHAPTER XIX.

Alexandria to Jaffa — A Russian Vessel — Port Said — Jaffa — Trip to Jerusalem — Sharon — Valley of Ajalon — Stormy Weather — Jerusalem — Easter Holidays — A

Burial — Mount Calvary — Jews Lamenting over Jerusalem — Siloam — Gethsemane — The Last Supper — Bethlehem — Church of the Nativity — Mosque of Omar — Church of The Holy Sepulchre — Bethany 331

CHAPTER XX.

Leave Jerusalem — Our Caravan — Yosef on the War-path — Biblical Scenes — Dead Sea Bathing — Bad Roads — Nazareth — The Mount of the Beatitudes — Tiberias — Sea of Galilee — Capernaum — Ain-el Tin — Waters of Merom — Banius — A Day of Storm — Damascus — Balbec — Beyrout 345

CHAPTER XXI.

Voyage to Smyrna — Close Quarters — Cyprus — Rhodes — Ephesus — Smyrna — Athens — Acropolis — Parthenon — Temple of Theseus — Voyage to Constantinople — Sultan Going to Prayers — Watchful Dogs — Customs Officers — Stamboul — Palaces 371

CHAPTER XXII.

The Unlovely Turk — The Black Sea — Bulgaria — Buda-Pest — Hungarian Exhibition — A Beautiful City — The "Blue Danube" — Vienna — "Excelsior" — Corpus Christi Day — The Prater — Churches — Royal Lingerie — Palaces 387

CHAPTER XXIII.

Russia — Warsaw — Homes of the Russian Peasants — Smolensk — Moscow — A City of Churches and Domes and Spires — The Long Days — Rainy Weather — The Romanoff House — The Foundling Hospital — St. Petersburg — Royal Palaces — Churches 401

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEAVE FOR STOCKHOLM — FINLAND — PEASANT DRESSES — ABO — STOCKHOLM — THE SWEDES — NORWAY — FINE SCENERY — TRONDHJEM — START FOR NORTH CAPE — THE LAPLANDERS — THE MIDNIGHT SUN — HAMMERFEST — BIRD ISLAND — THE NORTH CAPE — THE LYNGENFIORD — MAGNIFICENT SCENERY — GLACIERS — FALLS OF LERFOS — NORWEGIAN HOUSES — CHRISTIANIA — OSCAR'S HALL — OLD WAR SHIP — THE CATTEGAT — COPENHAGEN — PRETTY HOMES — THORWALDSEN, ETC., 423

CHAPTER XXV.

OFF FOR HAMBURG — GERMAN CUSTOMS — BERLIN — EMPEROR WILLIAM — POTSDAM — DRESDEN — PICTURE-GALLERIES — LEIPSIC — FRANKFORT — HAMBURG — HEIDELBERG — BADEN BADEN — BLACK FOREST — STRASBURG CATHEDRAL — THE RHINE — COLOGNE — AMSTERDAM — THE HAGUE — BRUSSELS — WATERLOO 450

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARIS — PÈRE LA CHAISE — VERSAILLES — ST. CLOUD — BOAT TILTING — FONTAINEBLEAU — LONDON — ENGLISH FREE-TRADE — ENGLISH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — AN ENGLISH HOME AND VILLAGE CHURCH — GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN — STOKE-POGIS AND GRAY'S ELEGY — RAINY WEATHER — LIVERPOOL — BOSTON SPA — LEAVE ENGLAND — RETURN TO AMERICA . . 466

A JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM PHILADELPHIA — GOOD OLD PENNSYLVANIA — CHICAGO — THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — TRIP TO ESTES PARK — HOTEL AND RANCHES — MOUNTAIN SHEEP — DEER AND TROUT — PARK FLOWERS — AT DENVER — ITS MINING MILLIONNAIRE — ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK — WAGON-WHEEL GAP — SODA HOT SPRINGS — SHOOTING AND FISHING — A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HEROINE — THE RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE.

N a sunny July day in 1883, we started from the Philadelphia station of the Pennsylvania Railroad for a leisurely trip around the world. My last sight of home was the picture of thy loved self, dear cousin, framed in by the vines which hung around the doorway,—the memory of which must alone serve us as our welcome home from thee. Then came the leave-takings from the many dear friends who had gathered to witness our departure,—the

last kind words, and the kisses thrown for the air to carry, — and, as the train moved slowly out of the station, I leaned back in my seat for a few quiet tears, while my companion kept up his dignity with tears unshed.

This was the shadowy part of the life we hoped to find so sunny; but then the brightest sunshine makes the deepest shadows.

As we hurried on our way to Chicago in the "Limited Express," the country looked beautiful with its fine farms, solid stone houses and barns, picturesque hills and charming valleys; and I thought, with the natural pride of one to the manner born, that good old Pennsylvania cannot easily be excelled. After nearly three years of world-wide travel, the thought still remains unchanged, and re-echoes Bayard Taylor's verdict.

We started on a Friday, though warned of our friends not to venture to set forth on that day. A beautiful sunset, however, and a new moon, — which we were careful to see over the right shoulder, — counterbalanced any ill luck Friday might have brought, and gave us instead uniform good fortune during our travels.

We arrived "on time" in Chicago, without accident, though our engine did toss a surprised cow from the track, on which she was enjoying life, into a ditch by the road.

Chicago, as everybody knows, is a busy city; it reminds one somewhat of New York in its general bustle and business life. A cool wind was blowing off Lake Michigan; this was a refreshing change from the temperature we left in Philadelphia.

The fire which caused such destruction in 1871, has been indirectly the means of beautifying the city, as great numbers of beautiful buildings, both public and private, have been erected. The future greatness of the city seems unlimited, for it is the natural commercial centre of the great North-west. One concern alone does an annual business of forty millions in the slaughtering of cattle and hogs, and there are other firms in the same business that do half that amount. This will convey a slight idea of business done in grain, groceries, lumber, dry goods, and other lines.

The parks are finely kept, and attention is paid not only to the poor that they may have pleasant parks, but also to the wealthy, who pay the heaviest taxes; they are given good streets and roads for driving over, a luxury overlooked in many large cities.

Leaving for Denver in the afternoon train, we found a country which we remembered as a vast prairie covered with flowers twenty years before, now cut up into fields and farms; all through Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska houses now dot the country as stars dot the sky.

The country is very beautiful; every foot of ground seems under cultivation, in fields of one hundred to a thousand acres, and there are few fences. The wheat was being harvested, and in one place there were six horses nearly abreast, three to a reaper, and three to a machine that was threshing and winnowing and putting the straw into a wagon, which was changed as fast as it was filled.

On the afternoon of the second day we reached Lincoln.

The dining-car had been accommodating us nicely up to this point, where we had to leave the car to dine at the station. The pleasant, cool temperature also left us. A hot wind, a hot sun, and a hot wheel-box all troubled us at about the same time; and we, who had been enjoying travel as clean Christians, soon became demoralized with the dust and detention. The following morning we found ourselves upon the broad open prairie, about four hundred miles beyond the point where cultivation ceases, — nothing to break the monotony save a few antelopes and prairie-dogs, and several little graves where emigrants had parted with their children in their journeying to unknown lands.

Reaching Denver, Colorado, at a quarter to nine in the morning, we were pleased to find very comfortable hotel accommodations, quite different from those of our last visit, twelve years ago. What a luxury a bath-room is after travelling two nights in a sleeping-car! Bunking at night in close quarters with the day apparel a little loosened is not particularly comfortable; but when the beds are put out of sight, the hair smoothed and face washed, and one sits by the window and gazes upon the Rocky Mountains, as we did that morning, discomforts are forgotten.

We left Denver in the train the following morning for Longmont, on the way to Estes Park. We passed around through the foot-hills, stopping at Golden City and at Boulder, and were surprised to find so much land under cultivation by the aid of irrigating canals. It seems as though some one could be found to till every inch of land on this continent,

if one may judge from the numbers of farmers coming into the Rocky Mountains to settle; it appears to be only a question of time when there shall be no uncultivated land left.

At Longmont we took stages — covered wagons — with four horses, each stage designed to hold six persons, for a thirty-eight mile drive, with a stoppage about half-way for dinner, at a place where there was not much to eat, but still sufficient to take off the sharp edge of hunger. The first ten miles were over the plains. Then we came to the foot-hills. Then up through a cañon, winding around one mountain, then another of the Rocky range, now and then fording streams. Part of the road was fearfully rough, and the scenery very rugged and wild; again, we would come to a level where the road was smooth and good. At one spot we had a magnificent view of the plain behind us; it was like looking out upon a vast sea.

For eight or ten miles before we reached the park, the road was excellent, though it was constantly ascending until, when within two miles of our destination, it descended eight or nine hundred feet into a beautiful valley. This valley is undulating, and about three miles wide and eight miles long, with several cañons leading into it, through one of which we had entered. There are many trees in it, and a stream called the Great Thompson winds through it. It is surrounded by high mountain-peaks. Long's Peak and the Snowy Range are partially covered with snow, and their white summits are beautifully tinted morning and evening. They seem to be about one mile distant, but are really eight or ten miles away.

The scenery of the last part of our ride was so magnificent that we forgot all the discomforts of the earlier part. Besides, we had had three relays of horses and an excellent driver, and did not feel over-fatigued when we drove up to the Estes Park Hotel, about half-past seven in the evening.

The hotel is a two-story frame-house, capable of accommodating thirty or forty persons. There are ranches three or four miles apart, each consisting of a main house where the meals are provided and smaller houses of two or three rooms, which are taken by families who board at the main house.

The atmosphere at the high altitude of the park is so light that when starting to walk at the usual speed, one is forced to stop and grow accustomed to the new action of heart and lungs. Woollen clothing snaps with electricity, and the hair grows rebellious from the same influence.

Early the next morning, we saw coming over this beautiful natural park on horseback our friends Mr. and Mrs. C., who were here seeking and finding health. They reported having seen some mountain-sheep near Ferguson's Ranch, where they were stopping. Another person told of a man having killed three bears and one deer the week before, about five miles from the hotel. This information, added to his enjoyment of the trout which had been caught in the stream near by, aroused the enthusiasm of A., who is an ardent sportsman.

For myself, I took more delight in the beautiful wild flowers; a bouquet gathered that morning contained fourteen varieties. During the day there came a shower, giving a

WAGON WHEEL GAP.

ESTES PARK.

magnificent view of the clouds sailing over the surrounding mountains.

Sunday in the park was like all other days, only the gentlemen did not go fishing. The head waiter Peter, who seemed to be the chief man of the hotel, said that last year on Sundays they had had no lunch but a service, while this year they had no service but a lunch, and he thought the guests liked this way better.

We drove over in a one-horse phaeton to call on our friends at Ferguson's Ranch, and were much amused at the primitive style in which they were living. A long, one-story, part log, part board house contained the dining and general sitting-room, the latter having a large fireplace, where an open fire is built every evening. In a line with that are built framed one-story houses, unpainted and unfinished inside, the frame-work and joists serving for shelves. But the novelty and the invigorating atmosphere give all a charm.

We found Mr. C. making a seat out of a beer-barrel; his health is greatly improved, and the three children are perfect pictures of health. The youngest was a fine specimen of a Colorado baby, a handsome, black-eyed, curly-haired, white-and-pink-complexioned boy. A little girl of ten, a daughter of Dr. A., of Boston, who is also here for his health, sat astride of a horse, and rode as fearlessly as an Indian girl. Indeed, she did not look unlike one, with her red cape and dress, her striped stockings, and with her dark hair flying. She was racing up and down the park, waiting, she said, for her mother to join her.

In a few days one grows somewhat accustomed to the rarity of the atmosphere, though any unusual degree of exertion makes one puff and pant in the most unexpected manner. The park is seven thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the peaks around are seven thousand feet higher than the park. Magpies are chattering everywhere around; they reminded me of my childhood, when I was frequently told I chattered like a magpie. I realized for the first time the full meaning of the expression. They do chatter, chatter, continually.

There is a good deal of game here, especially early in the season. A gentleman said that six weeks before we came he had seen fifty deer and twenty mountain-sheep just opposite the hotel. In July they go up into the mountains above the timber line.

These mountain-sheep are very large; their bodies are longer than those of deer, but their legs are not as long. They are about the same color, have hair instead of wool, are very much larger than ordinary sheep, and have enormous horns.

Trout are exceedingly plentiful. A. returned from one trip with seventy. Our days alternated between fishing and riding into the different cañons. One charming drive was to Lamb's Ranch. It was about seven miles through the park, over the mountains, in lovely cañons, around great boulders, and seemed nearly all the way like driving through a garden of flowers. Even between the track of the two horses at times there was an unbroken line of flowers, columbine, lobelia, lark-

spurs, evening primroses, wild roses, and many other varieties. It seemed almost cruel when we were forced to turn out of the beaten road and drive over the sod to avoid a bad place, thus crushing such lovely flowers. I felt as Burns did when he ploughed up the daisy.

Lamb's Ranch is at the foot of Long's Peak, where horses are provided for the ride three miles up the mountain, for those who wish to ascend. Above this point there remain four miles before the summit is reached; this distance must be accomplished on foot.

As we stood gazing up at the snowy summit, I asked of A., "Have you any ambition to ascend?"

"Not a particle," said he. And we sat down, ignobly but comfortably, to luncheon. It was not long after this that we read of the fatal accident which occurred to Miss Welton among the snowy ravines of this beautiful mountain.

We took many rides which I have not space to chronicle, being frequently in the saddle four or five hours at a time. As we had not enjoyed the exercise for several years, this proved that riding, like swimming, even though not practised regularly, is not easily forgotten.

We were given a specimen of a singular plant, called the resurrection plant, which grows in Colorado. No matter how long it is kept, if it is put in a little water and left there for ten or twelve hours, it will become fresh and green again. It can be dried and kept for years, and then restored in the same manner. I thought it particularly well named.

While returning to Denver on our way to Wagon-Wheel

Gap, we could but marvel afresh at the rapid growth of the place. Handsome stores, where everything seems to be sold at about the same prices as in the Eastern States, and elegant dwellings all testify to the existence of great wealth, acquired mainly during the last ten years, through silver mining.

Of course there are numerous stories of sudden wealth. We were told of one man that he had made nine million dollars in six years. He had been a poor man working in the mines, and his wife took in washing. Now she was put away with an allowance of two hundred thousand dollars, while a new wife rode around in a four-horse carriage, with her coachman and a footman in scarlet and gold livery.

Another man had made three millions the previous summer. He was working for four dollars a day, and at the same time had a little claim of his own, to which he devoted his spare time. After getting to the depth of sixty feet in his own mine carrying the dirt up a ladder in buckets, he struck the precious metal and became a millionnaire in a few months.

We were told of many similar cases, but little is said of the thousands of failures; as for example that of the man who, upon being assured by a friend that there must be gold in a certain mine, answered that he was certain of it, for he had put fifty thousand dollars himself into that hole, and had not taken a cent of it out again. Mining gold and silver is a kind of lottery business, at which one may either make or lose heavily.

We found the city all bustle and excitement, gayly deco-

rated in honor of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, who were being entertained. To those who follow in the wake of these grand bodies, the thought of famine is suggested; it is something like following a swarm of locusts. We did not linger, but took the train for Colorado Springs, and on to Manitou. The following morning we drove to the Garden of the Gods. This consists of bold rocky formations of various shapes, some standing four hundred feet high. It seems as though the earth had been washed away, leaving these prominences of soft red and white stone standing in a great variety of forms. General Palmer, then president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, has a cottage situated in a small cañon, with some of the strange formations towering around it. We continued our drive to Colorado Springs, where we found wide streets and very many pretty cottages; it is evidently a nice, home-like place to live in. There is also a very good hotel, which furnished us not only the comforts but the luxuries of life.

The summer is the rainy season in Colorado. Through July and a part of August the mornings are beautiful; but by noon it grows cloudy, and heavy thunder-storms come on, which sometimes pass away by evening and sometimes last until midnight. After this period of rain there is no more until the next year.

One morning we mounted our horses about seven o'clock for an excursion to the famous Pike's Peak. Our water-proof coats were strapped behind my saddle; and two large yellow oil-cloth coats and a package of lunch behind A.'s. Then,

joining a party of twenty gentlemen and two ladies, we set out.

The Peak is fourteen miles from Manitou. We went up and up, following our guide in single file. One moment we were on the edge of a precipice; then we were crossing a bridge, or fording a stream as we followed up its course, first on one side, and then on the other. On and up we went through the clouds till above the timber line, catching occasional glimpses of the mountains below us, and the plains in the far distance, and looking down on water-falls and the rushing stream. Then up again till we came to masses of rocks tumbled one over the other, with snow in the deep places. At last we arrived at the summit, and clambering over the rocks reached a stone house built by the government for a signal station. There a fire had been built, and hot coffee was ready for us.

But the clouds by this time had gathered so heavily that we were completely enveloped in mist. The atmosphere was so light that as we dismounted I experienced a strange trembling sensation. All the party felt it more or less. One gentleman was seated upon a lounge, leaning over and breathing as if in an epileptic fit. I asked the signal man why they did not get him to lie down. He answered: "Oh, he will not die. It is only the effect of the air. He is asleep now. The pressure of the atmosphere is so greatly lessened up here, that the internal organs expand. Sometimes we have four or five visitors in this condition at once. This gentleman will sleep for a while, and then we will put him on his horse, and as soon

as he gets a ride down the mountain he will be all right again."

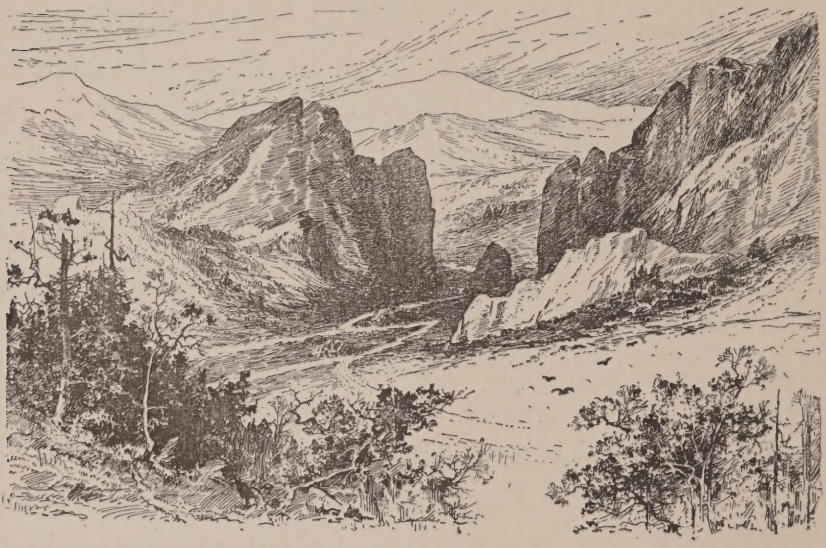
After eating lunch, most of the party had photographs taken, for the photographer is everywhere. If you ascend to the top of the mountains he is there; and no doubt if you were to descend in a diving-bell to the depths of the sea, he would be there also.

We waited an hour for the clouds to clear away, but as there seemed to be no probability of their doing so we started on our descent. If it seemed twenty miles up, it certainly was twenty-five down. Soon we were among the clouds, with lightning and thunder around and below us, then hail, then rain. The water-proofs and yellow oil-cloth coats were brought into service. When half-way down, we stopped on a plateau to get off our horses and have the saddles tightened. When the guide proposed my dismounting, I told him I never should be able to mount again, but he promised to assist me. On reaching the ground I felt as if I belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic, and had lost my limbs in the war, and that those I was endeavoring to stand upon were merely artificial. We reached the foot of the Peak at six in the evening, and were glad to avail ourselves of the benefit of a hot sulphur bath, which we got at the exceedingly pretty and extensive bathing establishment at Manitou Springs.

Had we realized what we were undertaking, it is probable that we should have looked upon Pike's Peak contentedly from a distance, — as we did at Long's Peak.

After a railroad ride of about twelve hours from Colorado

Springs, we reached Wagon-Wheel Gap. We were told that it derives its name from a wheel being found there which was lost from a wagon during Fremont's exploring expedition to California. He was detained here over one winter, the Indians preventing his passing through the Gap. In the spring he made a détour, and accomplished his journey.



PIKE'S PEAK.

We found a resting-place in a country inn about a mile from the station, where the San Juan Mountains towered all around us. The house was on a plateau lying in the midst of the hills. There are several soda springs, one of which is boiling and bubbling all the time, the hot steam rising twenty feet or higher. Curiously enough, within a few feet of this hot spring is one of ice-cold water.

The water from the hot spring is led into a bath-house, where there are two large plunge-baths — one for ladies and the other for gentlemen — and several smaller tubs, which all may be enjoyed free of charge.

It was early August, and we were sure to have rain every day, — and sunshine just as surely.

The temperature required a little fire and warm underclothing. Deer and bears were plenty, their trails being plainly seen around the house. They like the soda-water, and come during the night to drink; one was seen in the twilight drinking at the spring.

The San Juan Mountains are a range of the Rocky Mountains, and the San Juan River runs close to the house where we were stopping. The Rio Grande River runs through the Gap here; it is not over one hundred feet wide, but flows very rapidly. The gentlemen had some fine fishing in this river. Dr. D., Mr. J., and A. formed a most enthusiastic trio. A. told of two two-pound trout that he had on his line at one time; and Mr. J. said he "hooked one that did not weigh less than four pounds; he got him out on the bank and sat on him and rolled over on him, but the plaguy thing slipped off." Oh, those "buts," — how often they spoil good stories! These trout were very brilliant in color, the prettiest I ever saw. One gentleman brought in from a day's fishing twenty-eight pounds of splendid trout, many of them twelve to sixteen inches long, and weighing two pounds.

As we were eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, we again had the effects of rarefied atmosphere. Places that

appeared only a stone's throw off were half a mile, and low hills, when reached, proved very high ones. The sun in the daytime and the stars at night were unusually vivid and brilliant.

While sitting on the porch of the inn one day, we were highly entertained listening to a woman who was conversing with our landlord. She was short, and, though stout and strong-looking, was not rough in appearance; she wore a black silk dress, and had a long gold chain around her neck, with a handsome little watch at the end of it; there were diamond rings on her fingers, and while talking she twirled a brooch carelessly, a gold bar with four large diamonds in it. When talking with her afterwards, I learned something of her life and of Western ways. She was a Swede, and had come to Colorado when fourteen years of age. Though uneducated in books, she spoke four languages, one of them of course pure Western English, without a particle of foreign accent. She had come to Denver with her family, had married at twenty, and had gone with her husband to his ranch, twenty-five miles above the Gap, where he had a stock-farm. She had a servant to whom the husband took a fancy; he turned his stock into money, and went off with the servant and the seven thousand dollars, leaving his wife alone. She had a few cattle which had been left behind, and other ranchmen offered to buy them from her; but she answered that when she wished to sell she would let them know.

In the course of six months the husband wrote to learn if he could come back. She told him to come. When he

arrived, she said that before he could live with her again he must give her a legal right to the ranch and all that was on it. He agreed to her terms, and gave her the papers. Then, that very day, she took her pistol, and, pointing it at him, told him "to *git*, and never show himself about that ranch again."

That was seven years before. When I saw her, she was twenty-seven; she ran her ranch, had about nine hundred head of cattle, had just sold an interest in two mines, kept a nice house, and did all the housework herself. A cousin of her husband stayed there with her, looked after the stock, and helped her — throwing the young steers while she used the branding iron. She rode over the mountains, going in the winter through places where a man would hesitate to go. I heard her say to our landlord: "Mac, I had a hard ride after that calf when its mother died. I hated to let the calf die without looking for it; but, I tell you, a calf's the hardest thing to catch. When we found it, after riding over the worst places you ever saw, we had the greatest time. Why, I'd rather loop a three-year-old steer than a calf, any day. Every time you threw the loop, the calf jumped through it, you bet!" Then, turning to a man standing near, who was one of two that owned a mine with her: "Dan, do you know we heard some Texas fellows had jumped our mine? Sam's gone up to see. He saw them thar, and told them they'd better git. I rode around that way and did not see anybody; but if I hear of them being thar, I'll go and fix up all my things, so my friends 'll get the benefit, and go up and tell 'em to git;

and if they don't, somebody will be shot, if I have to go to jail and be fed by the county."

Then she added: "Well, I must go back. A couple of gentlemen wanted me to keep them while they did some fishing and hunting. Brought them back this afternoon to the Gap. I might as well have the cash as the stage-line; besides, I can get a bath, though twenty-five miles is a pretty good ride for a hot bath. Now I've got to go back, — git there about ten o'clock, — then I've got to go up ten miles into the ranch to kill a beef to-night, so as you down here can have something to eat."

When I told her I thought she managed to accomplish a great deal for her age, she said, "Why, if a woman can't show any pluck by the time she's twenty-seven, there ain't much hope for her, I think. And, I tell you, if you're brought up in the mountains, and gone through what I have, it'll bring it out. I can take care of myself, git all I want, and if I want to send my mother anything, I don't have to ask for it, you bet."

This woman was respected by all the people around the Gap, and the landlord said her income must be seven to eight thousand dollars a year. She was a thorough business woman, and went right in among a herd to buy or sell. Her story seemed to me more like an extract from one of Bret Harte's books than a real life which was being lived out there near the Gap.

The hot springs are said to be wonderfully curative in cases of rheumatism. One day, a man was brought who was

so afflicted that he had to be lifted in a blanket. He was put into the bath in that way, and given a good sweating after it. All his meals had to be carried to the room, adjoining the baths, where he lay. After taking the baths for a week, the man came walking slowly up from the bath-house to eat his meal in the general dining-room. The landlord told me of similar cases. The mountains of Colorado, and also of Montana, have a great many of these hot springs.

The gentlemen of our party expressed much regret at leaving this place, where they had enjoyed the fine fishing; but it was decided to take the train for Colorado Springs, and continue our journey.

CHAPTER II.

Route to Salt Lake — Magnificent Mountain Scenery — The City of the Saints — Arrival at San Francisco — Visit to Oregon — Chinamen as Servants — Puget Sound — Victoria, Vancouver's Island — Seattle — Return to Portland — An Earthquake.

E had a rather provoking experience on leaving Colorado Springs for Salt Lake City. We were sitting in the hotel, "The Antlers," waiting for the coach to take us and our baggage to the station, when a porter came hurriedly in and said, "The coach is not here, but the train is coming." We heard the whistle, saw the head-light of the locomotive, and made the best time possible. A., having less drapery to hinder him, reached the station first, and induced the conductor to wait an instant until I arrived almost exhausted with my heroic efforts. We were soon at rest in the sleeping-car, having given orders to the porter to waken us at three o'clock, when the train was due at the Royal Gorge. When that hour came, we wrapped ourselves in the bed blankets like two Indians, and sat down in the door-way of the car at the rear end of the train, holding on tightly, for rounding the curves at high speed is a rather dangerous business.

I wish I could express in some slight degree the grandeur of this gorge. The night was perfect; the moon was full, giving a sublimity to the scene beyond what daylight could afford. The effect of the moon's weird light and shade over the mountains and ravines kept me gazing from the window for two hours. It was a strange contrast to the sight inside the car; here were sleeping people in reclining chairs in all sorts of odd postures.

At five o'clock we rode through Marshall's Pass, another scene of beauty, with moonlight and day-break blending their magic coloring. And at ten o'clock came the Black Cañon But words fail me.

This Denver and Rio Grande railroad is certainly one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering the world has ever seen. For a long time it was thought to be an impossibility; but energy and scientific ingenuity at last triumphed over every obstacle.

By two o'clock in the afternoon we had passed through all the grandest scenery; and from this time until we awoke near Salt Lake the next morning the way was tiresome. The railroad here runs through a barren, alkaline country of mountain and plain. It was the beginning of the great American Desert full of sand, rocks, sage-bush, and grease-wood. It suggests the tumbling into space of a lot of useless material that had to be put somewhere. In order to reach the Pacific Coast, the road must wind in and out, through and over all this mass. The best thing to be done in this part of the journey is to protect the eyes from the effect of the alkaline dust by putting on

dark spectacles and a veil, then go to sleep and forget the monotony.

We secured comfortable accommodations at Salt Lake City, and in the afternoon went to the Tabernacle and heard a sermon from Mr. Penrose, the editor of the Mormon paper. There were four or five thousand persons present, men, women, and children, especially children; some of the children cried so loudly at different times that it seemed like a day-nursery. The sermon would have been worthy of Brigham Young, it was so shrewd in argument. I could not however agree with the preacher that all men would be doing God's work by following the example of Abraham and taking to themselves four wives!

The city of Salt Lake did not seem as neat and clean as when we visited it a few years before; but the Wahsatch Mountains were as beautiful as ever, with the sunset casting a crimson glow over them and the moon rising brightly above their highest peak, which loomed up just in front of our window.

The following morning we left by early train for San Francisco. The first part of the ride is uninteresting. The veil and spectacles must be brought into use again. The alkaline dust is the most penetrating that can be imagined, and makes the skin smart as well as the eyes. But I took it, like sea-sickness, as one of the necessary inconveniences of travelling, for which the beautiful and interesting things to be seen are ample recompense. All the way through from Ogden we had good meals and splendid fruit. Having been denied

the luxury of fruit while among the mountains, we relished it particularly now; the melons served us were nearly as large as pumpkins, and there were peaches that weighed half a pound apiece.

We reached San Francisco about nine o'clock the next day, and found it gaily decorated in honor of the Knights Templar who were being entertained there. The Palace Hotel was thronged with the visiting Masons. The Palace is a very large hotel, occupying an entire square. There are eight hundred and seventy-three rooms in it; and its wide halls and costly pillars, plate glass, and various other expensive and luxurious appointments, make it correspond admirably with its name.

Two Chinamen appeared to put our room in order, then I realized that I was really in California, where John Chinaman contests the kingdom of Bridget. While waiting for my room I was entertained by watching the plumed Knights and listening to the music of their numerous bands. I could not help thinking how absurd it is for men to criticise women for a love of finery; if they can only manage a reasonable excuse for putting on a showy dress, to what an extent they carry their fondness for tinsel and embroidery! They call it regalia, and the higher the rank the finer the adornments. Oh, inconsistency, thy name is man!

Making but a short stay in San Francisco at this time, we took steamer for Portland, Oregon. After passing through the Golden Gate, I began to experience the usual forlorn symptoms that make lying in one's berth the most comfortable

occupation; so I went in to my state-room, and remained there. It was foggy weather, there was nothing to see, and I felt so thoroughly stupid that for the first time in my life I did not know it was Sunday until eight o'clock in the evening, when A. came in and reported that they were having religious services in the cabin. After entering the Columbia River we found that a heavy fire was raging through the forests, and the smoke was very dense. The banks of the river are chiefly high bluffs; and along the shores are large canning factories built out on long wharves, where, during the season for fishing, vast quantities of salmon are put up, and sent all over the world. The entire business of Astoria is canning salmon; and, though it is a rough, dirty-looking place, great care is given to neatness and cleanliness in the canning, which is done principally by Chinese.

We landed at Portland at six o'clock in the morning, and drove to the house of a friend. The city was in its worst condition. There had been no rain for three months, and the forest fires caused so much smoke that even the sun was often hidden. When seen at all, it was a dull red globe of fire; and dust was abundant everywhere.

The Oregonians said it was an "off year" in all respects. Even the fruit was not as fine as usual, but what we had was both large and luscious. One gentleman told us he had often seen pears weighing five pounds, apples two and a half pounds, and peaches a pound apiece; and we were told that in some parts of the state tomatoes grow for three or four years consecutively on the same vine.

Chinamen do a great deal of the household service in Portland. The relative whom we were visiting had engaged a new boy on the recommendation of Wah, who had frequently worked for her. She asked, "Wah, can he talk?"

Wah replied, "He no much sabey talk, but he sabey work good — he no get mad."

"What's his name?"

"He name Tom — he real name Tom — he Chiney name Tom — no foolee — no Melican name Tom."

But I regret to say that Tom did not "sabey work good." He did not know even how to build a fire. E. would come every few minutes and say, "Aunt A., Tom doesn't sabey anything; he is dreadfully stupid."

We had a funny time all day. Tom would say, "You show me this day. I sabey to-morrow." But Tom had to go, and Sam was employed as his successor; Sam knew how to work.

Mrs. H. told us that a Chinaman came to her, and she asked him his name. It was such an odd name that she said, "Oh, that is too long; I will call you John."

"Welly well — what's your name?" asked the Chinamen.

"My name is Mrs. H."

"Oh, that's too much. I callee you John too."

A. went off on a ducking trip, and found plenty of ducks; and told, moreover, of a farm he had visited where he saw peas as big as good-sized cherries, and cherries the size of plums, and plums the size of goose-eggs. I had been listening to some pretty good stories from Oregonians at table that day,

but I told him he exceeded them all. He replied that it was the solemn truth. Whereupon I said that if he had only a pocket large enough, he might have brought me home a pea-pod. One thing I noticed as rather peculiar here in the far North-West, — the frequent ups and downs of life, and the manner in which they speak of the changes in a man's financial condition, as of one more gone up or gone down, in the most matter-of-fact way. Business men enter very wildly into land or mining speculation, and if they fail it is of course a thing to be regretted, but they do not lose their social position, as is the case in many Eastern states.

The rain came at last, put out the forest fires, and stopped the smoke; and when the clouds cleared away, I had the pleasure of seeing the stars for the first time in Oregon. On going to the door to look at the stars, I saw on the hill beyond the town three large trees on fire. The limbs had burned off and left standing three high columns of light.

When driving one afternoon with E. to the top of Markham's hill, which would be called a small mountain in the East, we rode nearly all the way through a forest of very heavy timber, of great fir and cedar trees, one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, and with trunks four to six feet in diameter. It was this fine timber that the flames had been devouring. The fires were still burning in several places.

From the top of the hill we had a fine view of Portland and the surrounding country. But the clouds of smoke still hung over Mount Hood, Mount Helen, and Mount Adams; and we could not see any of them.

COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

It was amusing to hear the old-time settlers telling their stories of the early life in the Far West. One evening a gentleman described the behavior of certain of the young men in San Francisco in the old days, when a steamer came in. He said that some of them made a regular practice of going to the wharf on such occasions. When they saw a young woman coming off the vessel, one would say, "I will go for number one," another would claim number two, and so on. As the young women landed, these audacious gallants would rush up to them and kiss them, embracing them warmly, and calling them "sister." The young woman would say, "I am not your sister," but each would protest that she was, and that he had changed so she did not know him. When she persisted, and would no longer submit to the kissing, the young man would say, "Can it be that I am mistaken? It has been so long since I have seen her. But here she comes now," and the same ardent greeting would be bestowed upon another of the new-comers.

I think that through all the newly settled countries morals are at a lower ebb than in the Eastern states, judging from what I see and hear, or else the immorality lies nearer the surface. It will take time, and good women with strong religious natures, to elevate the coming men by education and good homes.

There was a great deal of excitement in Portland while we were there, owing to the arrival of a large party of capitalists, some of them from Europe, to witness the driving of the last spike on the Northern Pacific railroad. Among other

things was a grand parade, of which the most interesting portion to me was the exhibition made by the various trades. I was astonished to see how much manufacturing is already done in Oregon. The fine lumber was also a prominent part of the show. Another interesting feature was a train of immigrant wagons, with one old woman on horseback, bearing the motto, "How I came in '49."

I found on going to a store that I could not buy anything costing less than five cents in Portland. "Nothing mean about this country," they say. Their smallest coin is a five-cent piece. They call a dime a bit, and count one bit, two bits, and so on up to the dollar.

Another odd thing is the fuel. Nothing but wood is burned, and you see great piles of it along the street, opposite the houses. There it stands piled till the inevitable Chinaman comes along, and says to the lady of the house, "He want wood sawed?" She says, "Yes. How much?" "One dollar." "No; won't give but six bits." "No can do." Then he walks off.

After a while the same man comes back, and commences over again, just as if he had not been there before, and the lady makes the same replies.

Sometimes this is gone over the third time. Then, without any additional words, the Chinaman says, "All right," and goes to work, sawing the wood, and piling it in the shed or yard.

One of the pleasant experiences at Portland was a picnic at Ross Island, about a mile and a half up the Willamette

river, which runs through a valley of remarkable beauty and fertility. There was a party of thirty-five, and we went in row-boats, and camped in a grove of large oak trees. After partaking of the supper which was prepared, we rowed back to Portland in the moonlight, to the music of happy voices.

Another day was spent in going by steamer sixty-five miles up the Columbia, where the river flows through the Cascade Range. The mountains tower on either side; the autumn foliage, mingling with dark evergreens, stood out boldly from a background of dark gray clouds, and we could see cascades falling from a height of two or three hundred feet. It was a day to be remembered always. A day or two afterwards we set out for a short visit to Vancouver's Island.

Starting early in the morning, our steamboat sailed down the Willamette to the Columbia, and down the Columbia to Kalama, where we took the cars for Tacoma. Clouds hung between us and the mountains, so that they were invisible; but there was neither fog nor smoke, so that we could enjoy the view of the river-banks.

On the way to Tacoma we had a beautiful view of Mount Ranier, which is 12,300 feet high, and one of the most beautiful of mountains. There were numerous stations along the route; at all of them the decorations which had been arranged for the guests who had been invited to the opening of the new road were still up.

Arriving at Tacoma at five o'clock in the afternoon, we found a miserable hotel and a worse supper. At nine o'clock we went on board the boat which left for Puget Sound. Dur-

ing the night we stopped at Seattle, and when we awoke the next morning we found we were favored with a beautiful day to sail up the Sound. The Oregonians say that Puget Sound is the finest sheet of water in the world, having five thousand miles of shore, so numerous are the bays and inlets, and with no shallow places or rocks to guard against. It is often difficult to find a place to anchor, the water even near the shore being frequently from one hundred to two hundred fathoms deep. We had exceptionally fine weather, and the water was very smooth, even when we crossed the straits of San Juan De Fuca.

About two o'clock we landed at Victoria, and found ourselves under the English flag, among a great variety of people, — English, Canadians, Indians, and Chinese. We had pleasant rooms at "The Driad." The servants were all Chinamen; there was not a working woman about the house.

We were surprised to realize that the climate of this island is so moderate. They have very little snow, and many vegetables and flowers grow and bloom all the year round.

The mountains — the snow-covered Olympic Range, which we saw very distinctly, on one side; and the Cascade Range on the other — probably keep off the cold winds and temper the atmosphere. There is, besides, the genial effect of the warm currents of the Pacific. A few hundred miles farther north, it is very cold, though even in Alaska it is much warmer than in the corresponding latitudes on the Atlantic Coast.

We had a beautiful view of Mount Baker, which reminded us very much of Mont Blanc. It had not been seen for six

weeks, owing to the clouds which encompassed it; so we considered ourselves very fortunate.

The smallest coin used in Victoria is the ten-cent piece. A., seeing some nice pears, thought he would like to taste one; on asking the price, he was told they were five cents a pound. As he only wanted one pear, it was rather troublesome to be forced to buy two pounds; and he asked if he could not take one pound then, and return the following day for the other. His proposition was not accepted, and to get one pear he had to take the two pounds.

We found the country very rocky in many places, but the roads are very good, being kept in order by the English Government. One pretty feature is the numerous snow-berry bushes, of which the white waxen berries are often mixed with the red seed-pods of the wild rose, and with ferns. There were bushes ten to twelve feet high of both berries and roses.

The Indians of Victoria appear to be a quiet, harmless, industrious race, working steadily to make a living. Even the women and little children know how to manage their canoes. Their principal employment is fishing, the men often going out for whales, and taking the women along to help them. We saw several whales while on the Sound.

The ways of doing business in Victoria are in striking contrast with those on the other side of the boundary line. They seem very English; no one is in any special hurry; business does not commence till about ten in the morning; and at five in the afternoon they close their stores and offices, and go home to dine and to rest from their labors.

Leaving Victoria on our return to Portland, we arranged to stop at Seattle, and found it the liveliest place on the coast north of San Francisco. The town lies on the slope of a high hill overlooking the Sound, with the snow-covered mountain-peaks in view.

In anticipation of this place becoming the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, there was great activity in selling lots and erecting houses. Twelve steam saw-mills were going day and night; yet this was insufficient to supply the demand for lumber.

The forest fires were still burning when we returned to Portland; there had not been rain enough to extinguish them completely, and they had started up again.

We made a very interesting visit to Forest Grove, where there is a school for 150 Indian children, including both boys and girls. Twenty tribes were represented, and there were several half-breeds. The children learn some things very quickly, and are especially apt where memory is required; for generations that is the only method their race has had of acquiring and retaining knowledge. They are also very good at trades, and make everything they wear, which is certainly a strong proof of their ability to receive civilization.

While in Portland we had our first experience of an earthquake. It was after we had retired for the night. We heard a noise as if some one was dragging a heavy article over an uncarpeted floor; this was followed by a sensation as though the whole world was trembling. We each exclaimed, "What is it?" In an instant we both replied, "It is an earthquake."

Our friends from the adjoining room called, "There will be another, probably followed by a third much lighter; generally there are three." True enough, we had the three, — the last, only a slight tremor, hardly a tremble. The motion produces a faint, sick feeling, especially with those unaccustomed to it. I felt it decidedly.

We realized that the people of Portland are exceedingly kind to strangers. Indeed there seems to be a larger and heartier degree of hospitality shown to visitors all over the Western States than is usual in the East. We spent six pleasant weeks in Portland, and became acquainted with a large number of very nice and intelligent people. We have a pleasant memory of being invited to a surprise party given on the birthday of an old lady; eleven old people were invited to lunch with us. The youngest of these was over seventy, and the oldest ninety-four. As they sat around the table with heads bowed in response to a blessing asked by the hostess, it was a sweetly impressive sight.

I could speak more favorably of the climate of Oregon had our visit been during a season of less smoke, fewer showers, and more sunshine. This region may be called the sportsman's paradise, as it has game in abundance and plenty of good fishing.

CHAPTER III.

HUNTING IN THE NEHALAN VALLEY — RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO — BEAUTIFUL OCTOBER WEATHER — CABLE CARS — PARK AND OCEAN DRIVE — SAN JOSE, SANTA CLARA VALLEY — LARGE PUMPKINS — OLD MISSIONS — MONTEREY — HOTEL DEL MONTE — THE FLOWERS — PRINCESS LOUISE — SANTA CRUZ — LOS GATOS — RANCH LIFE — SANTA BARBARA — OLIVE RANCH — SULPHUR SPRING — OJAI VALLEY — LOS ANGELES — SIERRA MADRE VILLA — ORANGE AND LEMON GROVES — THE CHINESE.

SEVERAL invitations were given A., by Portland gentlemen, to go on what he called 'fancy expeditions' for elk and deer. These he declined, preferring to find some old hunter of the sort that would rather hunt than eat. He heard of one who lived in the Nehalan valley, but to reach there horses had to be sent from the valley to meet him on landing at a small place on the Columbia River about seventy miles below Portland. Mrs. H., the wife of the hunter, who was in Portland, intended returning to her home with her little girl. It was arranged one day that A. should meet them at the boat which was to leave at five o'clock the following morning. Her husband was expected to meet her, provided with horses.

But on the arrival at W., Mr. H. could not be found, so A. arranged to get a horse for himself from two men who had

come with horses to carry provisions back into the valley. Packing valise, blanket, gun, rifle, rods, etc., together with himself, as load for one horse, he started with the provision party at eight the next morning.

He was told that they might have some difficulty in getting through "the burns," and it was not long before he fully realized the truth of this. It was a ride of twenty miles over a hilly country, through native forests of gigantic trees, chiefly pines, which were from two hundred to four hundred feet in height; many of them were from thirty to thirty-five feet in circumference.

The blind trail could only be recognized now and then by the blazed trees. The burns are caused by hunters and other parties leaving their camp-fires burning; from these the dry material around ignites, and fires often extend over an area of many acres before a rain comes heavy enough to extinguish them.

A. and his companions came very soon to a burn; as there was but little wind, the fire travelled slowly but steadily. The accumulation of pine-needles one foot deep becomes a burning mass extending down to the soil; it is like a bed of peat. As the fire reaches the large trees it runs up until it reaches the very top. Of course these burns obliterate all signs of the trail. The only way is to go around them, and this is no easy task, as the rider must go under, over, and around, great quantities of fallen trees, and then hunt up the trail again. When forced to pass over any part of these burns, a man must ride at break-neck speed, or the fetlocks of

his horse will be so badly burned that he cannot step. A.'s party had to pass over ten or twelve of these, dismounting many times that their horses might get under the fallen trees. At times when a high wind is blowing the trees in the burns fall one after another with a crashing, thundering noise which is heard at a long distance. By seven in the evening they had succeeded in getting into the valley, — and in a clearing of about three acres they saw a wooden shanty. Mr. H. was sitting in front of it under a projecting roof which formed a sort of stoop, not expecting his wife to arrive until the following day.

He said, "Reckon I'll have to go out and bring them in."

A. replied, "You cannot go over that trail at night, and get back to-morrow," and, as he spoke, he leaned against the post that supported the roof of the stoop and down it all came together! Things inside the house were about as unsteady in appearance. When A. told H. that his reputation as a hunter had induced him to make the visit, H. said, "I'll start off to-night; you can keep house. You'll have to feed the chickens, cut some green oats for the cow and horse, do the milking, make a little butter out of that cream, chop some wood for your fire, and get your meals. I'll go bring in the old woman and little girl; we'll be back to-morrow; and the next day we'll go after deer and elk."

A. listened quietly till the list was gone over; then remarked that this was not exactly what he had come for, and asked if there was any one in the neighborhood who could be found to attend to these few things, he had better be sent for.

"Oh, well," was the reply, "there is a man; maybe he can come; these men that guided you here pass that way, and they can ask him to come help you."

After being left alone, A. looked into the culinary department, and found that the cups and plates for the table, as well as the cooking utensils, were all made out of old tin tomato-cans. The milk-pails and pans were manufactured from old tin oil-cans. The provisions on hand were salt pork, milk, and a very little flour. He added to the stores by catching some nice trout from the stream near by, and shooting pheasants in the woods. The next morning the man came to do his cooking.

True to his word, H. returned the following afternoon, with wife and child brought safely through the burning forest. He told calmly how they had barely escaped being crushed by a falling tree when camping at noon to rest.

The next day A. and H. started off on their horses with rifles and pack-saddles for a hunt. Soon it began to rain; this, however, only increased their ardor, for the wet ground retained the tracks of elk, deer, and bear. The hunter said, "There has been elk along here since the rain commenced; let's hitch the horses, and follow them. Don't you speak, make as little noise as you can, and keep close behind me."

He started off on a dog-trot, up hill and down, for nearly a mile; then A. called for a halt. As they had gone along, H. had quietly pointed several times to places where the elk had bitten off twigs.

On ascending a hill till within forty or fifty yards of the top of the ridge, H. stopped, and, turning, said: "What do you say? Shall we go on? It may be dark before we come up with the elk. Or shall we return to our horses, go five miles further on and camp?" A. decided to go to camp. Just at that moment there was a terrible snapping and crackling of the underbrush. H. started to run up the hill. At that instant A. raised his eyes, and saw to the right of him, on the brow of the hill, not fifty yards distant, standing in bold relief, a noble buck and two does; their sides were towards him, their heads turned looking directly at him. It was but an instant. The buck gave the doe next to him a great lunge with his horns, and they disappeared like a flash over the ridge. H. had not seen these at first, but had run up the hill to fire into the main band, and, firing two shots as they ran down the slope on the other side, wounded one which he followed for some time, but could not overtake. A. was greatly vexed because he had not fired on sight, but having frequently had good shots spoiled by amateurs when shooting, because they were too quick, and feeling certain H. had seen the elk, he waited for him as leader to give the signal — and lost his chance.

Had the buck been killed, the whole band of does, twenty-two in number, as they found by the marks where they had lain, — would have been at their mercy. When the leader is killed, the does become confused, and run back and forth in their efforts to find him. Owing to this H. had the previous week killed eleven out of one band.

For two days they were unsuccessful in getting any large game; but on the third, after going six miles from camp, passing over steep hills, rocks and fallen trees, they killed three fine deer.

A. asked, "What are we going to do with them, now that we have killed them?"

H. answered, "Back them, and carry them into camp."

"That is very good," replied A, "but how much can you carry? I shall carry enough for my supper, and no more."

At this H. grew cross; but finally decided to come down for them in his boat about twenty miles the next day; but even then, he would have to "back" them at least a mile before he got them to the river-bank.

Seeing how difficult it was to get the game even to camp after it was killed, for it is impossible for horses to reach these places, and not wishing to kill it and let it lie unused, A. preferred to return. They broke camp that evening. The day following, A. came out of the valley. The trail proved more easy to follow returning as the rains had extinguished the fire in many places.

When the time drew near for us to leave Portland, we had a solemn confab over the two routes, by land or by water, to San Francisco.

The overland disadvantages were fire, smoke, fog, two hundred and forty miles of staging, two all-night rides, and very rough accommodations if we wished to remain over night on the route. Then there was the possible unpleasantness of being attacked by robbers, as that is a route often favored

with their attentions. One gentleman had told us how gracefully he had handed over his watch and purse at their polite solicitations. Of course, in either case we should send our valuables by the steamer, as even ladies, while not subject to any personal discourtesy, are not exempt from the pillage, enforced by the muzzle of a pistol, of watches, purses, and jewelry. On the other hand, we should have plenty of fine scenery, at least during the daylight.

The chief disadvantage of the ocean route was sea-sickness, opposed to the advantages of a quick trip and comfortable accommodations. The risk of not arriving safely seemed about equal on the two routes. The result of our council was the securing of the best state-room in the steamer Columbia, and the abandoning of the land route. We could not quite make up our minds to the stage route and the robbers.

We were very sorry to leave our relatives and the cordial friends we had made in Portland; but this parting is a constant grievance attendant upon travel. Starting early in the morning, we steamed down the beautiful river to Astoria; neither fog nor smoke prevented our view of the autumn foliage, which lent an additional charm to the fine scenery. We arrived at Astoria about noon, and waited there till they took on board six thousand boxes of salmon; then just as we thought we were getting off again, a steamboat came up alongside, and commenced unloading her freight upon our vessel.

On this return trip we found "rocked in the cradle of the deep" no mere figure of speech; for we rocked and rolled from one side to the other until we came in sight of the Gol-

den Gate once more, the beautiful, bold, rocky entrance to the noble bay of San Francisco.

We were fortunate in arriving in the very best of weather. October here is perhaps the finest month in the year. The air is genial; a little cool, morning and evening, and rather warm in the middle of the day. Even when the rainy season commences, the showers are at intervals; the rain is not constant, and there are no thunder-storms. The frequent high winds are not suited to people liable to rheumatic affections, coming as they do with sudden cooling effect upon the body after it is heated by the warm sunshine.

Many places of amusement are open on Sunday afternoons and evenings, the bands playing outside to announce the performance, as they do during the week.

Most of our sight-seeing was done by taking the cable cars. The streets are often very steep, sometimes rising and falling at an angle of forty-five degrees. The cars go up and down at the regular speed, and by taking front outside seats, one gets a fine view of all objects of interest.

From the top of Nob Hill we looked over the city, and upon the many hills now covered with houses which were merely sand-hills thirteen years ago, when we last saw them. As the cable roads make these hills accessible at every point, it is easy to understand why the residents of San Francisco consider most other cities low, flat and uninteresting, compared with their homes on more than seven hills, with the beautiful bay at their feet, and the mountains of the Coast Range in the distance.

We enjoyed the drive through the beautiful park to the

ocean and sandy beach by the cliffs, there to look out on the rocks and see the huge seals sunning themselves and rolling off into the water. The balmy air, the surf rolling in, the sky a deep blue, and a soft haze over the mountains — all made us certain that this is the time of year to see San Francisco at its best.

Delightful days were spent in Oakland and at Alameda, on the opposite side of the bay, where we were cordially entertained in beautiful homes, and enjoyed the fine gardens, in which the fruit and flowers of this semi-tropical climate grow luxuriantly.

Having visited the Yosemite valley when it was necessary to ride forty miles on horseback to enter it, we did not avail ourselves at this time of the comparatively easy task of enjoying its grandeur.

On the first day of November we left for San José. The valley of Santa Clara, in which San José is situated, is about thirty-eight miles long and sixteen miles wide. It is surrounded by mountains varying from three thousand to five thousand feet in height, many of which are cultivated to the very top. These mountains form a valley resembling a horseshoe in its shape — both ends of it reaching to San Francisco Bay.

There is no water obtainable in the valley, save by means of artesian wells, except during five months of the year, when a mountain-stream comes rushing down. During the other months the course of the torrent is only a dry bed, which we followed for several miles on one of our rides.

Live-oaks, sycamores, and eucalyptus-trees are scattered

about like the trees in a park. In the streets of San José we first saw the red pepper trees. They are very pretty; the foliage is like the cypress, with bunches of red flowers which hang somewhat like the wistaria blooms.

We were much interested in visiting the Almedan quicksilver mines.

We enjoyed a pretty drive to Alum Rock Spring, seven and a half miles from San José, over a road as smooth as a park drive, with a double row of trees on each side, the last two miles through a cañon. On reaching there, we found a number of springs; iron, soda, alum, and sulphur. During the drive we had a beautiful view of the whole valley. This is called the "Garden City," and a large garden it is. Its freedom from weeds and its cleanliness are very noticeable.

Driving in another direction to a place called The Willows, which eight years before had been covered with wild bushy willows, we found a great fruit-raising district. We saw immense orchards of pears, apples, plums, prunes, cherries, and apricots; and also large vineyards. Many people were employed drying apples by steam and packing them for the market.

And the pumpkins, — such lots of them! We saw two boys each astride of a pumpkin as large as a flour-barrel. And our driver said he had seen pumpkins there that would weigh two hundred and forty pounds apiece!

From The Willows we drove to Santa Clara, and to the old mission church, passing through an avenue of willow-trees, planted by the Jesuits one hundred years ago.

The Jesuits had a mission at San José, and they had to walk three and a half miles to the church at Santa Clara. An old Jesuit, who died here a few years before at the ripe age of one hundred and nine years, said he had helped to carry the little branches to plant, so as to make a shady avenue to protect them from the hot sun. The grand old trees look very gnarled and venerable now, but because they darken the road at night, the city authorities at one time intended to cut them down. The citizens, however, rose *en masse*, and would not allow it. It would have been a deed worthy of most City Fathers.

Both San José and Santa Clara were laid out by the Spaniards, and the streets cross at right angles. They are all about one hundred feet wide, and are in excellent condition. The people sweep the dirt into piles in front of their houses, and burn all that will burn.

The Spaniards seem to have a love for solidity in their buildings. The walls of the old mission church are eight feet thick; and one would think they might defy both the earthquake and the tornado.

Nearly fifty miles in a southerly direction from San José lies the city of Monterey, formerly the capital of California, which distinction it lost in 1847. We arrived at the beautiful Hotel del Monte after dark on a Sunday evening. Driving up an avenue, we came to a large house brilliantly lighted, and entered a square hall, where a fire was brightly burning in a large open fire-place. A number of ladies and gentlemen were enjoying watching the arrival of new guests. Everything was

bright and gay, and gave evidence that we had arrived at the Saratoga of the Pacific Coast.

When morning came we saw that we were in the midst of a beautiful park, where there were many beds of choice flowers of all varieties. The mosaic beds were being changed, preparatory to new planting in January. Clematis, yellow jasmine, and heliotrope were in full bloom.

There is a beautiful drive of seventeen miles within this park. The road is kept in fine order and passes through woods of pine and live-oak, then out on the ocean-beach and up on high bluffs, making a charming and picturesque route either for driving or riding; pretty carriages and excellent saddle-horses are always on hand.

One of our rides was to San Carlos to see the old church of the Carmel Mission, which was founded in 1770. It is about seven miles from Monterey, and stands in a lovely valley, through which the Carmel River flows, the ocean rolling its billows on the beach just beyond. The Jesuits showed both good taste and sound judgment in selecting sites for their abiding-places.

The beautiful bay of Monterey forms a perfect curve with a hard sandy beach; the surf is very fine and the water warm enough for good bathing. An exceedingly tasteful bath-house is provided for those who prefer heated baths.

An English gentleman, evidently a great traveller, said to me, in speaking of the beauty of this and other places along the Pacific Coast: "I do not understand why so many Americans go to Europe, when there is so much at home that they

have never seen. This very summer thousands have gone across the Atlantic — and here, at this beautiful place, there are so few people."

In excuse for my countrymen, I said, "Very many gentlemen feel the need of the rest that only an ocean voyage can give. The morning papers and telegrams cannot reach them daily if on board ship. In our progressive America, it is difficult to find a spot where the rise and fall of stocks are not daily reported." To be just to the American traveller, this hotel is often crowded to overflowing, and both it and the adjacent grounds are always kept in perfect order.

We had a communicative driver one day while riding. The old man said: "I'm a big man, I tell you; I hauled Princess Louise when she was at Monterey. When the Princess came to the door, she asked, 'Aren't you going to drive?' I said, 'La, no! I ain't got my coat nor gloves on.' She said, 'Well give me the reins; I'll drive down to the stable, and you can git your coat and gloves.' Well, now, if she didn't git in the seat, and drive right off, as if she was used to it all her life! She wasn't dressed fine either. La, no! she looked just like common folks; no more fuss than any of the country folks around here; put on no airs at all."

When in Victoria, we had heard of Princess Louise, during her visit there, as paying especial attention to a Mrs. Shakespeare, who was then wife of the mayor of Victoria, though formerly a milliner, and whose sign still hung out at the old place of business. She had been ignored by the ladies in society, and they accepted with ill grace the lesson of polite-

ness the princess taught them. We were much amused at the severe criticism of the society ladies.

In one of our rides we wandered from the main road, and, meeting a man, asked him where the road led to on which we were. He replied: "It goes back as fur as a mile, for I been that fur myself." A. asked, "Does it go as far as the ocean?" His answer was, "Like it do."

During our stay at the Hotel del Monte, A. had some fine shooting. He, in company with another gentleman, drove eighteen miles into the Carmel valley, and in one day's hunt they brought in ninety-seven quails.

From Monterey we went by rail thirty miles up the coast to Santa Cruz, a seaside resort where a marked feature is the luxuriant growth of beautiful roses in all the gardens. From here we drove out to the Santa Inez red trees, which are mammoths, nearly equal to the famous Calaveras trees.

We also drove around the Cliff road, which is something like the famous Newport drive; only the bluffs are composed of soft sandstone, instead of hard granite, and here and there the surf has dashed in till it has worn great caves, and occasionally formed natural bridges.

From Santa Cruz we again took rail over and under the mountains, and through the red-wood forests, to Los Gatos. Here we stopped to accept an invitation from friends who were living on a ranch. The lady had written us they were positively thirsting for the pleasure of looking on a Philadelphia face, and not until we had lived a few years on a ranch could we know what a joy it would be to have us visit them.

The cordial invitation was followed by an equally cordial reception.

A more quiet, lovely, peaceful spot for a home would be difficult to find. An avenue of young orange-trees leads up to the little cottage, which nestles under large oaks. The Santa Clara valley lies in front, the Coast Range beyond, and the Santa Cruz Mountains at the back and on one side. Our friends had little society to vary their lives, but they had nature, and time to think, and memories of former days of travel; with books and cultivated minds to appreciate them. The weather was charming, and we spent many a pleasant hour on the piazza watching the ever changing effects of light and shade on the landscape, the air perfumed with sweet violets and other blooming flowers, which surrounded us.

Mr. M. and A. had some quail-shooting at different times; but to A's discomfort he found the poison-oak of California spoiled much of his pleasure, as he proved very susceptible to its effect, and had to give up all shooting in close woods and thickets.

There was no direct railway communication with Santa Barbara, which lies on the coast two hundred and eighty miles south of San Francisco, so we were obliged to return to the latter place in order to take the steamship Arizona which sailed on the thirtieth of November. We had a pleasant passage, and went near enough to the shore to see Santa Cruz and Monterey, where we had been recently. The coast ranges were in view during most of the journey. As we neared Santa Barbara, we were surprised to see large quantities of oil

floating on the water, and were told by the captain that there are here submarine wells or springs of this oil, which may frequently be seen bubbling up.

On landing we went to the Arlington House, and found it a most comfortable, restful place, with clematis trailing from the top of the piazza, — a mass of purple bloom, — while a beautiful Maréchal Niel rose-vine met it from the other side, loaded with enormous buds and full-blown flowers. Can you wonder that we forgot the season, and that it seemed incredible that Christmas was so near at hand ?

One morning they held service in the old Mission Church, which is quite near. A new bell was consecrated, and the people came from quite a distance to attend the service ; they were a motley group. After the crowd had left, we went up a very narrow stone stairway into the old tower and saw the bell. The tower was decorated, and roses and smilax were wreathed around the bell quite tastefully. There was a beautiful view of the town, valley and ocean.

The following day it rained. It was the second rain during seven months. We were amused to hear that the guests of the hotel were endeavoring to find which one of us was an invalid, as they divide the visitors into two classes : — " the hacking-cough invalids " and " the flourishing tourists " ; we took our place with the latter.

One fine day we spent in visiting several ranches. Accompanied by Miss H., we started for Mr. C.'s olive-ranch, which is fifteen miles off. Mrs. C. was at home, and welcomed us so pleasantly that one might have thought we were bestowing,

instead of receiving a favor. They have a thorough ranch home, but are very cultivated people. Mrs. C. was sitting in the library when we arrived, engaged on a translation from the French. After walking through the olive-groves and seeing the process of extracting the oil, we had a delightful lunch, and left laden with flowers.

We returned to the hotel through Colonel H.'s ranch. He has forty-eight hundred acres, altogether, in this neighborhood. We were driving for an hour and a half, and all the time on only three ranches.

Miss H., daughter of the colonel, on my expressing surprise at the great number of callas, told me they grow so thickly on their ranch that the gardener, upon separating some roots, threw a number into a small creek; and we saw the result in almost countless profusion. She also said that she sent fourteen hundred callas to decorate the church last Easter.

The sunsets had been very beautiful in Southern California for the previous three weeks, and the twilights, owing to the brilliant afterglow, much longer than usual. As a general thing, as soon as the sun sank beneath the horizon, the night came on. At no season of the year have they long twilights. Many of the natives are superstitious, and were afraid this afterglow presaged the happening of something dreadful.

Six miles from Santa Barbara there is a hot sulphur spring in a cañon which lies fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The road leading to it is very rocky after one enters the cañon, and those who go on horseback have the easiest

method of reaching the springs. One could easily spend a winter at Santa Barbara and not grow weary. The atmosphere, scenery, pleasant rides and beautiful flowers all add their charm to the very comfortable accommodations.

We left Santa Barbara on the morning of the fifteenth of December, in a carriage for a drive through the Ojai valley to Newhall, where we intended to take the cars for Los Angeles. Our ride was over portions of the coast range. On reaching the summit of the first range, as far as the eye could reach were mountain ranges, succeeding each other, extending forty miles; lovely valleys lie between, in which grow live-oaks and sycamores and a few white oaks, but on the mountain nothing grows but chaparral and sage-bush. Enormous bunches of mistletoe hang on the trees in the valleys. We took our lunch this first day under a group of these trees. At six o'clock we reached the Ojai valley. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, and lies like a nest among them. The name Ojai signifies nest in Spanish. There are several cottages and two hotels, all rather primitive in their accommodations. The air here is exceedingly dry, and we found invalids who said they thought it especially adapted to delicate lungs. Having driven forty miles, we found it a good resting-place, and remained over one day.

On leaving our route lay through the valley, and after ascending about four hundred feet we came to another valley, which they call the upper Ojai.

We rode on and on, across mountains and through cañons, until lunch time. Then we drew up by the side of a barn for

its shadow, and enjoyed our lunch in the fashion of other emigrants; our horses feeding at the same time.

After an hour's rest, we started off again, and just after sunset reached Newhall, not as much fatigued after our ride of fifty miles as might have been expected.

The next morning we took train for Los Angeles. It is a thriving place, much larger than we expected to see. There are many pretty homes, and some good private boarding-houses; but the hotel accommodations are not good, and we left after a short stay for Sierra Madre Villa.

We took a carriage and pair of good horses; our road lay through Passadena, which is in the beautiful valley of San Gabriel. Ascending from a "bench" or "misa" at the rise of the foot-hills to the range beyond, we came to the Sierra Madre Villa, which commands a fine view of the valley, and is in the midst of at least fifty acres of orange, lemon, and lime trees. The atmosphere was delightful. We could see the Pacific Ocean thirty miles distant, and from a hill at Passadena, where a large hotel was in course of erection, we had a fine view of Baldy Mountain, — a snowy peak eighty miles away.

The last day of the year took a glorious departure. The sky was a sea of many-colored lights, and the crescent moon rose, with Venus at her side. We looked over the valley as we would over the ocean, seeing the skies and earth meeting and blending their tints.

We drove over to San Gabriel to see the old Mission Church, and hunt up the old women that Helen Hunt men-

tions in one of her sketches. One was out, but the other one, said to be one hundred and fifteen years old, was in her hovel. As she crouched on the ground, her bony fingers slowly weaving a basket, she looked more like an old mummy than a woman. As she could not speak any English, we could have no conversation with her.

There are some beautiful ranches in the valley of San Gabriel, through which the guests of the Villa have the privilege of driving. One of these is planted mostly with grape-vines; some of the oldest vines have stems twenty-five to thirty inches in circumference. There is also a large vinery on this ranch.

The more we rode through southern California, the more we doubted if the Chinese question was fully settled. Where are the hands to come from in the next five or ten years to cultivate all these newly planted groves and orchards, and to gather all the fruit? The cities may be able to find a supply to fill their demands for laborers, but how is the country to be supplied? Will not the country districts demand that the restrictions upon the admission of the Chinese be repealed? To me it seemed only a question of time.

CHAPTER IV.

Again at San Francisco — Mare Island — The Captain's Story — Voyage to Honolulu — Diving for Coins — Native Dress — Eating Poi — Luxuriant Flowers — The Pali — Fish Market — Transferring Passengers — Hilo — Princess Kinan Buying a White Child — Lomi Lomi — Volcano of Kilauea — Back to Honolulu — Dangerous Surf — A Crooked Railroad — Sugar Mill — Refusing a Throne — King Kalakaua — The Tabu.

E returned by rail to San Francisco, and, during the absence of A. on a gunning trip, I accepted an invitation to lunch on board the Hassler, which was lying at Mare Island. As a souvenir of my visit, I was presented with a bracelet made by the Hydah Indians, who live in the southern part of Alaska. These Indians will take a silver coin, and with rudest implements hammer it into different forms, and engrave it.

Mare Island, we were told, received its name from an old white mare which for years roamed there alone. A number of horses, were plunged at one time from a large boat into the water, and all except this mare swam to the valley's side. When the government took possession of the island, the popular name of Mare Island was retained; and so it has passed into the official records and into history.

We were very much entertained one evening at the hotel

table by the conversation of a party of three gentlemen from Arizona. One was interested in mines, one in cattle, and the other had been a steamboat captain for twenty years on the Colorado River, and they told wonderful stories. The captain, speaking of the strong current which prevails at certain times on the Colorado, said he had gone three hundred miles in thirteen and one-half hours, while to return the same distance, against the current, would take four days and three nights.

As we had been travelling for six months, we now found it necessary to devote some time to needful additions and repairs in our wardrobe; and, for the benefit of fellow-travellers, I would say that supplies can be found wherever the need overtakes one. We had taken passage in the steamship Zealandia, for the Hawaiian Islands, and were waiting for it to sail.

The mail, for which the Zealandia had waited over a day, arrived, and we were notified to go on board. Through the kindness of Mr. W. we were provided with one of the best state-rooms. A party of our new-found friends were there to bid us adieu; bouquets of flowers decorated our room, and some thoughtful friend had sent on board a luxurious Japanese chair to add to my comfort.

Sailing once more through the Golden Gate, we took our farewell look upon America; and then resigned ourselves to the situation. Not being fond of ship life — merely using it as a means to reach an end — I found it took some moral courage to start for so much sea-travel.

When we were being rocked and rolled about by the waves, I could not help wondering how people ever thought it right

to rock babies in cradles. It seemed absurd — if not positively wicked. Some persons fancy they like to be at sea. As I was trying to find rest in my chair, I was often entertained watching the gentlemen walk the deck. As they passed me, generally leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees either to one side or the other, they would remark, "This is charming, very! isn't it?" To which, of course, I would reply, "Yes, charming!" Meanwhile, through my brain would be ringing silly rhyming lines, such as the following: —

There was a woman who, all day long,
Lounged in a steamer-chair;
Where she came from, or whither she went,
Nobody seemed to care.

At times she gave some symptoms of life;
At others she seemed quite dead;
The vessel kept sailing, sailing on,
But never a word she said.

"Is it seeking for pleasure, she goes?" says one;
"I am sure I don't know, do you?"
"Oh, yes! she has visions of joys to come,
In visiting Honolulu."

Even at sea "all days are not dark and dreary." There are many sunny ones, when passengers come on deck with smiling faces and steady gait. As the sun grew warmer, we realized we were nearing the tropics, and one morning we saw the flying fish; one flew on deck, and was caught. It was a pretty little thing, about a foot long, and like a silver-fish in color.

The water was generally of an indigo blue. One evening its tint was that of a changeable pearl silk.

The Zealandia is an English ship, and most of the passengers were English, and all of them were ever ready to sound the praises of England. This is natural for all true children of their mother-country. It was not pleasant, however, to have the faults of America brought constantly to notice, especially as many of these gentlemen had come to her shores to gather that fortune they could not find at home; so one morning, I took occasion to remark that American men love their country, their mothers, and their wives, and are not only ready to admire their virtues, but often equally ready to demand respect for their faults.

The Captain turned suddenly, saying, "What's the matter, Mrs. L—?" I smiled, and said, "I was merely thinking aloud." The group of gentlemen saw the force of my words, and acknowledged the breach of etiquette in not respecting the presence of a native of the country they were abusing.

On the twenty-ninth of January we came in sight of Diamond Head, the first land seen, and joy entered the hearts of all; for even those who had not reached the end of their voyage were pleased to have a few hours on shore. A. had promised the Captain to put a pound into the box for the Sailors' Hospital if he got us to the wharf by five o'clock in the afternoon; and in it went, for we were at the wharf by half-past four. While the ship was getting up to the wharf, we were greatly amused in watching the native boys from eight to eighteen years old who were swimming around the ship, and

diving after the money which the passengers tossed into the water.

They were fine, healthy-looking fellows, with a rich copper-bronze color, bright eyes, and straight black hair, and they could dive like frogs. A dozen of them would go after one piece of money, and the one who succeeded in capturing it would first hold it up to see how much it was, and show the others he really had it, then tuck it away in his cheek as monkeys do nuts. On landing we did not have to wait long for our baggage. The customs officers seemed mainly on the watch for opium, and did not trouble themselves about other things.

We drove up to a pretty two-story hotel, with a double piazza, and surrounded by palm, cocoa-nut, and other tropical trees, and many bright, beautiful flowers.

The change on going ashore was so great that our first thought was to get on thinner clothing. Then seating ourselves on the upper piazza, we said: "Well, this is Honolulu! Here we are safely landed on an island many hundreds of miles at sea with no telegrams, no iron rails; and where we shall have to wait a week before the news from any other part of the world can reach us."

In the evening we started out for a walk with no idea where we were going; everything seemed weird in the half-darkness of the dimly lighted streets. Following the sound of music in the direction that others were going, we came to a garden where the King's band was playing and foreigners and natives gathered in groups listening.

The next day we went to the wharf, as a steamer was to sail for Mauri, — another of the twelve islands which constitute the kingdom, although only seven of them are inhabited. The arrival and departure of these steamers are the great events of the islands. The natives turn out in force, men, women and children, and are nearly all decorated with flowers, — a wreath or *leis* around their hats, another around their necks, and some old men and women with great streaming vines reaching nearly to their feet. Many of these are offerings of friendship to those parting from each ather.

The native women all wear a *holoku;* this is a dress which hangs entirely loose from the yoke. They never belt them in, and I noticed that many of the foreign ladies that reside here permanently have adopted the same style of dress for morning wear.

Driving around the island, we saw a number of strange sights, — among them the place where the South Sea Islanders and others, who wish to hire themselves out for three years to work on the sugar plantations, are brought. We saw a number who, having served out their time, were to leave for their homes the next day. They looked very much like the natives of the island.

We also saw the place where those lepers are confined who are not yet pronounced incurable. Their families and friends can go and see them, and talk through the fence, but they are not allowed to enter the enclosure.

On our drive we saw the taro growing, the root of which supplies the principal article of food for the natives, which

they call *poi*. It is cultivated in bunches on little knolls in the water; and when young looks very much like the calla. In fact, they call one variety of the calla the Japanese taro.

We saw some of the natives preparing the *poi;* sitting on the floor, they used one hand to slap water on an iron pestle, with which they then pounded the taro.

The natives make a paste of the flour, and set it aside till it ferments, then put it into a large calabash or bowl. Around this bowl they sit, or rather squat, dipping their fingers into it, and helping themselves. When it is quite thick, they call it "one-finger *poi*"; a little thinner, it is "two-finger *poi*"; and when very thin, "three-finger *poi*," because they cannot get a satisfactory quantity without using three fingers to scoop it up with. They generally use two fingers, eating raw fish at the same time.

You may imagine how a party of them look, the women in their Mother Hubbard dresses, with only one long undergarment, a great *leis* of flowers around their necks, and wreaths around their hats; the men also with wreaths of flowers, and with loose handkerchiefs of bright colors tied around their necks; all sitting around a big bowl, and feeding on raw fish and *poi*.

At a place on the ocean beach called Waikiki, many of the residents of Honolulu have cottages. The water at this latitude is exceedingly pleasant for bathing; in fact, we were told that it is often too warm. Among others whom we met at Waikiki was a gentleman who was popularly said to own the King. It seems that there are two very conflicting

parties here, as elsewhere, — the Queen Emma party, and the King's party. Queen Emma is the representative of the old Kamehameha dynasty ; and the present King is the descendant of the chief of the three islands who was conquered by King Kamehameha the First in 1796. King Kalakaua's wife is also a descendant of another chief of the subjugated islands, and a relative of Queen Emma.

We were told that the King was very extravagant, and that, when the Ministers would not humor his whims, he at once asked for their portfolios. This is a summary mode of ruling which simplifies legislative matters amazingly.

The natives are gradually diminishing in number, their places as laborers being taken by the Chinese and the Portuguese, while Americans, Germans, and others are coming in as a better class of settlers. There is quite a feeling that in time the Hawaiian Islands will be annexed to the United States, and American habits are gradually being adopted.

I wish I could give my readers a just idea of the luxuriant bloom of the flowers in Kawai, — of the bright orange-colored trumpets of the bignonia, hanging like cataracts over houses and trees; the dazzling masses of magenta and scarlet bougamvillia, with not a green leaf visible ; the large pearl and blue convolvulus, twining over and among the bright scarlet hibiscus ; and the different colored cannas and latamias of all varieties, the latter growing wild everywhere.

One of the first thoughts of tourists on arriving at Honolulu is to ride or drive to the Pali, which the guide-books mention as one of the most interesting points.

It lies back of the town, the road gradually ascending for five miles to an abrupt precipice, from which one may look down and over a large valley three thousand feet below. We were told that thousands of the enemies of King Kamehameha were chased to this precipice and driven over, and their bones are still lying at the foot.

The water-supply for the city all comes from a small stream which has its source in the mountains, and is kept supplied by numerous showers, which are of daily occurrence there, while in the city it seldom rains. It is a singular fact that these showers extend down to the edge of the town, and it often happens that it will be raining on one side of the street, and remain dry and dusty on the other at the same time.

The fish-market is the gathering-place of the natives on Saturday afternoons. We saw a large variety of fish. Some were sky-blue ; others were mottled in various colors. Gold-fish are eaten here ; and so is a small silver-fish, which the natives are fond of eating raw with their *poi*.

We left Honolulu in the early part of February on a visit to some of the neighboring islands. There is no wharf on any of the islands except at Honolulu. At every place the steamer anchors off the shore, and you hear the surf breaking on the beach, and see the natives coming out in whale-boats. Then commences a great chattering from Chinamen and Kanakas, with now and then a word of English. Passengers are transferred by going down the steps of the steamer, and jumping into the boats as best they can ; then boxes, bundles and

trunks are pitched in, and finally the general freight. In this way all are taken to land.

We stopped at various places; some of the scenery was most beautiful. At one place, the island of Hawaii suggested the Palisades of the Hudson; only here we saw water-fall after water-fall pouring over the high, precipitous walls or bluffs. We were fortunate in having fine moonlight nights and an unusually smooth sea.

Our destination was Hilo, in the island of Hawaii, which is very much the largest of the group, being almost eight times the size of Kawai, on which Honolulu is situated. Our object was to visit the great volcanic crater of Kilauea, for which excursion we hoped to have fine weather, though on that side of the island it rains on an average from fourteen to sixteen feet in a year, while on the opposite side it rains only a few inches.

Our first evening was spent listening to a very interesting account of early days in these islands from Mrs. W., who was the second white child born there; her parents being American missionaries. Kamehameha the First was then living with his five sisters as wives; when told that he could not be a Christian and live thus, he selected his oldest sister as his wife.

When Mrs. W. was born, Kinan, the youngest sister of the King, came with forty followers, and said she wanted to buy the baby, as she had no girl of her own. The cold sweat stood out on the mother's face; she did not understand the Kanaka language very well, but she knew that the mission-

aries were unpopular, and feared the consequences of a denial. The father, Dr. J., said, "My people at home would not like me to sell the baby."

Kinan replied, "You are poor. I am rich; I give you much money."

Dr. J. said, "I cannot do it; but you may come every day to see her, and you shall hold her when she is christened, and she shall have your name." Kinan tossed the baby down on the bed and walked away.

The day that the baby was being christened, in walked the Princess Kinan, and elbowed Dr. J. to one side, then took the baby and stood before the minister, and it was called Kinan. One thousand dollars were given to it, and the Princess came to see it every day for a long time. Then she found herself able to buy a girl baby that suited her, and she transferred her attentions.

Kinan is said to have been a beautiful woman. After she embraced Christianity, she rode all over the islands enforcing the Christian views of marriage. Those who were living together as man and wife were ordered to go to a minister and have the marriage ceremony performed. Of course they had to obey her, irrespective of their own opinions and wishes upon the matter. And after that the services of a Christian minister became obligatory upon the natives.

On Friday, the eighth of February, our caravan left Hilo for the volcano of Kilauea, which is the largest continually active crater in the world. It is situated on the eastern side of the mountain of Mauna Loa, at the height of nearly four

thousand feet; the jut is nine miles in circumference, and about one thousand feet deep.

Our party was made up of Mrs. W., our commander-in-chief, another lady, and ourselves, with two guides, and a pack-horse. Mrs. W. and myself rode *en chevalier*, as all the native women do. The other lady adopted the American fashion.

We started at eleven in the morning, and rode seven miles; then dismounted for lunch and to rest. The road had been over beds of lava, which resembled dark flat rock in places, and at other times was hardened in waves like sand on a beach.

We rested on beds of beautiful ferns without fear of any snakes, being assured that there are no snakes on the islands. Imagine the luxury of lying down in tropical woods where there are no snakes!

Our road continued to ascend gradually; the lava-bed was still beneath our feet; the trail was free from grass, although on each side there was a thick growth of grass, and there were ferns of many varieties. The last three miles led through a forest of wonderful tropical growth. The ferns were fifteen and twenty feet high. We also saw lehua shrubs or trees, covered with feathery scarlet pompons.

We reached the Half-Way House about five o'clock, after a ride of fourteen miles, and were quite ready to dismount.

The house is for tourists, but we had to depend upon ourselves for provisions; there were two good beds and clean bed-clothes, and one tin wash-basin for all four of us.

Our appetite gave a relish to our supper, and after getting

to bed, Mrs. W. sent for a nice native woman to come and "lomi lomi" her. As she spoke very highly of the beneficial results, I told the woman to "lomi lomi" me. It is a sort of pinching or punching of the wearied and sore muscles; and the operator knew just where they were. It was really very restful; a kind of Swedish movement cure, which has probably been practised in that part of the world for many centuries.

Before starting the next morning we went into one of the houses, and saw the natives working on feathers. There is a blackbird here which has a bunch of about six or eight yellow feathers under each wing and also under its tail. These yellow feathers are very valuable, and are made into capes and cloaks for royal personages. Those we saw were being collected for Mrs. W.'s brother, who was Lord Chancellor to King Kalakaua, whose name means "the day of battle"; the chancellor intended presenting them to his Majesty.

The native houses are built of grass, and have only a hole in the ground for a fire-place, and no chimney. The one we visited was full of smoke; but in this single room the inmates cooked, ate and slept.

At eight o'clock the next morning, our party started off again. After riding nine miles we stopped for lunch, then rode on again over lava-beds, and through another tropical forest, — where great parasites of fern grow over the larger trees, — until within two miles of the end of our ride when we came upon a smooth trail, that enabled us to put our horses into a canter. We arrived at the Crater House about two o'clock, and looked off upon the distant crater, and on

LAKE OF FIRE, VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

the steam coming up out of the ground around us, sometimes from deep fissures which are bottomless. As soon as the daylight left us the crater began to fill the heavens with its fiery light, and we could see its fearful tongues of flame.

The next day, after resting during the morning, we started on foot for the volcano. Quite near to the house we began to descend, and went down some six hundred feet in about half a mile's distance. As far as that there was a growth of fern, small trees, and grasses. Then we came upon a solid bed of lava.

All that I may write will not convey an idea of the appearance of this crater. It is nine miles around it and three miles across; and all this floor of lava suggested to us the refuse cinder from iron-furnaces. In spaces it is quite smooth and level; then it is twisted and twined and waved.

While we were examining it, our guide suddenly said, "There is a new lava-flow; you are fortunate, for the flow of the last few days is the first since the nineteenth of July." We went to the old lake first, where there was a great roaring, but no flow. Then we went to the new lake, and looking down into its depths saw a mass of orange-red liquid that would seem to cool and harden on its surface; then, with a roar and a bound like that of breakers on the beach, the fiery liquid would burst upward for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. There seemed to be at least ten acres in this lake, and, while we watched, there were four places from which burst forth these fountains of liquid fire. It was a fearfully grand spectacle, and we turned from it with a feeling of awe.

We continued our way to a mound of broken lava, which seemed to have been thrown up by the force of the hot lava, which was then bursting out in immense volumes from the top. It flows like liquid fire, but becomes black and thickens as it cools, then runs sluggishly like a thin paste. Through numerous cracks we saw it was red-hot six inches below the surface, and we felt the heat as we walked quickly over it; our boots suffered from the effects.

Something resembling spun glass floated off from the flowing lava; the natives called this Pele's hair, in honor of the goddess of the volcano.

In the old heathen times, a woman was never allowed to enter the crater; it was supposed by so doing she would incur the enmity of the goddess, and lose her life. But Kapiolani, the first female convert to Christianity, determined to venture in, despite the prohibition. The natives implored her not to do so; but she replied that if the God of the Missionaries was a true God, he would take care of her in the crater as well as out of it. The natives were amazed when Pele did not manifest any unusual wrath; yet there has always lingered a superstition in their minds, and as a rule they do not care to enter it; even the men hesitate; our two native guides preferred to remain at the hotel, but I insisted that I required their services.

As we passed along we saw the flowing lava slowly curling over and over, forming the curious beds upon which we had been walking. In returning we came to the old bed of lava, where verdure was already growing. Then came the ascent of

six hundred feet. I was assisted by the big guide, Willie, who put a rope over his shoulders and under his arms; and I *drove* him thus, up the ascent, pulling well on his broad frame. The walk is a fatiguing one, but, with sufficient caution, it is not a dangerous thing to accomplish. Yet one undertakes it with the consciousness that no one can tell when and where the burning lava may burst out at any moment.

Everything had been favorable to us; there was no rain, the volcano was unusually active, we were all in good health and had two first-rate guides, and the company of Mrs. W., who knew just what to do. I need not detail our journey back. We had learned to say "Aloha" in return to the greetings of the Kanakas we met. I had one more "lomi lomi" at the Half-Way House. We stopped only an hour or two for rest and lunch, which we needed as well as our horses; then we went on to Hilo, where after our thirty-mile ride we were very hospitably received in the home of Mrs. C., a native lady and the widow of a missionary. Seeing my fatigue, she offered to give me "lomi lomi" treatment, and did it splendidly.

I told Mrs. M., the daughter, that they were continuing the work of the missionaries; — for we were strangers, and they took us in; hungry, and they fed us; fatigued and aching sorely, and they "lomi-lomied" us!

The natives we saw were of large build, and carried themselves straight and erect like our Indians. As a rule, they have beautiful teeth and thick black hair. They are naturally very indolent, not requiring much to satisfy their wants, and that little is easily procured in this warm climate.

We accepted an invitation to attend an evening party, given in an old mansion by the social society of the church, and were astonished to find so many cultivated people at Hilo. There were at least forty persons, white and half-caste; we were pleasantly entertained with vocal and instrumental music, and Mrs. Jarley and her wax-works.

The church was half a mile distant, and the congregation are called together by the blowing of a large conch-shell. This plan was adopted by the first missionaries, and has been kept in use ever since.

The next morning, we mounted our horses and rode out seven miles to Paukua, in company with a young lady who had come in on horseback the evening before to attend the party. Mr. A. owns a sugar-plantation at Paukua, and the only communication with Hilo or anywhere else is by riding on horseback.

Leaving Hilo in the steamer Kinau, we had a splendid run to Makukoma, on the same island of Hawaii, where we arrived at six o'clock. The surf was running so high that we were undecided at first whether to accept an invitation to go ashore. The Kinau, however, was anchored within a hundred yards of the rocks that the surf was beating wildly over; and, as she was rolling a good deal, and was to lie there until the next afternoon, we decided to take the second boat for the land. We had noticed, moreover, how nicely the natives had landed a number of Chinamen; and so we resolved, with two ladies in our company, to try the seemingly hazardous experiment. It is wonderful to see the dexterity with which the islanders manage the surf-boats, and they put us ashore entirely dry.

The two ladies with us were related to the only two white families that live at Makukoma; and Mr. and Mrs. W. had invited us to spend the night with them. The next morning, we took the train for a ride of twenty miles around a portion of the island, passing through six or eight sugar-plantations. The train wound up and around gulch after gulch, at the head of which would be trestle bridges, making the most crooked road it had yet been our lot to travel. It was like an enormous serpent.

We had an excellent opportunity of seeing the island; at the end of the road there was a very fine sugar-mill. The cane comes from the fields, which are three to five miles away, in wooden troughs or sluices, floated along by water, which carries it at the rate of eight miles an hour, and lands it on a platform which is run by an endless chain. This feeds the cane into the rollers that crush it. The sweet liquid, after passing through the different processes, falls into the basement, ready for shipment in the form of different grades of sugar. Judge Hart, the owner of this mill, said that in two hours and a half they could take the cane from the field and bring it out from the mill as sugar in the bag.

Notwithstanding the high surf that was rolling, we were taken aboard the Kinau again safely, and had a fine run back to Honolulu, making the best time on record.

But my fondness for sea-life does not increase; I do not like it. I am a good deal like the man who said "he *could* eat crow, but he did not hanker arter it."

Perhaps, what I have said so far has failed to correct a

common impression as to the general appearance of these Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands.

As we rode over them, or sailed around them, we were astonished at their barren appearance. The mountains in some places have a growth of low wood, such as candle-wood, but there is nothing to suggest the tropics, except in certain localities, where the cocoa-nut, palm, and other trees flourish luxuriantly. Everything in the way of fruits, vegetables and flowers is being raised here by the Chinese, who do all the gardening, and who are reclaiming the low marshy ground, hitherto neglected by the indolent Kanakas.

Other foreigners give attention to the ornamental, and have beautiful gardens around their residences. Hogs, turkeys and pea-fowl are quite numerous on the higher elevations of several of the islands. We were told that these animals are the descendants of domestic ones which had wandered off into the mountains and become wild. At the Volcano House they depended entirely on this wild meat. We saw also many plover and ducks, when riding over Hawaii.

The natives, like our Indians, give names to people which have some meaning in them. Thus Mr. W., who has many steamboats, they call A-ke-a-hi-a, — which means "fire-is-lighted."

It may be that it is because an island is somewhat difficult to escape from that little thieving is done; but whatever the reason may be, houses in these islands are open night and day. Nobody even thinks of being timid, or of locking doors and

windows. And yet we saw that there were bad people about, for there were prisoners employed in repairing the roads ; these men were dressed in suits which were one half blue and the other half brown.

Some friends of mine, camping in the wilds of Maine, once came across an old lady who lived there alone, no other person living near her. Upon being asked for something to eat, she produced some pie and milk ; and then asked in turn where they came from. Upon being informed, she replied, "Philadelfy ! how ken you live so fur away ?" And as we wandered over these islands, so cut off from all the rest of the world, I have asked this question many times, "How can you live so far away ?"

We were entertained very hospitably at Honolulu. At one spacious mansion at Waikiki there was a mosquito room, partitioned off from the dining room, with wire screens for the roof and sides ; where one could sit and read, or sleep on the lounge in peace, free from the numerous hordes of that tormenting insect. The house was so close to the ocean that the surf came nearly to the piazza ; and they could step into the bath every morning without any difficulty. They bathe all the year round.

A beautiful lunch-party was given to us by Mrs. B., a native Hawaiian, the wife of a wealthy American. Mrs. B., who has since died, was a chieftainess ; and, through Mrs. Ruth, in the direct line of succession from the Kamehameha dynasty, she had a large fortune in her own right. Both she and her husband were very highly esteemed.

It is not often that a throne, even a small one, is declined; but when King Kamehameha the Fifth was dying, having the right to name his successor, he offered the throne to Mrs. B. She declined to accept it, and said, "Give it to Mrs. Ruth." The King replied, "No, she is not the right person." And, as Mrs. B. still refused the crown, no successor was named; and King Kalakaua, the present King, was elected by a parliament assembled for that purpose.

Queen Emma, the widow of the late King, was more popular with the natives, and had a strong party of followers; but, being educated in England, her sympathies ran in English channels, so that the American influence was thrown on the side of Kalakaua.

The twenty-second of February, as the birthday of Washington, was celebrated with great spirit at Honolulu. The King's band played at the American legation, and American flags were plenty. I got letters from home telling of cold and ice and snow; and we were dressed in white summer clothing and sipping our coffee on the piazza. Still we thought that at home there are no centipedes a quarter of a yard long and as thick as a man's thumb, nor scorpions, nor roaches about three times as large as the American variety.

In company with several other Americans, one day at eleven we were presented to the King of what people used to call "the cannibal islands." We were met at the door by Colonel Charles Judd, his Majesty's Chancellor, and ushered into a parlor, where the ladies seated themselves, the gentlemen remaining on their feet. In a few moments the door opened,

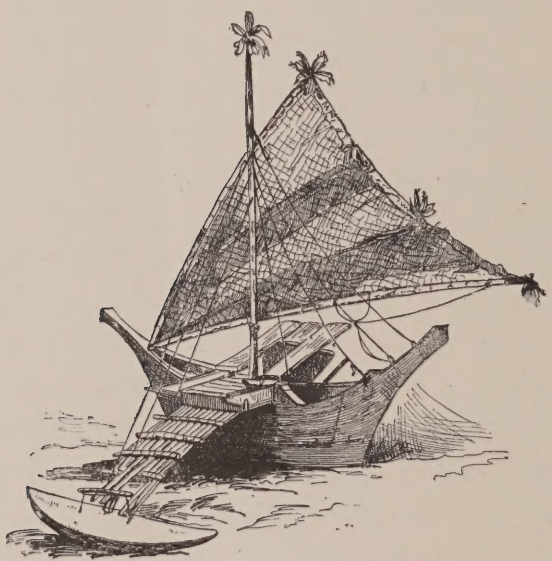
and his Majesty entered. We all rose, and were presented in person. He was dressed simply, in a frock coat, as were the gentlemen of our party; and his manner was very quiet and unpretending. After the presentations he desired us to be seated. As my position happened to be directly next to him, I naturally was favored with the most of his Majesty's conversation. After about fifteen minutes we rose and bidding him good morning, backed out of his presence — a feat which, not having trains to our dresses, we accomplished without falling.

We then entered the Throne room and saw the royal feather-cloaks and capes. The old art of weaving the feathers by a sort of close mesh on the back is entirely lost. We were also shown the *tabu*, — a long stick which when placed at each corner of a room or house, tabued or forbade any one entering it. From this comes our English word taboo, the only word, I believe, that we have taken from the Kanaka language.

At a grand dinner given to us by Mr. W. we were three hours at table, and I counted twelve courses; very possibly, I may have omitted some. Such entertainments are more troublesome here because there are no professional caterers to take the whole affair on their shoulders; and the quail, salmon, oysters, and celery have to be brought on ice by direct order from San Francisco. In fact, the dinner party had to wait the arrival of the steamship.

As we expected to sail on the City of Sydney, we anxiously awaited the sound of the horns which should tell of its arrival.

As soon as a steamer is seen off Diamond Head, it is telephoned to Honolulu; and then men are started out with horns, to blow the news all over the place. This is done, no matter what the hour of day or night. Thinking of another wrestle with the sea, I felt dismal at the first blast of the horn.



CHAPTER V.

Voyage to New Zealand — Stormy Seas — Flying Fish — The Southern Cross — Crossing the Equator — Samoan Islands — Confusion of Times and Seasons — Arrival at Auckland — Mount Eden — Iron Hot Springs — Passion Fruit — The Hot Lakes — Fine Bathing — Swimming Babies — Freedom of Natives — Maori-Gum — Sailing Down the East Coast of New Zealand — Gisborn — Napier — Wellington — Christ Church — A Large Station — Dunedin Inver-cargill — Embark for Tasmania — Stormy Seas.

ON Monday, the twenty-fifth of February, we left Honolulu in the good steamship City of Sydney for New Zealand. Our new friends came to see us off, bringing beautiful flowers as a parting gift. We were detained at the wharf for three hours owing to a stormy wind; then a tug succeeded in getting us off, and took us outside of the coral reefs, after which we were soon fully under way.

The next morning, after fighting quite a battle, A. succeeded in getting dressed, then suddenly plunged out of the state-room. I also rose, managed to dress, and called to know if my chair was close to the door of my room; receiving an affirmative answer, I dived out, and absolutely pitched into it. I was in a deplorable condition.

The ship was rolling fearfully, my chair tilted against A.'s, over he and his chair went; and over him I went with my chair. A sailor came and gathered us up. I was then fastened in my place. Soon I saw other passengers rolling over, chairs and all. Such was our experience the first day out, and we had head-winds continually for three days, with heavy cross-seas.

I felt "pilikia," as the Kanakas say, until Wednesday, after which the sea calmed down. During the voyage we saw thousands of flying-fish; they are about ten inches long, with wings about four inches long. While at dinner one day, we were startled by one flying through the port-hole, and landing in the midst of the dishes.

On the third evening out, we saw the Southern Cross for the first time. Had not my fancies been toned down beforehand, I should have been greatly disappointed at the sight of this famous constellation. We had been watching for its appearance; and when Captain Dearborn came up to us, as we sat looking out upon the sea, and said, "There is the Southern Cross," our only answer was, "Why, is that it?" We were not enthusiastic about it.

On the first of March, at a quarter past eleven in the morning, we sailed across the equatorial line. Neptune with his long beard and his trident did not appear to us, coming in at the cabin window, as he used to appear to mariners in the olden time.

We sailed on, day after day, without seeing a single vessel but our own. Now and then a sea-bird would follow us for a

time. Once we saw a great school of black fish, which are larger than the porpoise. Then there were the flying-fish; and that was all of outside life. When thinking of the possible danger of shipwreck, we decided it would be as well to go down peacefully into the ocean as to run the chance of drifting to any of the numerous islands that we were then within a hundred miles of, to be eaten up by the cannibals who inhabit them. Pleasant thought! But the sea was still smooth; and if the Pacific continued to be worthy of its name, we trusted to arrive at our destined port safely, and disappoint both the fish and the cannibals.

On Sunday we had a service on board, and it sounded strange but impressive to hear such familiar hymns as "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer my God to Thee," going up to the blue heavens from the ship alone on the wide waste of waters. The moonlight was beautiful, but we saw no sunsets on this tropic sea to compare with those in southern California.

On the following Tuesday we sighted land once again. We were sailing quite close to Tutuilla, one of the Samoan or Navigator's group; and far in the west we saw Upolu, another of these islands. We went close enough to Tutuilla to discern the huts of the natives, and could also see a church and a village; part of this small town was in a large cocoa-nut grove. We were told that there was only one white man on the island. The huts of the natives are similar to those on the Hawaiian group. As the Samoan islanders are said to be a kindly, intelligent, hospitable people, and those residing in Tutuilla are converts to Christianity, any mariners or travellers ship-

wrecked upon these shores would be apt to meet with a very kind reception.

One curious thing happened to our ship's company a few days afterwards. We all went to sleep on Friday the seventh, and were told on getting up that it was Sunday the ninth. During the night we had crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian; and, for the first time in our lives, had a month of March with only thirty days in it. After that, for a while, everything seemed twisted and mixed and generally upset. Instead of our Sunday following the one at home, it came before the American Sunday. Instead of counting our time eight hours behind, we were sixteen hours ahead of the poor belated people on the Atlantic coast. And instead of coming into the season of spring, the summer was just over, and autumn begun, since March below the equator is like September above. Then, instead of getting warmer as we went south, it grew cooler. The sweet south winds were here the cold south winds. The fall fruits, the apples, pears and grapes were ripening. And the sun confused all the points of the compass by passing around to the north instead of to the south of us.

After a voyage of two weeks, we were landed safely at Auckland, on the north-eastern coast of New Zealand. As it was the hurricane season, we considered ourselves greatly favored in getting through without a storm. The Zealandia, on her trip, encountered a severe one, and we felt glad that we left her at Honolulu.

When we got into our rooms at the Star Hotel, although

they were far from being palatial, we were very well satisfied to find ourselves safe on land again where everything could rest quietly, and not be forever rolling.

Some of the English colonies are as much in earnest in protecting home industries as we are in the United States, certain things having to pay an import duty of one hundred per cent. Our baggage, however, was passed without any trouble except the guns and so on, for which A. had to have a special permit.

There are seven different colonial governments in these islands; England kindly sends out the governor for each, and the inhabitants have the privilege of paying him handsomely for his services. Still, in case of need, there is a large English army and navy to defend them; and that, in such a world as this, counts for a great deal. When they grow strong enough to defend themselves, they probably will choose their own governors.

Walking alone one day soon after our arrival, I saw a woman coming towards me with a fanciful kind of a hat on and a red blanket over her shoulders. A black line was drawn all around her mouth, and another around her chin, with three perpendicular marks between them. These lines were nearly half an inch wide. As I looked at her, I said to myself: "Why she is just like the pictures I have seen of the native New Zealanders!" and then I thought, "Of course she is, for this is New Zealand, although every thing around looks so European."

A. was quite unwell in Auckland, suffering for a time from

the malarial effects of the Honolulu climate. They call it there the "boodlum" fever, because it makes one feel so depressed, and like boohooing or crying.

We drove to Mount Eden near Auckland, from the top of which there is a splendid view. It is an extinct volcano, the sides of which are about one thousand feet high; and one looks from the summit into the deep bowl of the crater, and over Auckland and Manukan harbor. In ascending we saw large quantities of perfectly formed little sea-shells all through the soil, and wondered how they all got there. Did the land rise from the sea bed in which these shells were formed, or have the waters of the ocean receded from this height? The probability, of course, is that their presence is the result of volcanic action in lifting up the bed of the sea.

There are many pretty homes in Auckland, but it is a slow English place. Even the town clock, when it strikes, seems to be tolling the death of Time. I could count twenty between the strokes. Still there are nice, intelligent people there, as almost everywhere else; and we have to thank them for many kindnesses. But the railroads in New Zealand are few and slow, and though we preferred them to going by sea from place to place, we were advised to shun them, although the steamers often went but once a week, and some of them only once a fortnight. The people seem to be in no hurry, but take life very deliberately.

Wairera is twenty-four miles from Auckland, and is famous for its hot springs. We went by steamboat. Going to the wharf, we found a sort of miniature affair with primitive

accommodations. As the passengers came aboard, each carrying a portion of luggage, it was amusing to see them pitch the parcels around on the deck. No one seemed to own a trunk, and I never before realized what it must be to travel with a "big box, little box, band-box and bundle."

When we arrived at our destination after three hours in the little boat, we found that there was no wharf, and we had to take small boats over the sandy beach, where the surf was running high. Just before we reached the breakers, a horse and cart came out to the side of the boat, and the passengers jumped into the cart, those being fortunate who got in with dry feet, and whose luggage arrived in good order. It was, so far, our funniest experience in landing.

We were much pleased with everything in the hotel to which we went. The proprietress met us on entering the house. We were shown to clean rooms, and had good meals, the table being beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. Strange to say, the sulphur springs are directly on the ocean beach. A number of bath-houses are provided, an avenue of pines and other trees leading down to them. We enjoyed them very much, and A. improved hourly.

One morning we had a pleasant rowing excursion up a river which empties into the ocean within walking distance of the hotel. On expressing surprise at not finding more ferns on the banks, the boatman told me that New Zealand ferns grow finest up in "the bush," and if we were willing to climb the hill he would show us the finest ferns in the world. We gladly consented to follow him. What we call forest or woods

they call the bush, and here we found ferns of all sorts from the most delicate to those called tree ferns on account of their great size. It was like passing through some choice exhibition, yet here we were treading under foot the most lovely of nature's exhibits. The trunks and branches of the trees were a mass of beautiful creeping ferns, and those of other varieties, with immense bunches of parasites, from which both bloom and fruit were hanging. I could not have imagined such a wonderful variety of ferns and mosses.

That evening one of the guests at table had a peculiar kind of fruit called passion-fruit. It is the size and shape of an egg. The outside, which is of a dark purple, is like a cup when one cuts the end off as from an egg; the inside is sugared and eaten with a spoon; it is quite acid. The flower on the vine is white with a little dash of purple, and is like the purple passion-flower in shape. There are two kinds, the fruit-bearing and the flowering vines.

Lady W. kindly sent us some of this passion-fruit for our lunch the day we left Wairera. Mr. L. enjoyed it; but I declined it.

Even the insects seem to have mixed things up in this part of the world; as we walked down the avenue to the baths in the early morning when the sunbeams came slanting through the pines, we heard the insects that at home hum in the autumn, and only in the evening twilight, commence their music here in the early morning.

On our return to Auckland we had more invitations than we could possibly accept. I may note here that on one

of our visits to the house of Dr. M., the first thing that attracted attention was a portrait of the late President Garfield. Upon inquiry we found that Mrs. M. was from Massachusetts and a loyal American.

Another lady hearing A. and myself use "thee" in talking to each other, asked if we were Friends. She said that her husband was a nephew of Elizabeth Fry, and there had been a meeting-house in Sydney, New South Wales, where some Friends had met regularly. It is interesting to find how people of all denominations are scattered over the world.

The Hot Lakes District is one of the most important sights in New Zealand for tourists to visit, and we devoted about a week to an excursion there. Following the fashion of the place we left our trunks behind us, and substituted the portmanteau, alias grip-bag, alias valise. When the railroad train was ready for starting, a man rang a hand-bell, then the guard blew a hand-whistle, and we were off. The cars were of a primitive style, just such looking ones as little children draw on their slates; and the benches ran lengthwise. The difference between the first and second-class cars was simply that the one had leather cushions on the seats, and the other had not. We were five hours in going to Hamilton, eighty-five miles, but it was not a tiresome ride, as the country was rolling and diversified. There is a great deal of fine farming country, needing only immigrants to cultivate it. The natives are very much like Kanakas in appearance; their language is similar, and I should say they are quite equal to them in laziness. When stopping at the different stations, it was amusing

to see the native Maoris greeting and taking leave of each other. Instead of shaking hands, they rub noses, then lay the sides of their faces together, and rub them most kindly. The greater the affection the more vigorous and continued is the rubbing. The first I saw doing it were two old men, and I could not imagine what was the matter; but as it went on all around the crowd, I saw that it was as natural to them as our hand-shaking to us, and perhaps as sensible a practice.

At Hamilton we took a stage-coach. Two gentlemen made a hurried exit from the train, that they might secure the box-seat with the driver. A. quietly spoke the magic words "Extra pay," and the gentlemen were told "these seats are engaged." They descended, we ascended, and had a delightful ride to Cambridge. The next morning we started in a private carriage, as it was not the regular stage day, for a drive of fifty-five miles to the Hot Lakes.

The country through which we rode from Cambridge to Ohinemuto is rolling and very little of it cultivated, but covered with a heavy growth of coarse ferns. About ten miles lead through the bush, where among the forest trees are many Maori-gums and also fine specimens of the tree fern; here were vines of enormous growth which had so twined around large trees they had become part of them, killing their original support, but they were so massive that tree and vine each retained their upright position. By the road-side we saw many fine specimens of the Prince of Wales fern whose root throws out three distinct plume-like fronds.

After getting a relay of horses and refreshing ourselves

with a lunch, we had gone but a short distance when we reached a place where a large tree had fallen across the road, and a man was chopping vigorously in hope of clearing the way before the stage came on the return trip. The only thing to do was to detach the horses, lead them around, and lift the wagon over. I stood on the bank, holding the three horses, while the men literally put their shoulders to the wheel. Later we came to a beautiful lake, with an island in the centre of it.

At half-past five in the afternoon, we reached Ohinemuto. which we found to be quite noted for its hot springs and baths; indeed, steam was issuing at all points through the ground around us, and as the evening was cool the Maoris were sitting around these fissures, as we would around a fire. They do all their cooking, which consists of boiling fish and potatoes, in these hot springs. We visited their settlement, where we found an odd-looking Maori church, and a cluster of dirty huts.

It is a beautiful drive from Ohinemuto to Wairera, a distance of ten miles, and the traveller there is in the "King's Country," as the English have not purchased that region from the Maori tribes. There are two houses, called by courtesy hotels, at one of which we were taken in. The natives clustered around to stare at us and chatter about us, till we felt like Turks in the midst of the boys of an American city.

The Rotomahama Terraces* belong to two of the tribes.

* We have reports, June 21, 1886, from New Zealand, that an earthquake and eruption had destroyed these beautiful Terraces, Lake Rotomahama, and the village of Wairoa.

To prevent tourists from defacing the terraces and carrying off specimens, they send a woman with each party as a policeman. We had the wife of one of the chiefs; we also had a woman called Susan as guide, and five native men to row us.

Our boat was rowed across a beautiful lake named Tarawera, to a rapid and narrow stream, where two old natives joined us. Leaving the boat here, we had to walk a short

WHITE TERRACE.

distance through a wet swampy place. One old fellow took A. on his back, and the other took me, and carried us through the worst places. This necessitated the clasping of these dirty old fellows about the neck, to steady our position.

When I found that there was quite a distance to walk before reaching the White Terraces, I got into a canoe, which was well filled with ferns to sit upon, and went off with the two old Maoris, who stood at either end, and with long poles guided and pushed the boat up a narrow and rapid stream, while A.

went off with the two native women, expecting to follow close to the bank of the stream, instead of which his path was over quite a mountain, and we were pleased when we both reached the point where we were to meet. The old men manifested quite a complimentary rivalry in their care of me. They could speak no word of English, and had on no clothing, except a ragged shirt over their shoulders and old bags tied around their waists. They were horribly tattooed, and as you may imagine, very unattractive in appearance. As I found we had still more walking through the water to do, I took off my shoes and stockings — adopting the style of the natives — and, tucking up my dress, was prepared for any reasonable emergency. Fortunately, I had a pair of rubber overshoes with me, and they proved a great protection to my feet when passing over the rough places.

We soon came to the beautiful White Terraces. These are formed by a silica deposit from a solution of flint, which flows from hot springs up on the mountain, where there is an immense seething caldron, with clouds upon clouds of steam rising from it. The boiling water, in running over the caldron during countless years, has formed incrustations of terrace after terrace, which are now at least six hundred feet wide and one hundred feet high. The hot water flows evenly over these broad steps, and on all of them pools, or basins, of different size and depth have been formed, which contain water of the most exquisite azure; they have frequently an ornamentation of lace-like deposits around them.

After leaving these, we walked about a quarter of a mile,

passing innumerable hot springs, and two or three enormous caldrons, where the water in boiling was thrown up fifteen or twenty feet, and falling back, formed waves that reminded us of the hot lava at the volcano in Hawaii.

Beyond these, we came to Lake Rotomahama, or Hot Lake, and there found the old natives with the canoe. They were preparing lunch for us. On our way crossing Lake Tarawera, we had stopped at a native settlement, and bought for three shillings a basket containing a bushel of *konras*, a little lobster, about three inches long. They were boiling these with some potatoes in one of the hot springs, first placing them in bags woven out of a tough grass. As they sat watching them closely, I doubted if individual rights were always respected.

An additional lunch having been provided from the hotel, we seated ourselves on the ground, our four Maoris with us, and proceeded to business. A. liked the *konras* very well, and the four natives ate at least half a bushel of them.

After our lunch we crossed the lake, and landed at the foot of the Pink Terraces. These are about eighty feet high, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet wide, and the color is a very delicate pink. The two women took me up step by step, till we reached the top, where there were beautifully enamelled baths, or deep pools. In these porcelain basins, the water is so varied and delicate in shade it can only be compared to melted opals. The temperature of the water in the pools and running over the terraces varied, growing warmer as we ascended.

The natural facilities for undressing were very good, as

there was a sort of arbor in the bush close by the pools, but I had hardly commenced when to my surprise I found the two women also intended bathing. They, having only two articles of dress to remove, were soon ready, and while waiting for me were very much interested in my clothing. Susan the guide was the only one who could speak English, and she asked how much money each article cost, and all other particulars about them. But they were quite modest through it all, and were very careful of me, bathing themselves in the pools below. The bathing was delicious, the water being from three to four feet deep, and the temperature of the different pools varying from eighty to two hundred degrees. I could choose the warmth I wished; and the water was of so soft and beautiful a color that I disliked to leave it.

When we had done bathing, the women shouted down to A. So, by the time I was dressed, he and one of the old men were ready. A. tried three of the baths, the last one being, as he thought, about one hundred and twenty degrees. When ready again, we all took the canoe down the lake and the stream; and for two shillings extra, were taken down the rapids, around which we had been carried on our way up. Here we came to our own boat, and found that our oarsmen, having put their potatoes into a spring to boil, had gone to sleep, and not waking up till we got back, were obliged to come away and leave them uneaten. It seemed also that they had not eaten any breakfast, but, as they had consumed any number of *konras* alive on the way, we did not think they could be very hungry. They broke the claws off the *konras*, and put the

bodies into their mouths, only throwing away the head. One of the men, looking up and seeing the disgust in my face, was so very much amused at what seemed to him my fastidiousness that he could scarcely manage his oar for laughing.

It was amusing to see the little native children swimming around in the water. It is said that some of the children learn to swim before they learn to walk. This early proficiency is gained I believe, by nearly all of these Pacific islanders. I may add here that the native children are naturally bright, though not particularly anxious to attend their schools. But at one of the villages, and probably at others, there was a committee of five old natives whose business it was to see that the scholars did not play truant. One of the committee went around each day and chased the children to school. Mrs. H. told me that on the day when the duty fell to a very old native whose eyes were failing, it was extremely amusing to see the little rascals hiding from him as he drove them up to their studies.

The assurance of some of the adult natives was both amusing and a little provoking. Coming down the lake, one of the rowers asked A. to lend him his knife, to cut some tobacco for his pipe. The next oarsman took the knife, to return it; when, on second thought, he concluded to trim up a little while a sharp knife was handy. So he first cut his finger-nails, and then his toe-nails. A. looked on, calmly submitting to what seemed to be one of the customs of the country. Not caring to part with his knife where he could not purchase another, he could only object to its being passed around for

similar use among the others, then have it well scoured before returning it to his pocket.

We returned to Auckland by the same route, spending Sunday at Cambridge, where a large number of Maoris had collected. The government had been holding court to settle certain land claims. We were told by the lawyers that it was wonderful to hear the eloquent pleading of some of the natives in support of their claims.

There is a large business done in the Maori-gum, which is found in great quantities in this island. While there remains no trace of the old forests, the natives pass over the ground with iron rods, and at places where the old Maori-gum trees must have stood, they detect masses of the gum under the surface of the ground which has hardened with age. It is exported largely not only for varnish, but for making articles in imitation of amber, which it resembles very much.

We left Auckland in the steamship Manapouri, for a trip down the eastern coast of New Zealand. Pleasant company was on board, and a smooth sea allowed us to enjoy society. The colonial people are very fond of singing the old English and Scotch songs and ballads, and put much pathos and deep feeling into them, showing how dear is the memory of their old homes. We stopped and landed at Gisborne, Napier, and Wellington. As we entered the harbor at the latter place my eye rested on the stars and stripes among the flags of other nations. While I looked, it suddenly dropped to half-mast; my heart responded, and I wondered what sad tidings had just been brought by cable from home. We soon saw all the

other flags falling to half-mast, and learned that Prince Leopold had died, and though the American flag was the first to float the signal of grief, it was in sympathy for our mother country.

There are no wharves at these places, and small steam launches came off for passengers and freight. At some of the towns we spent nearly all day, having time to see all there was of interest. Our steamer made most of the distance during the night.

On the morning of the fifth day we reached Lyttleton. Here we left the ship and went by train eight miles to Christ Church, where we found an excellent hotel. I seated myself in a luxurious chair, and expressed my astonishment at such elegant surroundings.

Christ Church is a very pretty place, and quite English in its ways. A good feature is a stream of water, with a well-shaded bank, which runs through the town. There is also a fine museum and park. The theatre in its arrangements was about forty years behind America. We went to the opera bouffe, and found it more bouffe than opera. The audience was small, but the ladies were very gayly dressed in pink, blue, and other light evening silks.

We received a cordial invitation to visit a friend we had met about thirteen years before, who owned a large farm, or "station," between that place and Dunedin. Taking the cars, therefore, after an hour and a half's ride we came to Rakaia, where we found a carriage waiting for us. It was a twelve-mile drive to Mr. W.'s estate. The road lay over a plain, — a

tract of level country which extends from Christ Church a distance of more than one hundred miles, and is fifty miles wide. It reminded us of one of our American prairies, with the exception that it seemed to be perfectly level, though Mr. W. informed us that it dips about twenty feet to the mile as it approaches the sea.

Our twelve miles drive was along a straight road, with a hedge of furze on each side, which frequently grew so high that we could not see over it, although we were riding in a high carriage or trap. We found our friends' home an unpretentious cottage, which we reached through an avenue of evergreens about half a mile long. We were cordially welcomed. Mrs. W., whom we had never seen, proved to be a very agreeable person.

Mr. W. was as large, or even larger than ever, measuring six feet four and a half inches in his stockings, and weighing two hundred thirty-four pounds. Certainly just the kind of a man for a new colony. I had just finished reading Lorna Doone, and I told him he reminded me of John Ridd. His farm contains five thousand acres, and is bounded on three sides by double hedgerows of furze or, as they call it there, gorse; these rows are about one hundred yards apart. Between the hedgerows are planted rows of evergreens; which though only seedlings ten years before, were then fifteen to twenty feet high. The trees are principally pine, spruce, and hemlock, and as there are few of native growth, they will soon become very valuable.

On the fourth side of the farm a river flows. The estate

is divided by hedges into fields or paddocks of from four hundred to six hundred acres, a nice stream flowing through each field. Mr. W. has twelve thousand sheep; and he has three thousand acres in wheat, oats, and barley. His last crop of wheat alone was over thirty thousand bushels. The average yield of wheat is about thirty-eight bushels to the acre.

It takes thirty-five men to run this station, and Mr. W. has all the new Yankee labor-saving machines besides. On the road, about a mile from the house, was quite a village, where the men and their families live; but during the harvest, as also in planting-time, Mr. W. has small houses on wheels, which are drawn by horses to different places, where the men live and where their cooking is done. He owns about sixty horses.

These particulars will give some idea of the way they are farming in the Australian colonies; yet Mr. W. said that his was a small estate compared to many. We greatly enjoyed this glimpse of station life in New Zealand.

From Rakaia to Dunedin, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, we went by train, passing through a country of fine farm and grazing lands. The surface is more undulating than around Christ Church, and some high hills were passed over, and some passed under by tunnels.

Dunedin, on the south-eastern coast of the middle island of the New Zealand group, is settled chiefly by the Scotch, as its name would denote, and all about we noticed evidences of Scotch thrift and cleanliness. Even the smallest houses have pretty curtained windows, and flowers around them.

On Sunday we went to the Presbyterian Church, and could easily fancy ourselves in Scotland as we looked upon the congregation and listened to the voice of the minister as he delivered a good, plain, earnest and practical sermon.

Leaving Dunedin on April tenth at eight o'clock in the morning, we journeyed by train down the coast to Invercargill. As it was the day before Good Friday, the train was crowded; and the luggage was something wonderful! It seemed to me as though we were a lot of immigrants. There was a great variety of boxes, many of them of tin, such as I had seen used only for cake or sugar boxes. We spoke to some colonial gentlemen about this lack of system, and explained to them how our baggage is managed in America.

Good Friday was kept as a holiday at Invercargill, but no gayety was allowed. Every store was closed, and there was a Sabbath stillness all day long. It is a nice little town, and they are advanced far enough to have a horse tramway, as they call the city railroads.

Our next point was The Bluffs, on one of the extreme southern points of the island, where we were to take the steamship Rotomahama for Hobart, Tasmania.

It is nine hundred and thirty miles from The Bluffs across the seas to Hobart, and we had a voyage of three and a half days, with a strong head-wind blowing hard all the time, the ship never settling down to any one motion. The captain comforted us by saying that it is always a hard trip, "about like going around Cape Horn." It is nearly as far

south as the Cape, and the waters from the Southern ocean come rushing up, and the sea is a mass of foam.

We passed our Easter Sunday lying in our berths, tossing about, and enlivened by the occasional music of broken crockery. On Monday some of us managed to get into "Social Hall." What a mockery was the name, for the seats all around it were covered with dismal creatures, enveloped in different colored rugs. I rolled off the seat that day, and A. accomplished the same feat the next. Any one who could stand on his or her feet was as proud as a ballet-dancer accomplishing a difficult pirouette. The sailors called it the corkscrew motion, and it continued all the time, — and never was any motion harder on brain and stomach. We could eat nothing, and never were people happier than we were to get into the smooth water of Derwent river. Some of the younger passengers even managed to show their joy by raising a song. In a short time we were all safely on land, — I looking like a gaunt, famished creature, all eyes. For a day or two I kept very quiet, and spent my time eating and resting. And A. needed rest and food nearly as much. Fortunately we found nice quarters at Mrs. H.'s hotel in Hobart.

CHAPTER VI.

Tasmania or Van Diemen's Land — Extinction of Native Tribes — Hobart and its Surroundings — Across Bass Strait to Australia — Melbourne — St. Kilda — Great Drought — Miserable Barbers — Beautiful Public Gardens and Parks — Melbourne — Sydney — Australian Squatters — Snake Stories — Lizards — Botany Bay — Excursion to Hawkesbury River — Beautiful Scenery — Blue Mountains — Govett's Leap.

OBART is the capital of the island of Tasmania, or what used to be called Van Diemen's Land, which lies to the south-eastern extremity of the continent of Australia, from which it is separated by Bass Strait. So much to save my readers the trouble of turning to their geographies or maps to refresh their memories.

The island was once densely populated with natives, of whom in 1854 only twenty-eight remained, disappearing as the aboriginal inhabitants generally do before the civilization of the white man. It was originally an English convict settlement; and as late as 1843 more than one-third of its white population, of seventy-five thousand, were convicts. Some of these, however, were guilty of merely political offences, although they were often very cruelly treated. But there are hardly any signs of this state of affairs now, except the ruins

of prisons and workhouses. We saw large churches and fine government and other public buildings, and a number of hotels, which are well kept. A great number of visitors come down here from Australia to avoid the summer heats, especially the hot winds.

The town is surrounded by high hills, and has a river upon either side. The state of society here was not very desirable until Sir John Franklin came as governor in 1837; and to him and Lady Franklin are due much of the social advancement and many of the charitable institutions of the colony.

There are lovely drives around Hobart, and we enjoyed them very much. One was to Fern Tree Gully. It is quite a steep ascent for six miles; at the end of which we came to Fern Tree Inn, and leaving the carriage we walked about half a mile to a ravine which was filled with beautiful groups of fern-trees. It seemed a favorite spot for luncheon-parties. Returning we had a fine view of the city and harbor.

Another ride was along the bank of the river Derwent for ten miles; the whole distance being like a park road. And there was a lovely little beach where we stopped and gathered shells. Although in far-away Tasmania, we had a low barouche, with a coachman in livery. Wherever our English cousins go, they take their English style and customs.

Leaving Hobart we went by rail to Launceston, on the northern shore of Tasmania, through the bush and through an uncultivated country which is used for grazing sheep. There we took the steamer on the morning of the twenty-second, and early the next morning, after a pleasant passage across Bass

FERN TREE GULLY.

Strait, arrived at Melbourne. The sun was rising as we sailed up the narrow river Yarra to the city. So narrow is this river that one wonders that the steamer is able to turn around the many sharp bends. Once, indeed, the bow of our vessel was nearly on the bank.

Melbourne is a large city, but a city of suburbs. The hotel we went to was surrounded by stores and warehouses. But we soon left for Saint Kilda, about four miles away, and found it a very pleasant suburb, connected by a railroad with the city, and possessed of very nice accommodations. In front of the hotel was a fine street; and beyond it a pier, half a mile long, extending into a beautiful bay. This esplanade and pier form a fashionable promenade, and a very pretty sight on a sunny afternoon. The air was fresh and pure, cool enough for a fire in the grate, and charming for walking or riding.

The people all looked in good health. The English are the most persistent of cold-water bathers, and even at this time of the year they were bathing in the surf, and also in the bath-houses placed along the beach at Saint Kilda.

Going into the city one morning we found an American car among the English carriages in the train. The passengers gave the former the preference; it was filled with ladies, all chattering like a flock of magpies. It reminded me of our local trains at home when the ladies are flocking into the cities. There are many Americans in Melbourne, and the ladies generally dress very handsomely; their style is more American than English.

The next day we had a sample of the Australian wind-

storms. The streets were so filled with clouds of dust that we could not see across them. It was a warm north wind from the equatorial regions. In summer these winds are terrible. The people told us there is nothing to do then but shut themselves up tight in their houses. Sometimes these winds continue for three days. No one goes out who is able to remain indoors.

They had been suffering from a drought in Australia for three consecutive years; and a rain in various parts of the country during the week previous to our arrival was a blessing. In some districts the sheep and cattle were dying by millions. We heard of one person who owned the previous spring one hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and had lost all but one thousand; these he had kept alive by feeding them hay and by giving them water drawn for them from his well. This was at a station about five hundred miles west of Sydney. In places they were driving all that were able to be driven to points distant from the stations to prevent the stench from their bodies after dying. We were told, on good authority. though they did not care to talk much about it, that at least fifteen million sheep had been lost that year in sections of Queensland and New South Wales; which meant a loss of seventy-five millions of dollars. In addition to the sheep, many cattle also had perished for want of food and water. Such are the risks taken by the farmers of Australia.

A. had an amusing time one day trying to get shaved. Englishmen, I suppose, must shave themselves; for it is not easy to get shaved (except financially) in any of these colonies.

A so-called barber was pulling away at his beard, A. meanwhile making all sorts of faces to conceal his sufferings, when the young man said: —

"I think sometimes I might do well in America."

A. could stand it no longer. "Yes," he cried, "you had better go there. The first man you tried to shave would jump up and shoot you!" Then he sprang out of his chair, and finished the task himself. The barber was so frightened that his hair almost stood on end. Probably he had often seen the pictures in *Punch* of the typical American, bowie-knife in hand, and his belt full of pistols, and wondered what A. would do next.

The botanical gardens in Melbourne cover about a hundred acres. In one part there is a large lake, with numerous little islands decorated with plume grass and water-plants. One sees also path after path bordered with wide flower-beds in which the plants grow luxuriously. The zoölogical garden is very fine and kept extremely clean; large wicker baskets stand in different places, that visitors may throw scraps into them instead of scattering them over the grounds. The collection of animals is especially good, and as the climate allows them to be in the open air all the time, they are unusually healthy.

The governments of these English colonies seem to pay great attention to the welfare of the people, in promoting the means of outdoor amusements and recreation. The admission fee to these places is only sixpence, the colonial legislature making up any balance that is needed to cover the expenses.

And, besides this, there are many beautiful parks. A stranger is amazed at the rapid growth and the accumulated comforts of the colonial towns and cities of Australasia.

At Saint Kilda the people live out of doors, very much as at a winter watering-place, especially the children. And as for the children in these colonies, they are legion! — whether the mothers are English, Scotch, Irish or Americans. There seems to be a yearly addition to every family; from five to fifteen children is the usual number; and they are generally very healthy in their appearance.

At Melbourne, as at all the other places we visited in these islands, we found the inhabitants very kind and hospitable.

One of our friends wrote us, "We expect you to have a line of friends twenty-four thousand miles long, by the time you reach home again." But how shall we ever be able to repay them for their many kindnesses? We have seen many very different homes. One house was quite peculiar, spreading out about two hundred feet square, with a court-yard in the centre. It was only one story high, and elegantly furnished and with grounds beautifully kept. There is a great deal of wealth in Melbourne, and few very poor people, at least few that are as easily seen as in most cities. It is a wonderful place for sports of all kinds. The men are so large and muscular that it is no wonder they beat our boys at cricket. They are constantly playing some kind of game, and every one enters into the spirit of it. They account for the physical and mental superiority of the Australians by the fact that when gold was discovered adventurers flocked here

from all parts of the British Isles, as well as from America; and as it is the most vigorous and plucky fellows who go on such expeditions, they brought with them an unusual supply of energy. Thus their daily work does not rob them of all their strength. Certainly some pushing element has made Melbourne one of the liveliest of places.

At the "big races," the ladies dress very much; some who come from the neighboring places on Cup Day wear white satin dresses, with slippers of the same material. The ladies of Melbourne reserve their fine dressing for the two Thursdays that precede and follow Cup Day; then they come out in fine style, and betting is universal. Cup Day is a general holiday, and all the stores are closed; even the coachmen have the day to enjoy after the ladies are taken to the races, and the horses taken out of the coaches. The ladies spend the day, lunching from the coaches where they have been left in a desirable place in the paddock or green field. We were just too late for these races. A., however, went to a smaller one, and enjoyed the excitement. There were eleven horses taking the hurdle at one time.

Many women and most men enjoy horse-racing; one recalls the old deacon who would not let his worldly-minded neighbor pass him, coming home from meeting; he would "teach him to pay respect to Sunday." On account of the drought of which I have already spoken, many of those owning large stations were living very cheaply, and this had rather a depressing influence upon sports and amusements.

When a good year comes they spend money extravagantly,

instead of laying up for a rainy day, or rather a dry one. Fortunately the drought does not often afflict all parts of Australia at once. One must remember that this island, the largest in the world, is about the size of the whole United States, and nearly as large as the continent of Europe.

We had the privilege of going through the governor's house. As the governor was absent, we were taken through the private as well as the state apartments, and from the kitchen to the top of the dome, two hundred and forty-six steps. The house is enough to make an American governor shed tears of envy. There are eighty-three rooms in all, including a very fine ball-room, one hundred and sixty-six feet long by sixty-six feet wide, and with no pillars to break the space.

We left Melbourne on the seventh of May, taking the train for Sydney. As we passed through the suburbs of Melbourne, I saw one good reason why the women there are able to keep their strength. Most of the houses are only one story high. One sees very pretty cottage homes, with little gardens around them, and all looking clean and neat, but with only from four to six rooms in them. When I saw the children clustering around, I wondered how the mother bird could manage to gather them all under her wings in so small a nest. It called to mind our visit at Mr. N.'s. I was taken into the nursery to see the little ones. I stood amazed at the sight of so many little beds, and said: "It is like a ward in some home for children." Mrs. N. had *only* nine, the eldest being fourteen years old.

SYDNEY HARBOR.

Through the province of Victoria we had the English railway coaches. The country through which we passed was nearly all bush, and all the trees were varieties of the eucalyptus. Reaching Aubrey at eleven in the evening, we found a very fine railway station, and an excellent dinner provided, which was served quite tastefully. We changed cars here, taking an old-fashioned American sleeper, the ladies occupying one end, and the gentlemen the other.

As we neared Sydney, we found the country rolling and cultivated. As in this portion of New South Wales they had been favored with rain, it looked green and fresh, and we saw large flocks of sheep grazing. At one station we also saw emus. They are very much like the ostrich in size and general appearance, but have not such pretty feathers, and are black or dark brown.

On arriving at Sydney, we were met by Mr. M., and taken to Petty's Hotel, where he had engaged rooms for us. We found them decorated by a beautiful bouquet and a basket of roses, violets, and ferns. Here we again commenced a new life, amid new people and scenes.

The pride of Sydney is its beautiful harbor, one of the finest in the world, about fifteen miles long, and in some parts three miles broad; it is surrounded by bluffs from two hundred to three hundred feet high, and the water is deep enough for the largest ships. There are many beautiful coves between these bluffs, all of which have great depth of water.

Sydney is also a large city, though its population is not as large as Melbourne; while the latter is a city of suburbs,

Sydney resembles other large cities. There are fine stores and public buildings in both places. The climate is very delightful; and as they never have frost, trees, fruits and flowers bloom at least twice a year. Fruit trees have two seasons; and most of the flowers are continually blooming.

As Sydney is five hundred miles nearer the equator than Melbourne, this accounts for the difference in their climates; and it is said that the Blue Mountains, back of the town, although twenty-five or thirty miles away, prevent the hot winds from blowing there. These hot winds, they told us, in passing over the tops of the mountains, create a counter under-current from the ocean, which blows in and lowers the temperature, making a very agreeable climate.

Before telling about our life in Sydney, I may be able to give some information as to certain matters common in Australian life. The class of farmers that they call squatters in Australia are a decidedly different class from the squatters of the United States. Gentlemen of education and often of means come out from the old country, and take up tracts of from ten thousand to five hundred thousand acres of land, for which they bind themselves to pay rent to the government. When another person comes along who wishes to purchase any portion of this land, it is put up for sale at auction. If the squatter is not able to buy it in, of course the other, or some third party, gets it. This is often very hard on the squatter, as he may not be able to secure the land he has broken and tilled.

To become a successful squatter it is necessary to have

some money and the best of letters and references. With these, and a lease from the government for, say, a hundred thousand acres, for which he pays a nominal rental of about five thousand dollars per annum, he goes to the bank and asks for a loan of one hundred thousand dollars, for which he will probably pay an annual interest of eight or nine per cent. He then will stock his station with fifty thousand or one hundred thousand sheep, giving the bank an assignment of lease and chattel mortgage for the stock. He is then fairly started, and, should he have two or three years without drought, can not only pay his loan to the bank, but have his stock clear; but if, as is often the case, there should be no rain for the first year, his stock will all die. In this case he again goes to the bank, states his case, and gets a second loan of the same amount, or perhaps more. It frequently occurs that these losses and loans are made for three successive years. We were told that even in this case the banks rarely if ever lose by these loans. Many large fortunes are realized on these stations, where grazing is carried on in this extensive manner.

I was told some horrible snake-stories while in Australia. One of these was of a young gentleman who was taking a moonlight stroll with his lady-love. Feeling something wind around his leg, he clapped his hand on it, and took hold of the head of a large snake. To let go was death, — so he found a pile of stones, and, the snake having wound itself around his arm, he pounded it against some stones, until he killed it. I regret to have to chronicle the fact, to the discredit of my sex,

but his lady-love ingloriously ran away, and left him to fight out the battle alone. I did not hear whether he forsook or forgave her afterwards.

Here is another of these frightful stories. A young lady was dozing on a chair in a piazza at one of the stations, and was wakened by feeling something cold around her neck. She caught at it, and grasped the head of a snake. She was so frightened that she went into convulsions; and when they found her she had squeezed the head of the snake entirely off in her spasms and her fright.

While visiting the zoölogical garden at Sydney, we passed some cages of lizards. I said, "Oh, what horrible, ugly things!" A young girl near us replied: "They are quite harmless." I pointed to a rough-skinned, black creature, a yard long, and said: "That odious thing harmless?" She answered: "Oh, yes,— but they can run as fast as a cat or a dog, and will run right up trees, and then look around at you. One day when I was riding, a lizard came running at me. I was afraid it was going to jump on my horse, and I knew if it did, the horse would bolt, but I managed to get away from it. One ran right through the house once, and gave a lady an awful fright."

Yet many persons told us that they had lived here for years and never seen any snakes or large lizards. Thanks to our good fortune when we were there, it was not the season for them.

I had rather an amusing experience at the theatre in Sydney, which I record to show the progress of refinement in this

youthful colony. On entering I saw that the ladies in the front seats were in gala dress, and I said to Mr. M. who accompanied us:

"Why did you not tell me to leave my bonnet at home?"

He replied: "Your bonnet is such a small one that I did not think of it." Soon, however, an usher came, and said, "Will you be kind enough, madam, to go to the dressing-room, and remove your hat?" I thought that the fault was their own, in not notifying me as I passed in, but I complied with the request. A. enjoyed immensely the idea of my being requested to conform to etiquette, and also the calm manner, as he was pleased to call it, with which I met the situation.

We found the botanical gardens at Sydney even more beautiful than at Melbourne. The climate gives the plants such an advantage that there is nothing in America to compare with them. We also visited Coogee Bay where the ocean was dashing against high cliffs; there is also a small cove, with a nice sandy beach; but the sharks are too numerous to allow the enjoyment of bathing.

On the tenth of May we went up the Parametta River in a steamboat. The shores were beautiful, the grass being very green after the recent rains. And the next day, Sunday, we drove by invitation twelve miles out to Sandringham to a pretty inn on the beach of Botany Bay. It was amusing to see all the drivers of vehicles bring their horses down to a walk as they passed the churches. A very heavy fine is imposed if a horse is trotted past while the congregations are gathered together. But then in Philadelphia and other American cities,

I have been told that about sixty years ago iron chains were stretched across the streets in front of the churches during service to prevent the passage of any vehicles at all. So times change, and men with them.

We spent a delightful day walking on the beach, gathering shells and so on. On the opposite side of the bay which we visited was the town of Botany, the famous convict settlement. Many of the finer houses in Sydney are beautifully situated on the shores of the harbor; the gardens slope down to the water's edge, and are filled with luxuriant plants and flowers. The owners of the beautiful homes took pleasure in showing us how people live in those far-away colonies.

On the sixteenth of May we started for a trip to Hawkesbury River, our kind friends having made up a party for the purpose. Taking steamboat at the wharf at Sydney, we crossed the harbor to Manly Beach, whence, after some delay, we started in coaches for Newport, where we arrived after sunset, having had various mishaps with broken harness, first one part, and then another breaking, till at one place the entire harness dropped off of one horse.

As the accommodations at the house where we spent the night were uncomfortable in every way, we were all punctual at the breakfast ordered for half-past five the following morning, and on board the little boat that was to take us seventy-five miles up the river.

The moon shone until the sun rose, ushering in as fine a day as could have been given us. The scenery of the river all the way up was beautiful, reminding us of Lake George, though

the banks are not as high. From Peat's Landing to Sackville Reach, we had the most perfect reflection of the picturesque banks in the water.

At Sackville Reach we were promised a good team and coach for the return drive of twelve miles to Windsor; and, accordingly, a large four-horse coach met us. A. and I were given the box seat, three ladies were inside; and the rest of the party were scattered inside and out, wherever they could find room. The horses were whipped up, and off we went in fine style. But soon there was a call from the inside, "Stop! stop!" One of the wheels was coming through the inside of the coach; the axle having bent under the load. Out jumped the passengers, some starting to walk. But we got things mended up with ropes and blocks of wood, gathered up the passengers, and thought ourselves all right once more.

Soon "Hold on! hold on!" came from below us. As the heaviest part of the weight had been put on the opposite side, down it had come. There was a grand excitement; everybody got out of the coach, A. and I remaining seated. Then one other lady got in, but all the others said they would walk. We might drive on and send back a better coach for them. Two or three of the gentlemen jumped in again also, and away we started. We were making good time, when the driver exclaimed: "My goodness!" and down went the pole, it having snapped short off at the axle. We stopped and tied it up, and at last, about nine o'clock, we arrived at the Royal Hotel in Windsor.

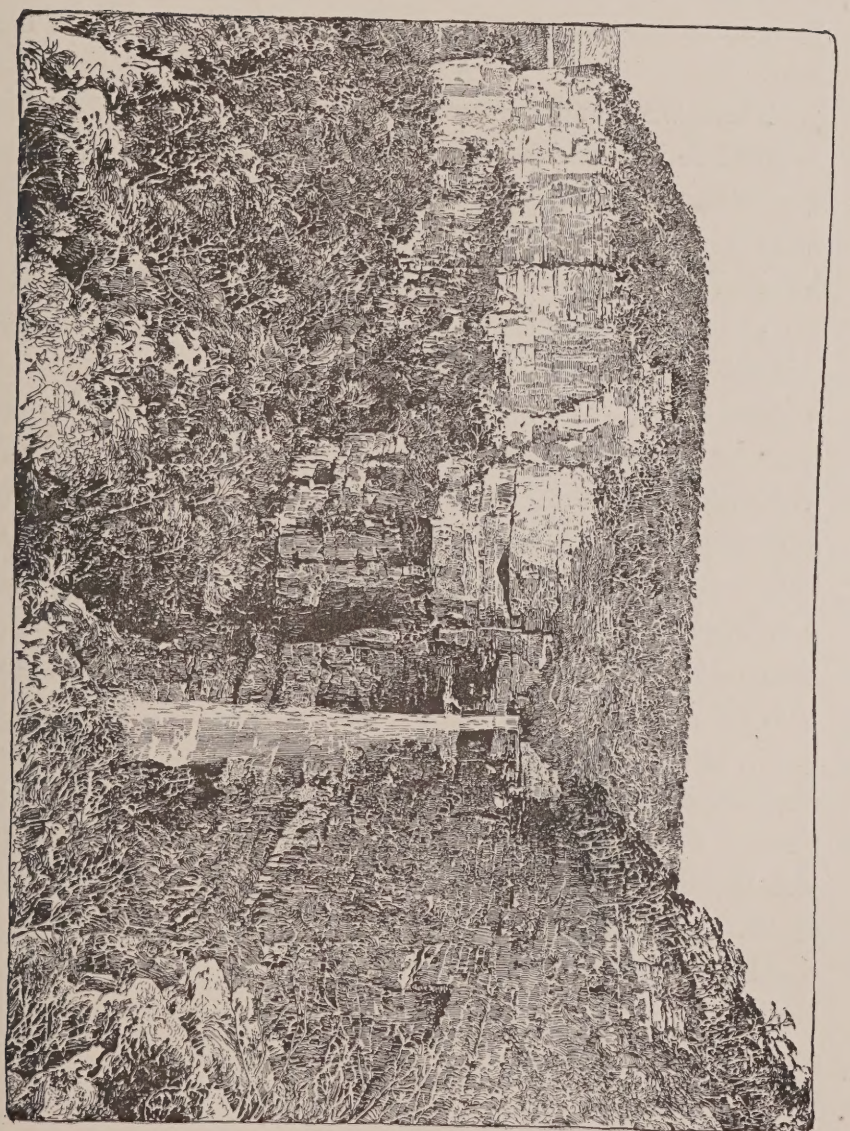
Some fifteen minutes afterwards, one of the gentlemen of

the party, a government surveyor, came in. He had walked the nine miles in about two hours. The driver took another coach back at once to meet the rest; but all had walked to within about two miles of Windsor. The other ladies thought I was brave in sticking to the coach; but, as I told them, they had faith that it was too cold for snakes. I had not; and was more afraid to walk than to ride. Having spent Sunday at Windsor, a very pretty little town, we returned by rail the following morning to Sydney.

Soon after this we went in special train about twenty-eight miles to Rooty Hill, where a coursing after hares was to come off. The hares were let out of pens, and the grayhounds in pairs were let go after them. The betting was heavy on the dogs. I was always best pleased when the hares had outrun the dogs.

Our visit to Sydney was made far pleasanter than it otherwise would have been, by the attentions of Mr. M. and Mr. and Mrs. B., who not only planned trips for our pleasure, but often accompanied us. Among these trips was one to the Blue Mountains, — the range lying to the north and west of Sydney, to which I have already alluded as warding off the hot northern winds.

We started one Saturday in a pouring rain, at half-past six in the morning, trusting to our usual good luck that it would soon clear off. After a ride of thirty miles we began to ascend the mountain by a zigzag railroad, and by eleven o'clock we reached Katoomba; it was still raining; but the hotel was better than Petty's in Sydney. The next morning, how-



GOVETT'S LEAP.

ever, the weather was clear and fine, and at half-past eight we took a carriage and started for Govett's Leap, nine miles distant.

There we found a most beautiful valley, covered with a mass of foliage which looked like low bushes. But we were gazing upon the valley from a great height, and what seemed mere bushes really were large trees from one hundred to two hundred feet high.

The falls at this place descend about two thousand feet, and the wind scatters the water so much that it is often a mere mass of spray. The reason this place is called Govett's Leap is that a convict named Govett here enacted the closing scene in a real-life romance. Govett seems to have been guilty of some small offence, for which he was sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay. He loved an English maiden, who also was loved by a soldier in the British army, but Govett was the choice of the maiden. It so chanced that the regiment to which this soldier belonged was also sent out to keep guard over the convicts; and, as it happened, the unsuccessful soldier-suitor was put in authority over the convict whom he hated. So bitter was his persecution of Govett that the convict at last could no longer endure it, and one day attempted an escape to the bush. He was pursued, and finding that he could no longer elude his pursuers, he ran to this immense bluff, and sprang from it into the valley beneath. When the soldiers found him he was dead, and so it has been called Govett's Leap from that day.

We continued our drive to the Adelina Falls. This was in

a horse-shoe nook, where the water fell like a thin veil over the mossy rocks, in every nook of which lovely ferns were growing.

After returning to the hotel and refreshing ourselves with dinner, we started again for a six-mile drive to Wentworth Falls; these we found to be the most beautiful of all. They are in an amphitheatre, the falls having one thousand feet descent. Back of them is the Weeping Rock, from which the water flows quietly, as if it were shedding tears. At this place the government has done much to aid the tourist, by placing steps where they are needed, and railings to guard the dangerous points. Here there was a very extensive view.

As Americans, we were frequently asked afterwards how the Blue Mountain scenery compares with the Yosemite. Our reply was that in many respects the scenery is equally fine and striking; but on the whole we give the preference to the Yosemite. We should have lost a great deal if we had not taken this trip; we had no idea there was anything so beautiful and grand in Australia.

Although we were four weeks in Sydney and its neighborhood, we did not see any of the natives, who, we were told, are very black, and different from the Maoris of New Zealand. Mr. S., who lunched with us one day, had just returned from a trip to North Queensland, the north-east division of Australia. On the way the vessel stopped at an adjoining island, and he said that the natives had not a single article of clothing on, until they saw that strangers were landing; then the men and women procured some rags to put about them. They seemed

to be a very degraded set of beings. Some of the men, however, had boomerangs, which they used very skilfully; this instrument was invented by these people, although the white races are supposed to monopolize all the mechanical genius there is in the world. The boomerang, of which I shall speak later, seems to be the one curious and effective instrument of any note that colored races have invented.

The first of June found us still in Sydney, our sailing day having been delayed. They called it winter, but the weather was charming. The only time, they said, that the weather is not pleasant is during the three hot summer months of December, January, and February, — the three months which are also so trying in the eastern and central portions of the northern United States, for a directly opposite reason.

It is so hot and enervating in Sydney during the summer months that they say the only way that they can keep up their strength is by using stimulants. In truth there is a great deal of drinking, and it is astonishing to see how much the ladies can imbibe without any apparent bad effects. They say it is owing to the climate. The amount of champagne that is drunk is very noticeable. Our American climate must be the reverse; immigrants from Europe say it is impossible to drink as much in America as in England and Germany, without its producing worse results.

One day, by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. B., we had a charming trip around the harbor. The beautiful little steam yacht belonging to the governor, Lord Loftus, was kindly put at their disposal. The Mayor and Lady Mayoress were of the

party, and gave us additional pleasure by their presence. As we sailed into and around the numerous coves, we were not surprised at the pride the citizens take in Port Jackson, and that the first question they ask of a stranger is, "Have you seen our harbor?" When we first arrived we thought Australia deficient in fine scenery; but as we saw more of the country, we found a great deal of natural beauty.

Hearing several people speak of the income of a man here who was about thirty years of age — an income of £500,000 a year — I inquired how he obtained his money. The answer was that he inherited it from his father, who also inherited it from his father, who was a convict. It seems that the soldiers who were sent out to look after the convicts were each allowed a certain amount of land. They would often buy more land from the natives, for a bottle of rum, or some other thing of trifling value. Then the convicts, by their industry and cleverness, after they had served out their time, would buy this land of the soldiers, and other lands from the natives, the result being that some of them accumulated immense fortunes. The wisest never sold any of their land, but handed down their estates from father to son. This was the course pursued by the grandfather of Sir John Thomas; who, in all probability, was sent out for some slight political offence.

But the time came to leave our kind friends at Sydney, and in the early days of June we took passage for Hong Kong in the good steamship Catterthern. Those who came to bid us adieu brought flowers, fruits, and other good things for our comfort. We were quite overwhelmed, indeed, by the many kind attentions we received in Australia.

CHAPTER VII.

Ocean Voyage to Hong Kong — Calm Seas — Townsville — Blacker than Black Natives — White Ants — Coral Reefs — Meeting an American Vessel — Pearl Fisheries — Man Overboard — Catholic Savages — "Head Hunters" — A Water Spout — On the Edge of a Typhoon — Arrival at Hong Kong.

THE Catterthern, commanded by Captain Craig, was a steamship of about twenty-two hundred tons. On going down to the wharf we were rather surprised to find that forty horses were being put on board, and feared that we should be much annoyed by them; but, on the contrary, they proved quite a source of entertainment.

There were fifteen passengers, four of whom were also going through to Japan by the way of Hong Kong, and, therefore, formed with ourselves one party. There were an Australian lady and her daughter, a Mrs. and Miss F., and a Mr. and Mrs. C. of London. A young Australian gentleman was to leave us at Port Darwin; and all the other passengers, with the horses, were to disembark at the same place. From Port Darwin to Hong Kong the rest of us would have the ship to ourselves.

Our course lay near the land, running up the eastern coast of the island. The shore was generally mountainous, some-

times quite abrupt, and with occasional sandy beaches. As we went north, it grew warmer, we had awnings over the decks, a fine breeze made it cool and pleasant, and all our meals were served on deck.

We passed numerous islands, all of which are inside of the great barrier reefs and uninhabited, though the natives resort to most of them for hunting and fishing.

We stopped at Townsville, and other places, as we followed the coast around to Port Darwin.

Townsville is a small place, situated on a sandy beach, with bluffs three hundred feet high immediately back of it. It is the outlet for the products of a large mining and grazing region. We drove out through a valley about four miles to Acacia Vale, which was a pretty garden; and on the way we saw some of the native inhabitants. We thought that we had already seen black men; but we never had before that day. These people were blacker than coal; it was impossible to tell where the skin ended and the wool on their heads commenced. At the entrance of one of the huts stood a tall creature; they said it was a woman. She had a piece of what looked like bagging hanging from her shoulders, her arms coming out through holes. One arm was outstretched, and the hand grasped a long stick; the other hand waved in the air, as she spoke to a group who were squatting and lying on the ground about her feet. It seemed like a veritable witch scene from Macbeth; even the smoking fire was in the dirty tent-shaped house behind them. Most of the straw houses were of the tent-shape that we so often see in pictures of savage tribes.

One man was dressed up in style, with gray pantaloons, a red flannel shirt over them, and a dirty white vest over that; the shirt making a frill-like trimming to the vest. One boy of thirteen or fourteen, entirely nude, and playing antics in a field, I really thought was either a kangaroo or a big ape, he was so grotesque and black. The pickaninnies playing on the road looked like little black pigs.

Our driver told us that he was with the first party of white men that went four or five hundred miles into the north country. When the natives saw them they ran away frightened; and when finally prevailed upon to come and be friendly, they insisted upon rubbing the white skins of the visitors, in an effort to get down to the real black skin, which they supposed to be beneath and covered over in some way. When the white men took off their shoes, the natives took fresh fright, and ran away again; they thought they were taking off part of their feet. These native tribes are found to be utterly useless as members of civilized society, and if put to work they eventually die out.

One of the natives had a boomerang in his hand. This is simply a piece of flat wood about eighteen inches long and two and a half inches wide in the centre, narrowing towards either end, curved something in the manner of a crescent. They throw this with great force, and on its return it does its work of destruction, and comes back to the spot the thrower desires — thus enabling him to regain his weapon. They acquire great dexterity in throwing the boomerang.

After leaving Acacia Vale, we went to the gardens of some

Chinese, and bought pineapples, one of which I broke off myself. We then roamed around with Jimmy A. Foo, and selected some bananas and grenadillas. The latter is a fruit something the shape of an egg-plant, green outside, and with a soft pulp, like the passion-fruit we ate in New Zealand.

After loading up our carriage, we returned to the hotel, where we were also able to procure a few canned delicacies, knowing how warmly we should be welcomed by our fellow-passengers when we returned to the ship with such creature comforts.

On this ride we also saw ant-hills four feet high and twelve feet around at the base, — the homes of the white ant. These ants do great havoc sometimes, absolutely eating away the foundations of the houses. They are also very destructive to trees and fences. They will eat the entire centre out of the trunk of a large tree ; and carrying away the particles, grain after grain, fasten them on the limbs, until the accumulation often looks as large as a bear crouching on the branches.

When we returned to the ship the next morning, the town authorities were all in a flutter of excitement, preparing to go out to meet the governor of Queensland, Sir Anthony Musgrave. Our interest, however, was in Lady Musgrave, whom we should have been glad to see, as she was an American, a daughter of Mr. Cyrus Field, of New York. We were pleased to find that she was very popular here.

On the tenth we anchored again, off Cooktown, an unattractive place, — made more so by a dilatory customs officer.

Our course continued within the great barrier reefs and

near the land. These reefs extend about fifteen hundred miles up the coast and as far as New Guinea, — at places they are one hundred miles from shore, at others not more than ten, most of them submerged, being only a few feet under water, — which of course renders navigation very dangerous, particularly as there are but few light-houses.

The captains of the steamers on this coast receive higher pay than those of the Pacific mail steamers. We thought of Captain Cook, and of the dangers he must have encountered when exploring these unknown waters, as there are places where for two hundred miles no vessel can pass through the reefs.

On discovering the numerous islands, he seems to have given them the name of the day of the week when he first saw them. Saturday is the only one, I think, that is omitted.

On the eleventh there was quite an excitement, caused by the appearance of some natives in canoes coming rapidly towards us, who called out what sounded like "Go back! Go back!" When quite near they threw nautilus shells aboard, one of which A. managed to secure for me without its being broken. What they really were calling was, "Tobac! Tobac!" Poor deluded heathen — no better than white men! Some tobacco was put into bottles, and thrown overboard. A man in one of the canoes succeeded in getting it.

These native men and women were entirely nude — some of them standing up in their little frail canoes — and seemed like big apes, with their black bodies, and thin, ill shaped arms and legs. They were truly wild men, and would be quite

ready to kill and eat a ship-wrecked person, "taking in" the stranger in a sense somewhat different from the Biblical one. Although very ready at spearing a white man when opportunity offers, I was told that they act like great cowards when a revolver is pointed at them.

That night we cast anchor, as it was too dangerous a place to sail over in the darkness. Captain M. and A. got out their lines and began fishing; but all they caught were two beautiful red mullet, about ten inches long. We admired them — and afterwards ate them! As one of these Cannibal Islanders said of the missionary, "him was berry good."

The next morning we were called out of our rooms hastily to see a very pretty view. The ship had reached a point where the narrowing of the reefs brought the islands nearer together, so that the passage was not more than a mile across. It was well worth seeing — and so were we; little time being allowed to make our toilets. The gentlemen appeared in *pyjamas*, my Honolulu *holoku* always serving me well in such emergencies.

The same day, near noon, the captain sent me word from the bridge that a large ship, under full sail, was coming towards us, floating the stars and stripes, and he would run our ship quite close to her. Taking the silk flag which I always carry, I stood on deck and waved it to those on board the American ship. It was soon seen, and they dipped their colors.

The American captain's wife and child were on board, and they waved their handkerchiefs. There was a general excite-

ment on both the ships; for all on ours entered into the spirit, and were glad to see the pleasure it evidently gave to those on the other ship, which hailed from Boston.

About this time, we were entering Torres Strait, and had reached a large rock, which they call the dividing rock between the waters of the Pacific and the Indian oceans. Captains, however, like doctors, sometimes disagree; and Captain M., a passenger, who formerly commanded one of the steamers of this line, thought it could not fairly be called the Indian Ocean which we were entering; our bow being in this new sea, while our stern was in the Pacific. Unfortunately, although so near the Equator, Neptune was not around just at that time to settle the question.

A number of seas are passed through on this voyage. There were the Coral, Aurapura, Bando, Celebes, Sulee, China, and several others; besides straits and gulfs. Fortunately the waters are in the main smooth and calm at this season of the year, and our trip might fairly be called a pleasure voyage.

Thursday Island, in Torres Strait, is the headquarters of the great pearl fisheries. Supplies for them, and for the sugar and other stations on the mainland, are left there. It may fairly be called the Main land, for we had followed the Eastern coast of Australia from Sydney north, a distance of two thousand miles; and were just at the point where we turned to the west around the northern coast, into the Gulf of Carpentaria.

One morning, about half-past four, we were awakened out

of a sound sleep by loud cries from our Chinese crew. There was a sudden slowing of the ship, then it stopped.

We first thought there was fire; but word was soon passed around that a Chinaman who had come on board at Thursday Island had jumped into the sea.

Loud was the cry, "Man him go water"; and the crew rushed to lower the life-boat. The officer on the bridge, when he hears the cry of man overboard, at once throws into the water a tin box, which contains some chemicals that ignite as quickly as the box touches the water and burn with great brilliancy, marking the spot where the accident happens; this is of course only necessary when it is dark. To this box is attached a life-preserver, so that if the person in the water sees this buoy and puts his hands on one side, a ring will turn over his head, and he can draw his arms through it and be supported until the boat arrives to rescue him.

We were all up, of course, and watching this mysterious light, which was rising and falling with the waves. The boat reached it; but evidently no one was there; and, after rowing around for a while, the search was given up. The other Chinamen said the poor fellow seemed sick and in bad spirits, and had eaten nothing since he came on board. But they make very little of these men; some expressed most regret for the loss of the fine pearls and the money he was reported to have in his belt. And yet all that was possible was done to save him. For our own part, we felt thankful that the ship had not struck on one of the many hidden rocks which make navigation in these seas so dangerous. Sometimes the ship

had to stop, and take soundings, and then go on so slowly that it made me think of a child learning to walk.

On the seventeenth of June we arrived at Port Darwin, and the ship anchored about a quarter of a mile from the land. Our party of seven went ashore, and, taking two open traps, drove seven miles through the bush to a Catholic missionary station. Two priests and three laymen have it in their charge. Most of the natives were off fishing; but we saw a few here and a number in the town. They are the most baboon-like creatures; it is difficult to imagine that human beings could be lower. One had a stick through his nose that stuck out each side like a stiff moustache; and his hair was elaborately curled. The children and the wild natives in the bush wear no clothing; the older ones in the settlement, a narrow strip of something around the loins. The priests said the children could be taught, that some of them were quite bright; but monkeys might be taught about as easily, it seemed to me. Mr. B. told me that the natives of the Fejee Islands are very much superior to these. They are quite light in color, and exceedingly clean in their persons. They manifest great self-control, seldom losing the command of their temper. If they see a white man lose control of himself, they place him low in the scale at once, saying: "He no chief. He get mad. He poor fellow."

The weather becoming still warmer as we neared the equator, our sleeping places were transferred to the deck. The cabins were very close, and we used our state-rooms simply as dressing-rooms, and then *retired* to sleep in the open air.

While lying in the harbor of Port Darwin, we saw some of Captain M.'s vessels, which were there fishing for pearl shells. He invited us to go on board of one, and we gladly accepted the invitation; just as we reached the schooner the diver gave the signal to be pulled up. As he came to the surface of the water in his submarine armor, he looked like some huge sea-monster. A large bag was fastened around his waist, which contained some shells; upon opening one, it was found to contain a pearl. The diver, after resting, had the bag replaced, and went down again into thirteen fathoms of water. These vessels sail around hunting for good fishing grounds, and then return to headquarters to report. For a time Captain M.'s search was very successful, but of late the luck had been poor. It was better the day we visited them, and we told the captain that the ladies had brought him good luck again.

Captain M. has twelve schooners, each having six men on board, besides a large three-masted schooner which goes around with the others, to furnish them with needful supplies. When we questioned him about the number of pearls that are found, he laughingly said, that in the five years he had been in the business, the one we saw him get out of the shells opened in our presence was the first he ever received. With all possible watching, he was not able to prevent them being secreted when found by the men opening the shells; all he could hope for was the shells, which in themselves are very profitable, being used for buttons and ornaments of various kinds.

At Port Darwin we parted with Mr. B. and with Captain M. — the latter going to Arrow Island — and also with our

forty horses. It was very amusing to see them landing the horses in barges. After resting in the paddock awhile, they were to be driven five hundred miles into the interior. The two men who owned these horses had rented from the government forty-six thousand square miles of land, or over twenty-nine million acres, for which they paid about five thousand pounds. They were forming a company with £1,000,000 capital, and had already spent £250,000 in stocking the five stations into which they had divided the estate. The Duke of Manchester was president of the company. They had a lease of the land for twenty-five years.

This is another instance of the large way that English capitalists are investing in the farming and grazing lands of Australia, far exceeding the similar operations in the western portions of the United States. Of course, it means the establishment in Australia of a great landed aristocracy. The immediate effects of this are very good; as to the ultimate results, a great deal might be said on each side.

As we sailed still further north, instead of the nice smooth seas we hoped to find, we met the south-east trade winds, with cross seas, which the captain seemed to think had no right to be there at that time of the year.

Melville Island, which we passed, was said to be inhabited by black cannibals. In 1824, a British settlement was planted there, but soon abandoned. And the island of Sermatta seemed to be noted for the fact that the black portion of its inhabitants, the others being Malays, were "head hunters." That is, they only cared for human heads, in order to get the jaw-

bone. The greater the number of jaw-bones hanging in a hut, the greater the chief. Delightful creatures!

We saw great quantities of pumice stone floating about in the sea; the result of the volcanic disturbances in the Straits of Sunda. On one piece was perched a large sea-bird; we saw him sailing thus over the waves for a long distance.

One day a Chinese passenger died. He had come on board at Thursday Island, sick, but hoping to get back home to die. His countrymen, who composed the crew, raised a sum of money to embalm him, that he might not be buried in the deep. Those who lived nearest to his native place paid the most, the sums being graduated down to the utter stranger, who was willing to contribute that the poor bones might rest in their own land.

One morning in the Molucca Sea a dismantled vessel was seen ahead of us. It was a wretched-looking old tub, flying the Dutch flag, with six Javanese on board of her. We fortunately had one man on our vessel who could talk with them. They had started to go from one of these islands to another, and got lost; and were out of food and water. After much trouble we took them in tow; but they soon found their old tub would not stand the towing, and, after giving them a supply of water and biscuits, and telling them where the nearest land lay, we left them. The captain said the wind would take them to the land in a day or so. They were a stupid lot, and had no idea of helping themselves, even when we were going to so much trouble on their account.

As we neared the equator, the course of the ship was with

the waves, instead of across them, and the motion became much pleasanter. The cool wind moderated the heat greatly. We crossed the line about midnight, and were glad to see the Great Bear again, although the North star still lay below the horizon.

The next morning, early, the captain came to us and said: "Mr. L., you are losing a fine view." Up we jumped from our beds on the deck, and saw the island of Celebes quite near to us, and the lofty peak of Mount Klobat, six thousand feet high, just visible above a light cloud which was passing over it. There was also Cape Coffin, at the extreme end of the island — a large coffin-shaped rock. Celebes is two thousand miles long; and it was from here the first nutmegs were brought. Some are now raised in a few of the other Dutch islands; but they watch the nutmeg growth most carefully, and will not allow a tree to be taken away, so that they are able to control the trade entirely, as the nutmeg is only propagated from cuttings. We had been sailing among the Spice Islands for a few days, which all belong to the Dutch, who have a government settlement on each for the benign purpose of collecting taxes. Holland gets a large portion of her revenue from these islands, and would be poor without them. But probably the islands would be richer without Holland.

The Celebes Sea treated us very kindly. After we crossed the equator the trade winds blew from the north-west, and we had a smooth sea and cooler breeze. Early in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth we had another excitement. About four miles off we saw a wonderful water-spout.

A space, seemingly about an acre in area, resembled a great whirlpool, from the centre of which gradually formed a mound about forty feet high; from the top of this rose a column of water. A corresponding column descended from the clouds, till meeting, about two-thirds of the distance, they formed a solid column. The overhanging clouds, as also the column of water, were dark and angry-looking, like those that precede a thunder-storm. While we were watching, the column burst; part of it returned to the sea, the rest was drawn up into the clouds. At last the caldron-like whirlpool in the ocean quieted down, and we saw that a heavy rain was falling.

In the evening we reached the Spanish Islands, sometimes running near enough to them to smell the spicy odors from the land. The night was so light from the brightness of the stars that the captain could run through the narrow channel of the Basilon Straits, the sea also being full of phosphorescent light.

Soon after we entered the China Sea, from which we expected the usual rough weather, and were fully satisfied that its reputation was deserved. From the morning of Wednesday till the following Sunday we had squall after squall. On Wednesday evening it held up a little while; our cabin was so heated and close, the port holes all being closed, that A. thought we might have our mattress carried on deck again, and had a rope tied so that we could hold on to it in case of a gale. About two in the morning a terrible gale of wind and rain came. I was frightened, but we succeeded in getting into the cabin, just as the captain was sending a sailor to aid us.

The next day our chairs were all lashed on the top of the hatchway, which was about three feet above the lower deck; and there we all gathered like chickens under a cart, — the ship rolled violently, and took in sea after sea. Now and then we would be forced to return to the cabin, from which we would venture out again at favorable moments, though it required assistance and quick movement, there being often a foot of water surging backwards and forwards over the decks.

We caught sight of land again at one of the Philippine Islands. These islands, with their peaks from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high, have much to do, it is thought, with the storms of the China Sea. The winds, loaded with vapor, rushing up from the equator, strike these mountains, and the evaporation is very great, giving rise to typhoons and other great disturbances.

By the way, the Philippine Islands are, next to Cuba, the most valuable colonial possession belonging to Spain. There are about twelve hundred of these islands, large and small; with a population of over five millions. Probably only about three hundred thousand of these are whites; the rest being negroes, Malays, half-breeds, and Chinese. Spain doubtless derives a large revenue from these islands.

We had a terrible night. Failing to make Cape Cabra and the island of Luzon before dark, our captain had to lie as still as possible till daylight, when he went around to the leeward of Luzon, and there, protected by the island, we were able to breathe awhile. Then our ship was trimmed closely, awning and sails were all taken in, save the awning over our lashed

HONG KONG.

chairs; the water ballast was pumped out to lighten the vessel, and after three hours all was ready, and out again into the China Sea our old ship rode like a bird. But still squall came after squall, and we could not remain quiet a moment. A. said: "Wife, this is perpetual motion." The captain said we were doubtless very near some typhoon, and all we could hope for was that we should be able to keep out of it. The waves ran mountains high, and we were shipping seas continually. I did not get sick; but I became thoroughly exhausted, and could not eat. On Saturday night, however, the elements quieted a little, and on Sunday morning the sun shone out, after three days of continuous storm. Happy, indeed, we felt to get our chairs unstrapped again, and mount to the upper deck, where there was more air; and where in the evening we saw the new moon, while the North Star gave us a wink of recognition. By the evening we had even recovered sufficient life to remember it was Sunday, and to sing some hymns.

The next morning, when we were congratulating ourselves that all our troubles were over, another heavy squall struck us. Fortunately, our captain had sighted the land, the storm was not long in passing over, and by eight o'clock we were steaming up the bay to Hong Kong. In passing the numerous islands which, though barren of foliage, were beautiful and green, we were surprised to find them so mountainous, the peaks being from one to two thousand feet high. Lying in the beautiful harbor were vessels of all nations, from the proud ships of England to Tamka boats and other Chinese crafts. We had not met as many fishing junks as we anticipated

when coming up to Hong Kong, as the storm had driven them in for safety. We learned on our arrival that our captain's judgment had been correct, for at Manilla, on Luzon Island, a typhoon had been raging, and we had passed through the edge of it.

We came to anchor about eleven o'clock in the morning. A nice little steam launch came out to take us ashore. On going to the Hong Kong Hotel we were pleased to find that an American had recently become its manager. Twenty-seven days on board ship, and five of them tossing on the bosom of the mighty deep, had not been conducive to appetite in my case, and I was exceedingly glad to find our creature comforts were likely to be well attended to.

CHAPTER VIII.

HONG KONG — THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE — A HOBBLING YOUNG WOMAN — LEAVE FOR JAPAN — THE FOURTH OF JULY — PLEASANT VOYAGE — YOKOHAMA — DEVOUT WORSHIP AT A TEMPLE — JAPANESE COURTESY — CLOISINE FACTORY — THE MISSIONARIES — FUNERALS — TOKIO.

THE first thing that attracts the attention of a stranger landing at Hong Kong is the sight of men doing the labor which we are accustomed to see done by beasts of burden. The coolies with sedan chairs or *jinrickishas* wait your call to be pulled or carried.

The *jinrickishas* are like the big two-wheeled carriages used at home for little children. It is said that a baby-carriage which was brought there a number of years ago suggested the use of them. One pays ten cents an hour to one man for pulling the *jinrickishas*, and twenty cents for the use of a sedan chair, which requires two men as carriers.

Hong Kong is built on an island about twenty miles from the ocean, and lies at the base of a mountain two thousand feet in height; the houses are built as far up the mountain as possible, extending to where it becomes almost perpendicular. From the window of our room we looked out upon the har-

bor, not more than two hundred yards distant, full of odd-looking Chinese boats, many of them rowed and sculled by women and children, the home of the family being on board of them.

At seven o'clock every morning a boy came to our room with tea and toast. At eight o'clock he prepared our bath, in one of eight bath-rooms. These had stone floors, on which were placed immense earthern bowls, some of them very prettily decorated. When I let the water out of the bowl after a bath, it ran over the floor before going through the drain, while I stood on little wooden slats.

During all meals the *punkas* were fanning us, the boys on the veranda steadily pulling the ropes. And when shopping we often heard the call, "Boy! fan!" and soon the *punkas* began to wave over your heads.

The sedan chairs are generally made of bamboo, with cane seats and sides; the tops are adjustable. The Chinese ladies of high degree always ride with the sides and front closed, so that no one can see them. After we had seated ourselves in the chairs, the coolies would raise us carefully upon their shoulders, and with a regular step, walk a steady pace, being very particular that A. should always be on my right hand; a point, I suppose, of Chinese etiquette. As they walked on, we sat talking and fanning ourselves, immensely amused at our novel situation, and of course trying to assume an expression of having been long accustomed to this mode of locomotion.

A. had some business to attend to one day, and while he

went in to see the men, I waited in the chair, and the four men sat down to rest on the pavement.

While there, I saw four men carrying an upright piano, by means of bars of wood put through ropes, the bars resting on their shoulders. The muscles of these coolies often stand out like great knots. Then a woman hobbled by with a tiny baby on her back; and I thought, "Poor old thing, you could hardly walk even without that baby." But I soon saw that she was a young woman, whose feet were deformed and little — "golden lilies," as the Chinese call them; and she could not avoid hobbling. She was only obeying the law of fashion; and are we not all subject to the same law, being governed by our surroundings and associations?

As we intended to return to Hong Kong after visiting Japan, we only waited for a steamer to leave for Yokohama. The weather was excessively warm, and it required an effort to make the slightest exertion. On the second of July we went on board the ship Oceanica, I being shut up tightly in a sedan chair, and carried down to the steam-launch, to avoid getting wet, as it was raining heavily.

The Oceanica proved to be a fine ship, with clean decks, noiseless machinery, and excellent table.

On the Fourth of July our English captain remembered the day, laughingly calling it, "the day you Americans were allowed to go your own way," and gave us a champagne dinner, when complimentary toasts were drunk to the President and to the Queen.

We were favored in having fine weather and smooth seas

during the week that it took to reach Japan. Sailing up the harbor we had a fine view of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama, which is considered to insure good fortune to those who thus behold it. On the sixth we remembered that it was just one year since we bade our friends good-bye at the Philadelphia station, having been favored with almost uniform good-fortune all of the time since our departure.

When we disembarked at Yokohama, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth, our luggage was quickly passed by the government officials; and getting into *jinrickishas*, or, as they are often called, "rick-shas," we were taken to the Grand Hotel. As we had not received any letters from home for nearly three months, our first thought was to visit the banker's. A. started off at once, and went as "chop, chop" (quickly) as the "rick-shas" coolie could go to the place of Cames & Co., and soon returned with an accumulated pile of twenty-four letters. From the time he handed them to me I never moved until I had read and reread them all.

My brain seemed so full with the home news I had crowded into it that I wanted to get into the open air, and be diverted by other thoughts and sights. So, in company with Mrs. S., we took *jinrickishas* for a ride through "Japtown." And, truly it was a marvellous sight. Store after store for miles on either side, — little one-story places, coming out to the edge of the unpaved street! The streets were full of men, women, and children; among them mothers of thirteen years with their babies on their backs, children of five carrying babies on their backs also, and men almost nude, — for the coolies wear

only one garment, and, as the weather was warm, this was sometimes on their backs, sometimes on their legs, it seemed to make little difference which. The women and children all looked as if they had just stepped off from tea-caddies, or fans, or lacquered boxes. Some of them were very pretty.

After going through a number of streets, our coolies said: "See temple," — and leaving our "rick-shas" we walked some distance to a Buddhist temple, hearing murmurings before we reached it. We soon saw through the moonlight a large altar lighted with many candles in a room about forty feet square. In front of the altar-railing men and women were kneeling. A large gong hung over them, from which was suspended a long rope which each of the worshippers in turn would now and then take hold of and lightly sound the gong above. This was to call the attention of the gods to their prayers.

In a space about twenty feet square, and four steps below the altar-railing, directly in front of the altar, a girl about fifteen years of age and a young boy, not over five, were walking quite rapidly up and down, muttering prayers. Our coolie quietly said to us, "Papa, mamma, berry sick; makee pray; one hundred times walkee." After they had done walking, they went up the steps, pulled the rope of the gong, and put some money into a little cup. We left them kneeling at the altar-railing.

Off at one side, where an image was placed, an old woman was praying most devoutly. Now and then she would rub her hands together, drawing her breath through her teeth at the

same time with a hissing sound. Beyond her, at another shrine, were two younger women.

We were very much impressed with the devout behavior of all who were there. They seemed not to see or hear or think anything but the object for which they had gone to the temple. It was nearly ten o'clock at night. The moonlight, glimmering through the foliage, and their candles and lanterns cast a soft light over the scene. There were two men, in white robes, inside the railing of the altar, who were overlooking all.

The Grand Hotel is kept on the American plan, but the servants are all men, and are the oddest looking creatures. They are smaller than the outside coolies, and wear black stockinet tights drawn over their legs and feet, — making them look thinner and more crooked than they are. They also wear little black, tight-fitting jackets; they do not wear shoes in the house, and go gliding quietly about like a lot of black demons.

Here, too, at Yokohama, the hotel being situated on "the bund," we looked out over the bay and saw the vessels, of different nations, lying at anchor, or steaming in and out the harbor. Junks and other strange-looking crafts went floating by. And on the eleventh we watched the good ship Oceanica steaming out to sea, bound for America, and leaving us behind. Though it was our choice to remain, finding pleasure in new scenes, yet it was with a degree of homesickness we thought that in sixteen days those who had been our companions from Hong Kong would be landed in San Francisco.

The streets seem always crowded, day and night. At mid-

BUND OF YOKOHAMA.

night some of the stores are closed; but even then the streets are crowded with men, women, and children, down to tiny babies — their little heads dangling about the shoulders of those who are carrying them. As our coolies went through the crowd they called out "Hi, hi, hi," to make the people get out of the way of the *jinrickishas*.

There seem to be no regular hours for sleeping in Japan; when natives grow weary, they squat down or loll around, and have their "forty winks." There seems also to be no privacy in their homes. In passing, one can look behind the stores, and see several little spaces divided off, and in the evening a dim light or lantern burning. In some of these apartments the floor is covered with the whitest and finest matting; they never soil this by stepping on it without removing their wooden clogs or straw sandals. Even foreigners are expected to conform to this rule.

One afternoon we hired *jinrickishas*, with two coolies to each, for a ride along an uphill road and around the bluff. When we had gone some distance our coolies stopped in front of a garden, saying, "Nice place; go in." We followed their directions, and found a pretty tea-house, and were much amused at the profound greeting of the Japanese proprietor. The Japanese are certainly the most polite people in the world. They seem to have been studying the whole thing out for innumerable generations. In this respect they evidently consider us foreigners to be barbarians, and perhaps we are. Even in the remote times of Confucius, whose teachings have had such a great effect here, as well as in his

native China, good manners were a very large part of good morals.

As we were leaving the garden I was presented with some roses; our coolies, seeing I was fond of flowers, gathered every flower they saw by the roadside, even including a few clover blossoms, for my gratification. I returned to the hotel with my *jinrickishas* looking like a small flower-garden.

Mrs. D., an American lady, whose husband is in business at Yokohama, took us one day to see the largest cloisine factory in Japan. We went into a little low one-story building, containing five or six small rooms, with six or eight men working in each, all of them sitting on the floors.

In the first room were the copper articles. Here the designs were being drawn in India ink; no preparatory design was made, but vase or jar was drawn as the brain of the artist suggested at the time. Then the next workman took the article, and, after following the lines of the design with glue, cut a thin flat brass wire with a pair of nippers and set it on its edge according to the pattern. Men then filled in the places with various porcelain colorings, putting some on and then baking it; and so on for three times. The oven was nothing but a big clay bucket, with a place for the fire to pass around. After baking, the article was rubbed with pumice-stone, till the porcelain was brought to the top of the brass wire. Then the article was taken in hand by the polishers, and finished to look as we always see it.

They say that the finest cloisine is made in the houses of the workmen; two or three of them work together. When

one sees the amount of labor put into this manufacture, instead of wondering why the finest ware is so expensive, we wonder that it does not cost more. It would, in any place where labor is expensive; but what other people than those of these Eastern nations would work patiently, day after day, manifesting exceeding skill, and all for so very little money?

Here in Japan we find the tailors, dress-makers, money-changers and compodores are all Chinamen. A.'s tailor charged four dollars and fifty cents for a white linen duck suit. My dressmaker charged one dollar and a half for making two muslin dresses. He came to our room to take my measure, and afterwards to try the dresses on. I had to be careful; for I was told that if they are given an old dress for a pattern, they will copy it so exactly as to put all the old wrinkles in.

Mrs. H. called on us one morning, and asked if we would like to see some of the results of the mission work there. We were glad of the opportunity, for we had heard so much in disparagement of the missionaries that we desired to hear something on the other side. Dr. H. had translated the New Testament into Japanese, and was then engaged in translating the Old Testament. We first called in return on Mrs. H., and then went to see the closing exercises of a mission school, started by a Miss Brinton. She had sixty-six scholars; all of them Eurasians, or half-breeds. Some of these, I was told, were looked after by their fathers; but not in any case when the fathers had left Japan. The school was supported chiefly by contributions from the churches in America.

We were both astonished and pleased to see how nicely the children are cared for. They are instructed both in English and Japanese; and a good work is certainly being done. It is an open question whether the same amount of money invested at home would not do greater good.

Mrs. H. said there is not a missionary who is paid over one hundred dollars a month; they are allowed in addition one hundred dollars a year for each child, though many do not receive that much. The cost of living, however, is by no means so great as at home. The advocates of the missionaries also say that it can easily be understood why they are so severely criticised, since they learn of much that is questionable on the part of the foreign visitors and residents which they cannot help condemning in their hearts, whether they speak of them or not. On the other hand, we have found good church-members willing to adopt the slighting tone frequently used when speaking of the missionaries. Most persons seem to agree that so far as worldly comforts are concerned, the missionaries are better off here than they probably would be at home, and they often contrive to save quite an amount of money, if they are settled for a long time in one place. It is generally admitted that they improve the habits and morals of many whom they go among; but, as to spreading the peculiar tenets of Christianity, that part of their duty is considered a failure.

Those who return home, to Europe or America, after a residence in this part of the world, seldom, I think, take any interest in or feel any sympathy with the cause of foreign

missions. They think that if the money now spent in that way were spent on the heathen at home it would produce much greater results; not only on our own degraded classes, but in promoting the spread of Christianity in other parts of the world. For the great obstacles to the acceptance of Christianity in so-called heathen lands are the selfish, oppressive and corrupt habits and practices of Christians themselves, both as individuals and as nations. If the Christian nations and people really acted like Christians, there would be no occasion for any special class of missionaries; every Christian would be a missionary, even if he did not open his lips upon any religious subject. For the tree is and always will be judged by its fruits.

As to the condition of society in Japan, while there are some things greatly to be regretted, it would not perhaps be going too far to say that, in respect to the comfort and happiness of the great masses of the people, the comparative absence of extreme poverty, the cheerful contentedness of the lower classes, the universal kindness and courtesy which everywhere prevail, — Japan cannot be considered inferior to any professedly Christian country. That the introduction of the European or American civilization will result in increased happiness to the Japanese people, is a question upon which many who are the best qualified to judge feel very great doubt.

Japan is a good place in which to study anatomy. One learns there what arms and legs were made for. The muscles of some of the working-men stand out like those in the models of

gladiators. We heard that the government was considering the policy of prohibiting the *jinrickishas;* the work of carrying breaks down the strongest men so rapidly. The wages earned by these men are so much better than ordinary wages that the business is in great favor; though those who follow it often break down in from three to five years. Some, therefore, are recommending to the government to put these *jinrickishas* coolies into the army and introduce horses for the uses of locomotion, as the European natives have done. But such is the cheapness of labor in Japan that it is doubtful whether horses and carriages could compete in price with the *jinrickishas,* unless, indeed, the use of these was prohibited by law.

When night settles upon Japanese cities, you hear the jingle of little bells, and the knocking of blocks of wood together; this, you are told, is done by the watchmen who are looking out for fires, and thieves also, I suppose. By the way, the houses are left unprotected; there seem not to be many thieves to watch for; but fires when once started make fearful havoc among these frail houses.

We saw a funeral procession; first came a man beating a muffled drum; then came a procession of men, with some priests in advance; then a large square box, with a cloth thrown over it, was hung from poles, and carried on the shoulders of four men. This box contained the body. Both box and body are cremated. The ashes are gathered together and placed in small urns, which are buried in one of the numerous graveyards. Cremation, I believe, is the general cus-

tom, especially in the larger cities; though in the country districts the box and body are often simply buried.

There is no observance of a Sunday or other Seventh day in Japan, except among the foreigners. The natives continue at work every day. "Ebery day all 'ee same," they say. While they are steady workers, at long hours, still there is a freedom from fret and hurry among them; besides, they take frequent holidays. Of course in the case of the *jinrickishas* coolies these remarks would not apply; though they doubtless have many intervals of rest.

Earthquakes are frequent in Japan, but generally they are slight. We felt one not long after our arrival; but it did not amount to any "very great shakes," if I may so express myself — I like to speak respectfully of earthquakes.

The mouths of the women, with their blackened teeth, constantly suggest to me the craters of extinct volcanoes, showing the black lava. When a woman marries, or, if not then, at the birth of her first child, she is expected to blacken her teeth, and shave off her eyebrows. It gives her a most unsightly appearance. The Japanese are universally very courteous and well-behaved even to their children, who are never scolded and pulled about as is commonly the case among the poorer classes in England and America.

They have a great deal of curiosity. I was waiting in a *jinrickishas* one day at the entrance of a store, and a man came out, and put his head down to examine, without touching, the embroidery on my pongee dress. He probably wanted to get the idea and utilize it. They will even punch

their fingers through a paper window, to see what is going on inside.

Foreigners, also, do some curious things here. Mr. M. told us of an American friend of his, who seemed to be interested in the physical development of the Japanese. He always carried a tape measure, and as he was going about the streets, he would often rush up to a man and measure the size of his leg, saying, sometimes, "I believe this is the biggest yet." The coolie would quietly smile, and submit to the measurement; no words being passed between them, as neither could understand the other.

Yokohama in the hot weather is one of the mouldiest of places. Everything moulds and keeps one's servant always cleaning. Silk dresses, velvets, gloves, all spot and are ruined. The ladies have their winter silks and velvets dried by a fire, and then put into tin boxes, and frequently sealed up. After wearing kid gloves, they will place them in a bottle and cork them, preferring a bottle that has had ammonia in it.

We had an evening with the jugglers; and saw a young girl walk with bare feet up a ladder, each round of which was a sword-edge, as sharp as a razor. When she reached the top, she held up her feet to show that they were not injured. After this, a man made all sorts of grimaces: the muscles of his face were as flexible as if made of gutta-percha. He would lay his nose flat, first on one side, then on the other. It was very funny, and made even the Japs laugh uproariously.

Receiving an invitation to "take tiffin" with the family of Mr. B., the American Minister to Japan, we went by train for an hour's ride to Tokio, which is their place of residence.

Our way lay through a pretty country of rice fields and cultivated lands, and through several villages. The beautiful lotus plant was in bloom, growing in ditches by the side of the railroad. It suggests a mammoth water-lily in the form of its leaf and in its bloom; but the lotus has the stiff stem of the calla, and stands up out of the water.

After tiffin Mr. and Mrs. B. kindly took us to drive in their landau. Those who have horses to draw them, in Japan, must have not only a driver but a "betto," whose business it is to run in advance and clear the streets of the people, in case there is not room for the carriage to pass safely. These boys often run for miles, keeping pace with the horses. We were taken to Shiba, to see a beautiful temple dedicated to the sixth Tycoon. The Japanese temples and tombs are wonderful. The gold lacquer work is something marvellous in this old ancestral temple. And there are great bronze lanterns, row after row, eight and ten feet high, in which once a year lamps are placed, so that the departed spirits may have light to leave and return to their tombs.

Tokio has a population of about one million, and covers a large area. There is one fine wide main street, where one can enter the stores, and have goods shown on counters; with this exception, they are like stores in other Japanese cities. When you wish to look at anything in the stores, you sit down at once on the floor, which is about fifteen inches above the ground. As the proprietor is squatting down also, he simply reaches around him, and hands you his goods for inspection.

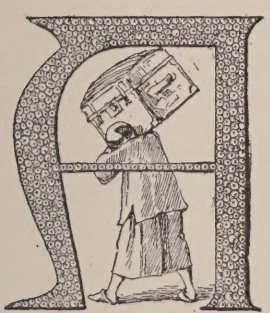
In another pleasant visit to Tokio, we saw the two trees planted by General and Mrs. Grant; they are guarded by an

iron railing, and looked flourishing. We also had special permission to visit the Mikado's garden, Fukiage, a large park-like place with a pretty tea-house on an island.

The pigeon-English was a source of amusement to us; and we soon learned that neither in China nor Japan does a coolie ever grow too old to be called a boy. If you ask a boy to do something that is not his special business, he will say, "no b'long my pigeon." Mr. C. and A. looked out for good boys to attend to our respective affairs, and wanted them "to pigeon all the same together," — that is, to work together well, — as we intended to travel in company for two or three weeks during the hot weather. Our friends finally engaged Ito, and we engaged Isero. The former spoke the best English, but the latter was said to be a good worker, and, especially, a good cook.

CHAPTER IX.

Travelling in Japan — Temples at Tokio — Japanese Music and Dancing — Cheap Labor — The Museum — Journey to Nikko — Tea Presses — Curiosity of the Natives — Official Courtesies — Arrive at Nikko — Japanese Dress and Wooden Shoes.



A SORT of small caravan set out from the Grand Hotel in Yokohama on the twenty-eighth of July. Three *jinrickishas* were in advance with our baggage; then came Mrs. L., Mrs. C., Mr. C., and Mr. L., Ito and Isero, each in a *jinrickishas*, following one after another, to make the train for Tokio.

We had secured large split bamboo baskets, about thirty inches long, and fifteen inches wide and deep, when shut tight; but they could be piled up to carry all we wished, as the top shut over the lower part. Four baskets contained our wardrobes, and an extra one contained such provisions as we required with us; to protect them from the weather we had them covered with oiled paper, the whole being tied securely with rope. Then we had a bundle containing pillows for the two ladies, and some sheets for us all. An extra supply of provisions had been forwarded to Nikko.

On arriving at Tokio we again took "rick-shas" and went

to the Seiyo-Ken Hotel, which is kept in European style, and finding it very comfortable we remained several days. We revisited the temples of the Shoguns; that of the second Shogun is the most gorgeous. A young priest offered us tea in tiny cups; it had little if any color, but, though looking like pure water, it had the aroma of good tea; and we sat down on fine white matting to sip it. These temples are not immense buildings, but the carving, the gold and various colored lacquer, and the silver inlaid in the bronzes, all are very beautiful and wonderful. They have been standing for centuries; and yet it would baffle the artists of this complacent era to approach their skill. To preserve the exteriors they are in some instances covered all except the roofs with frame-work. This is necessary, indeed, for another reason; as the vandals who visit them will actually steal the carved bronze pieces off the doors and other places, and rub the gold leaf off the lacquered walls.

In each temple there is a bronze bowl, with a piece of wood to strike it. These bowls give forth a soft, mellow sound, and are used for the same purpose as the gongs which hang outside with rope attached, to attract special attention of the gods. One of these bowls sounded for sixty-two seconds after being struck. Beautiful fine matting covers the floors of these temples, — and, of course, it is necessary always to remove the shoes before stepping upon it.

While visiting a pretty garden, the Ko-yo-Kwan, we saw a charming tea-house among the trees; on our approaching it a young girl appeared; after saluting us she went at once for

tea, and soon returned, accompanied by several others, bringing the tiny cups on little stools, which they placed beside us. They also brought little boxes of sweetmeats, which we passed to one another with chop-sticks. One is always expected to take a cup of tea when offered; it is bad form to refuse.

After our tea we persuaded two young girls to give us some music. One played on a kind of guitar with something like a shoe-horn instead of her fingers; and the other had a koto, about six feet long, and one and a half feet wide, having strings the whole length. This was laid on a scarlet cloth on the floor; and having put ivory pieces like long nails on the thumb and first two fingers of her right hand, she pressed the long strings with the left hand, and played on them with the other.

Between times one sang, in a little squeaking voice, to foreign ears not at all musical. After this two younger girls danced for us. They wore their usual dresses, and their dancing was simply the striking graceful attitudes, and the use of easy and gliding motions. Two of these girls were very pretty. They all seem to sit down on the floor very easily, but when we make the effort it is more or less difficult, and the feet get very tired, for the top of the foot lies flat on the matting. You only bend the body twice, at the knees and the thighs, and then salute by putting the head to the floor, with the hands under the forehead, palms downwards. When standing up, you salute by bowing as low as you can without falling over. As the Japanese dress is quite loose and the

women never wear any kind of stays, it is much easier for them to go through the requisite courtesies.

After leaving this tea-house, we went to the Atayo Yama. This is a garden on a very high bluff; to reach it we had to go up a long flight of steps. From there we had a beautiful view of Tokio, and also saw a Shinto temple, which is as plain as the Buddhist ones are elegant. The Shinto religion is the original faith of Japan, and seems to have been in the first place a kind of sun and nature worship. The royal line of Mikados trace back their ancestry to the sun, and thus rely upon a divine right to reign, and not at all upon any consent of the governed. Of course the Japanese mind is rapidly outgrowing all this. Shintoism is a very plain and simple kind of religion, whose ministers — they cannot be fairly called priests — are allowed to marry; there is no formal mode of worship, nor any very strict ethics.

While we were resting in one of the many booths of this garden, tea was again offered us; and we also partook of tea made from salted cherry-blossoms; it tasted like the smell of cherry blossoms, and was quite salt. I liked it.

We then went to the bazaar, a large, rambling sort of place, where everything is sold. Coming out we passed through a turnstile, which upon examination proved to be one of the old registering ones of the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition. It amused us to wonder how it could have travelled out here.

On going back to the hotel to rest I was compelled, much against my will, to wage war with a small party of fleas and a larger one of mosquitoes. Although the houses in Japan

look very clean, the beautiful mattings are fine harbors for fleas; and as the natives always sit down and also lie upon them, the fleas have their provender close at hand.

As to the low price of labor in Japan, I am able to give another illustration. We paid the same price for washing in Tokio as at Yokohama. The rate was three yen — about two dollars and eighty-five cents — for one hundred pieces. The waist and skirt of a dress are two pieces. An embroidered flounced dress for which I paid three dollars at a Philadelphia laundry, was not charged extra, the first time it was done here; but, when it was put in the second time, the boy said, "Missy give ten sen more; being muchee makee proper." I told him: Very well; that if he did it very "proper," I would give the ten sen (nearly ten cents) extra. The foreign lady residents told me they did not pay more than two yen, or one dollar and ninety cents, for a hundred pieces; but I, being a stranger, must expect to pay a higher price. The climate requires the use of thin clothing, and washing is a large item; even in travelling over Japan, dresses that can be washed are more desirable; although when you get into the unbeaten paths the use of flat-irons is unknown. You can have your clothing washed and dried, but must expect no ironing. A bamboo stick can be put through the sleeves of a *kamona;* and a plain piece of muslin can be dried smooth by starching it, and putting it on a board; therefore, of what use can flat-irons be? Only think of the unnecessary work fashion forces upon us!

While in Tokio a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Maida, called and took us to see the Museum. Mr. Maida was Secretary to

Gen. Sheigan, the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. He was one of the few people who use horses in Japan; his turnout was a brougham with a pair of horses, — one man on the box to drive, and two "bettoes," who were sometimes standing behind the carriage, and again at the heads, or in front of the horses, as was required. They jumped down from their perch and up again, spasmodically, every few moments. Besides the brougham there was a phaeton with a driver and "betto." So by the aid of the three horses and five men we arrived safely at the Museum.

There we were bowed and bowed and bowed to so much, by a number of distinguished individuals, that, after walking over the large and handsome buildings, and inspecting many curious things, we were quite ready to sit down in a reception-room and have a cup of tea, while the gentlemen smoked cigarettes. After a very pleasant time, we again went through the bowing, and returned to the hotel.

On Wednesday, the thirtieth of July, we started, early in the morning, for Nikko, famous for its beautiful shrines and temples, the "sunny splendor" of Japan. Nikko lies to the north-west of Tokio, and is about ninety miles distant. We had eight *jinrickishas*, two men to each, — two of them were for the baggage, and, instead of one man pushing and the other pulling, both pulled, in tandem style. The weather was all we could desire, the sun being under a cloud most of the time.

We left at a quarter past six in the morning, and our men took their first rest at the Take-no-tsw-ka tea-house at a

quarter to eight. Then at half-past eleven we were run up to another tea-house, at Kasakabe, where we took tiffin. Before reaching this place we had passed the limit beyond which all foreigners are prohibited unless provided with passports. But we had one, which was kindly provided us by our minister at Tokio, Mr. B., which allowed us to go anywhere in Japan for six months; and Mr. and Mrs. C. had theirs from the English minister, for thirteen districts.

Our ride all day was through rice-fields; every part of the country is under cultivation. Rice is the chief product, although we saw potatoes and other vegetables, and some maize and other grains. Men and women were both at work in the fields.

The root and seed of the lotus are also used as food; and the effect of the large blue-green leaves, and the immense buds and full bloom of the pink and white flowers formed a beautiful contrast with the yellow-green of the rice-fields which surrounded them.

As we passed through the towns we saw Japanese life in its simplicity; old women were sitting grinding rice between stones—generally two at each mill. I often found myself saying: "One shall be taken, the other left." Women both old and young were reeling silk from cocoons, and others spinning and weaving it; and little children were feeding the silkworms with fresh mulberry leaves, while the baby eyes looking over their shoulders watched the worms eating. Now and then we would see men, and sometimes women, stepping on one end of a beam twelve feet long, rigged like a see-saw, and

thus raising the other end, which had a block of wood on it for a hammer, so that in its fall it might crush the grain beneath into flour.

At certain points our coolies would quicken speed, and run us up to the tea-house. The moment we stopped, the proprietor, and seemingly every member of the large family, would appear and greet us most cordially in Japanese fashion, saying, "Ohayi, ohayi" — "Welcome to you." We would return the "ohayi," and, after we had sat down on the edge of the floor, Ito and Isero would commence to take off our boots. The women at once came with tea, and a stand of either brass or porcelain containing hot coals with which to light a pipe. Then we said "Arigato," which means "Thank you." At Kasakabe we were taken upstairs into a nice, airy room, and, taking out some *futons*, which are always stored in some funny little corner, we lay down to rest. After this, we resumed our journey, and by seven o'clock we reached Nakada, having made the first day thirty-six and one-half miles, our sixteen *jinrickishas* men proving themselves to be very good fellows. We were surprised to see with how little fatigue they had accomplished the day's work.

Here we found a good tea-house, with a large room on the second floor. Our boys got out the provisions, and we had dinner. Chickens and eggs can be purchased from the natives; and the traveller can buy fuel, and have the privilege of cooking; but none of the tea-houses expect to do more than to provide rooms and *futons* for guests, and offer tea in Japanese fashion, which is always without sugar or milk.

The *futons* are cotton mats, and one is sufficient for a Japanese to rest upon. We had four or five piled one on the other; then we spread the oil paper which protected our baskets through the day over these; then came our sheets, and we sprinkled flea-powder over all. This is a useful article, to be carried constantly in some countries. They had splendid mosquito-nets, which were attached to the four corners of the room by long cords, and, being square and closed all around, formed a little interior room, in which we could be completely protected from the winged intruders. After the paper slides had formed our separate rooms, and a little lantern was placed on a stand, with taper floating on oil arranged to burn all night, we heard the wooden shutters close outside, and lay down and slept the sleep of the just.

The Japanese houses seemed like play-houses, as we pushed the paper screens about with child-like pleasure, and thus partitioned the space into separate apartments. In the same manner we opened or closed the windows in the front or side of the house. At night, to make all secure, wooden slides take the place of paper ones, and then all are left in darkness, unless the lanterns are burning. Once in a great while, we found that some more advanced Japanese had put two or three glass-lights in the sash instead of the rice paper. When we wished to wash our faces and hands, we pushed the board or paper shutter aside, and put out our heads and found a little wooden shelf with little wooden bucket and dipper, and a wooden or sometimes a bright copper dish. And such queer places as we had to go to for a bath!

We were up at five o'clock the next morning, and started at half-past six; by eleven we arrived at Koganei, where we took tiffin, having stopped twice on the way to rest our men. They called out each time, "Otolo-saw, otolo-saw" — "faster, faster" — to each other, as they approached a place where they were accustomed to stop. They would quickly take out our little parcels, put them down where they would be convenient for us, then rush to the well, wash themselves off, dash the cold water over their heads, drink some of it, eat some rice, or other food, with chop-sticks; and then, after lighting their pipes, sit down or lie down and rest.

Wherever we stopped, the natives crowded around to examine us; at one place we counted over fifty of them. The children often seemed too much afraid to come very near, and sometimes they screamed with fear.

At one place I dropped my bottle of smelling-salts, and broke the stopper; then, in trying to get the broken piece out, I broke the bottle also. The people were so curious about everything that one of the girls picked the bottle up, and A. told her to smell it. She gave a good sniff, and we could not help laughing to see the result; the crowd joined in heartily. She looked terribly frightened, and ran to the water and dipped her face into it. Fearing they would think it a rude joke, I took the bottle and showed them how to take a little smell, explaining that it was for headache. Of course all this was in pantomime, but they understood it.

We started at one o'clock, sometimes finding the road so rough that it was pleasanter to get out and walk. We could

not help noticing, again and again, the carelessness as to privacy and to the exposure of the person which prevails in Japan. The government has issued an edict upon the subject, requiring that a certain amount of clothing, sufficient at least for decency, shall be worn, under pain of punishment; but it evidently seems to the ordinary Japanese that any covering of the legs of the men, and above the waists of the women, is unendurable. I noticed also, however, that some of the people would gather their wraps about them as we approached, which seemed to denote a growing sense of delicacy. Among other things in our own dress curious to them, the buttoning of our boots was a constant source of wonder.

After a journey of thirty miles, we reached Utsunomiya at half-past seven in the evening. Here we found that we were evidently expected, by the way we were bowed and knelt to and looked at by the crowd. And soon Ito explained to us that Mr. Maida had telegraphed from Tokio that we would be there the night before; and that the mayor and seven officials had waited till midnight for us, and had engaged our rooms. Soon a messenger announced that the mayor had called, and, finding we were at dinner, had left his card. Then the men of our party had to send cards to the governor and the mayor; they were told that it would be the thing to send a box of sweetmeats to their wives. It was too late, however, to purchase the gifts. Before we were up the next morning, another messenger came to ask if we were comfortable. Whereupon, we left all the "arigatos" we knew how to muster, and bade "sayonara" to Utsunomiya.

The first part of the route next day was beautiful. For miles we passed through an avenue of grand old cryptomerias, whose branches formed a canopy over our heads. They had been planted by the Shoguns. On either side of the road a little stream flowed rapidly, and the banks were a mass of ferns, with Japan lilies waving their large white heads above them. I counted as many as fifteen blossoms on one stalk, and hydrangeas grouped about in profusion.

We met bands of pilgrims coming from Nikko; the stately walk of some of them was very noticeable. There was the same noble tread and bearing that our tragedians endeavor to give us on the stage. We had learned before this that the Japanese are not all small of stature.

They all pay great respect to age, and, on starting in our "rick-shas," I, being the elder of the two ladies, was always placed in front. This day, after tiffin, I said to Mrs. C., "You start first this time." We were going quietly along, when suddenly her coolies went racing up the road with her. I called "Mati, mati"— "stop, stop" — at the top of my voice. A. took up the cry; Mr. C. sprang from his "rick-shas," and chased after his little wife. The other coolies called "Mati, mati." The runaways came to a standstill; we found them laughing immoderately. Poor Mrs. C. was terribly frightened, and was never allowed to go in front again. It was merely intended as a good joke; her coolies, being very fast runners, wanted to make the others take a race.

The road became quite bad afterwards, and we hired two

OUR HOME AT NIKKO.

extra coolies to pull the baggage "rick-shas." The next event was that one of the wheels of Mrs. C.'s "rick-shas" nearly came off; but A. saw the danger in time to prevent it. Ito, however, was turned over into a ditch after dark, but was not injured.

We were met at the entrance of Nikko by an old man with a lantern; then more men gathered around. We had great difficulty in finding out what was expected of us.

Friends had written for accommodations for us at a certain Kaneyai house, but, after a long discussion, we were told that the officials had arranged for us to go to the hotel of Suzukis.

Owing to a bad place in the road, the *jinrickishas* could go no further; *kagos* were provided for Mrs. C. and me; the gentlemen accompanied us on foot. Mrs. C. soon protested against the cramped position in the *kago*, and walked too; but I sat in Turkish fashion, a lantern hanging at my side, as I swung between the coolies, the pole of the *kago* resting on their shoulders. Finally we reached Suzukis, and were accommodated for the night.

Soon after breakfast the following morning, a government messenger appeared to ask if we needed anything; a messenger from the mayor had already been to see us, who had bowed, and to whom we had bowed, and all kept on bowing until Ito explained to us that he came to inquire after our health and comfort. Finally we started, and soon we were settled at a nice little tea-house about half a mile from the town, at a place called Irimachi. We were delighted with the

scenery, the mountains rising on every side, and the beautiful Daiyagawa River running through the valley. Spanning this river is a very artistic bridge, built in 1630; this bridge is eighty-four feet long and eighteen feet wide, and is so durable in its construction that it never has needed any repairs. The Mikado is the only person, I believe, who uses this bridge. Formerly it was opened once a year for the pilgrims. There is another for common travellers.

At Irimachi we were about two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and from our little tea-house we could look upon the mountains, and hear the water flowing down the middle of the road; it is conveyed in stone troughs for public use; and it forms pretty little cascades, as it falls from one level to another, every twenty or thirty feet.

In our little Japanese home we had cushions to sit on, and four chairs. We also had two tables, one upstairs, and one below to dine from. There was a little grass-plat in front of our dining-room, inclosed by a bamboo fence; and there was a stone lantern, which is lit up once a year for the convenience of departed spirits, who may wish to come in the night-time and see how things look at their old home.

There was also a lot of ground fenced in as if for grass, with a nice border of chrysanthemums around it — but there was no grass. There seems to be a preference in Japan for the bare earth, instead of grass, around the houses; and they sweep and sweep, and put fine stones, as clean as can be, in the ground, but seem to dislike having the grass very near to their abodes.

I have spoken of the sliding windows. Here they were quite astonished when we would not have our room closed up tightly at night with the wooden shutters; we said we wanted some fresh air; but, when I heard the noise of rats racing everywhere, I insisted on having them closed, much to the annoyance of A. In some things I adopted the ways of the natives, and wore a *kamona* with an *obie* tied round my waist, not neglecting the immense bow on my back; Mrs. C. did likewise. And I also accomplished the feat of walking on high wooden shoes; there was quite a charm, when many were walking together, to hear the "clang of the wooden shoes." Indeed, the air of the song rang in my mind continually.

The morning following our arrival in Nikko, our coolies came to bid us good-bye and receive their pay. We had no further use for them, as the roads were too steep to admit of using "rick-shas." We had taken three days for the trip, though many make it in two. The amount paid was eight yen for each *jinrickishas* and two men. As they did so well, each man was given a "comeshaw" extra.

The greater part of each day was devoted to visiting the shrines and temples of Nikko. The Maryiuvunji temple, in the grounds of which was the building that General Grant occupied while here, and which we also had the honor of having offered to us, is truly a wonderful structure. It was erected two hundred and fifty years ago, with an immense amount of labor, directed by admirable taste; and, through all the changes of the seasons, the intricate wood-carvings and the vivid coloring of the lacquer-work still endure in almost their

original freshness and beauty. The red lacquer, on a background of the beautiful green of the cryptomerias seemed to us most effective.

We went up a flight of wide stone steps to a pagoda which is five stories high, one hundred and four feet; each roof being thirty feet square, with about eighteen feet between them. The combination of coloring on this pagoda is something marvellous. Another stone stairway led to an inclosed court, where we had to pay twenty sen each before entering. Here one building after another claimed our attention, and exclamation after exclamation rose to our lips.

After examining these wonderful buildings, — which would require long days of study fully to appreciate, — we mounted a continuous stone avenue, ascending two hundred steps, which led to the tomb of Iyayasu. The stone walls on either side of this avenue were about five feet high, and all the stones were from two to three feet square, and covered with moss and tiny ferns. The effect from the top, where the tomb was placed, as we looked down on all below, was very beautiful. The tomb is of bronze, largely composed of gold and silver, which gives it a bright, light color.

There is an elegant gateway between two of the courts in the temple grounds, which is said to be the finest in Japan; the inner ceiling was painted by Kano Motomovw, the greatest artist of his time.

One day a messenger came from the mayor asking at what hour we would be able to go to the temple of the third Shogun Ioemitssee to see some sacred articles, which are kept in a

"go down," — a fire-proof building, — and which only the favored few are allowed to inspect. The hour being arranged, two officials conducted us to the main door of the temple, and entered through it. We appreciated the honor when told that no one but the Mikado or the governor or other illustrious persons could pass through this door.

We were shown magnificent bronze and lacquer articles, presents from shoguns and princes.

A curious sight witnessed in one of the smaller temples was a dancing woman dressed in white, with a ridiculously high hat on her head. For a copper coin, she would take a fan in one hand, and a stick with little bells attached to it in the other, and sway back and forth without a particle of grace. Mr. C. said, as we passed on, "You are a great fraud, my dear; your movements are utterly without grace." Of course she did not understand him; she probably thought it was something complimentary, but it was as he said. The pilgrims who were passing all stopped and gave her some money, as though it would cause their prayers to be more efficacious. Although there is no Sunday kept in Japan, the people are always thronging to the temples, and are very devout in their own fashion.

It is impossible for me to give a clear idea of all we saw at Nikko; and I should only weary my readers were I to attempt it — unless they had the good sense to skip the pages.

The river at this place rushes along at certain spots like the rapids of Niagara at Goat Island. Following up the

banks one day we came to a long line of stone images, the "*Ji-un-ji.*" We counted eighty-nine; they were sitting on blocks of stone three feet square, and the images were five feet high. They were the work of the old Buddhists, at the time when these numerous temples and shrines of Nikko were overflowing with the priests and witnessing the gorgeous ceremonial worship of Buddha. Now, Buddhism is no longer the faith of the government and the Mikado, the original Shinto faith having supplanted it. A few Shinto priests, or rather care-takers, are all that are to be seen in these magnificent temples. Shintoism can hardly be said to have a ceremonial worship; what there is of it is very simple; yet we saw many very sincere worshippers.

One morning, I saw a policeman put a little white notice on the outside of our gate. Our host going out to see what it was, the two men met in the yard, the policeman evidently coming towards him to report; they each bowed six times, nearly to the ground, during the three minutes they were talking the matter over. Ito told me it was only a mark "to tell the head of the line"; but what line, I could not understand. I only mention this as another instance of the excessive politeness of the Japanese. Our host, however, was one of the old Sanurai families of the old military class, and, though the revolution of 1868 deprived this ruling class of their power and wealth, great respect is still shown to them. This host of ours, Kobayashi Girro, had a very fine face and a dignified bearing; and would be called anywhere an exceedingly gentlemanly man.

CHAPTER X.

Trip to Ikao — Kangos — Hot Baths — Curious Customs — Pack-Horses and Saddles — Japanese Runner — High-Toned Watering-Places — Benefits of Simple Dressing — Hot Vapor Baths — Return to Yokohama.

E left Nikko on the ninth of August for Ikao. *Kagos* were provided for Mrs. C. and myself; these are something like an oval basket, for there are no sides, and we were each carried by two men, with poles passing over our heads, and resting on the shoulders of our coolies, while we swung between. We each had an extra man to relieve the others. The two gentlemen had each a pack-horse; and our two boys a horse between them, as they would have to walk a good deal of the time. Then we had also two horses for our baggage. We women found it rather severe on us to be cramped in one position, though A. did succeed in arranging some boards to add to the length of our *kagos*, so that we could stretch our feet out.

The gentlemen were perched up on pack-saddles, which were at least a foot above the shoulders of the horses, and their rope stirrups hung down each side of the horses' necks. They had no reins, but a boy led each horse by a rope. Mr. C.

preferred walking to such style of riding, and walked most of the way.

Our trail carried us over a mountain pass, following the Diayo-gaun, which flows very rapidly. The scenery was very fine; there was a great variety of foliage and flowers, and there were several beautiful water-falls. Mirajayishi, one of the four places where we rested, — arriving there about ten o'clock, — was a charming, picturesque little spot. The tea-house, which we reached an hour afterwards, overlooked a precipice at the head of a deep ravine which we had been following; and on the opposite side were two beautiful cascades. At the next place, however, we saw the most beautiful water-fall we had seen for a long time, that of Kogennataki, which falls three hundred and fifty feet, striking deep water at the base, in an amphitheatre of rock and ferns, into which flow ten smaller cascades below the main one.

We came to the beautiful lake of Chinzenji about one o'clock, and reached our stopping place, the Kome-ya hotel or tea-house, about half-past one, having been five and a half hours in making the seven miles and ascending nineteen hundred feet.

It was a nice and comfortable place; and, though we were off the beaten track of travel, they had a few chairs for foreigners. It was hard to avoid laughing at each other as we dropped upon the floor at these tea-houses to sit and talk or to take a nap. We passed the night quite comfortably, and started off the next morning at seven for Yumoto, eight miles distant.

Our coolies were accustomed to much longer journeys, so they started off very vigorously. The weather was beautiful, and our route lay through very pretty forest-paths, and for several miles along the border of Lake Chinzenji. We saw two more beautiful falls. Riw-dzer-go-taki, or Dragon-head Cascade, flows over black rocks, forming different streams and a series of small falls. The other was about two hundred feet high, with a great body of water, the peculiar beauty of which was that the fall was not perpendicular, but at an angle of sixty degrees. It looked like an enormous sluiceway, at least fifty feet wide, and flowing over smooth, solid rock.

We saw many strange flowers; and when we came to one that was familiar, it seemed like a well known strain of music, and brought home and loved ones nearer.

The birds in Japan know how to sing; unlike those in Australia, where there are no song-birds — a great deprivation. I wonder why they do not import some.

The latter part of this second day's trip, I left my *kago* and mounted a pack-horse; I managed so well that I resolved to try it again. The *kago* is the least comfortable conveyance I have ever found. The Japanese are so limber that they could double themselves up and ride in a dish. The way in which they sit only requires the length from their back to their knees. But we Europeans and Americans seem to be differently put together. I suppose that in about ten centuries we might do it; but then it is easier for us to have something to replace *kagos*, — a zigzag rail-

road, for instance, when we wish to go through mountain-passes, where carriages cannot carry us.

As we entered the village of Yumoto, our sense of propriety would have been greatly shocked, had it not become already more or less hardened by what we had seen on our travels. There are many sulphur-springs in that place, and there are numerous baths along the streets, each bath having three closed sides and a top. The open side, however, always fronts the street; and both sexes, — adults and children, — in an entirely nude condition, bathe together. They were coming and going to and from the baths, like flocks of ducks; and really seemed no more conscious of any impropriety. They did, however, wear a covering when going to the bath-houses — the *kamona* being the one important garment.

I have spoken at various times of the amazing politeness of the Japanese to each other and to strangers. I may add here that they never forget their manners under any circumstances. To see two dignified Japanese gentlemen or ladies meeting at the bath, bowing almost double to each other, before stepping into the water, is perfectly overwhelming to a foreigner with a keen eye for the ludicrous.

Another odd and amusing thing is that the women have their hair elaborately dressed on all occasions, even when their clothing is of the very scantiest. Fashion and custom seem to be very rigorous in this respect. Whether one of these women would be ruined in reputation by entering the bath with her hair disarranged I do not know.

As I sat in my room to write some notes about our visit to Yumoto, there were about twenty men and women bathing opposite, not more than thirty feet distant.

We had made up our minds not to try the sulphur bathing; but we found that there was a new bath, just finished, belonging to the house, where bathing could be done in a more private and Christian fashion. Upon trial we found the sulphur water very pleasant and invigorating.

We left Yumoto on the eleventh of August, starting at half-past seven, as we had a long day's ride before us. Our destination was Ikao, pronounced *Ecow*. We soon commenced to ascend, and, coming to a steep place, one of our pack-horses knocked his pack against the rocks, and threw himself down a steep bank on the other side, so that we had great difficulty in getting him up.

We rode all the morning through a beautiful forest, full of flowers, which would have been a perpetual delight to a botanist. The flora of Japan is something wonderful. For the first time for years I saw the Indian pipe, and the pipsissewa, as I used to see them when a child in the woods near Philadelphia.

Our road was a continuous climb for an hour and a half, the gentlemen walking most of the way. One of our horses was vicious and given to biting. A. sent Isero to get on to him to ride, while he himself was walking; as Isero was mounting, the brute caught him by the leg and bit him badly. I never was without my hand-bag of medical stores, and they came into use here, with excellent results.

We ate tiffin that day by the road-side. Mrs. C. and I had started in our *kagos*, but got so cramped in them we preferred the pack-horses, and rode *en chevalier*. It was rather difficult to keep in the saddle; but, as my riding-master, in the old times, had complimented me by saying that I was "as good as a monkey in sticking on a horse," I felt bound to maintain, in some degree, the good reputation I had acquired in my girlhood. As we were going along quietly, my horse turned his head quickly to bite at some flies that plagued him, and twisted my knee so badly that I screamed with the pain. A. told the boy who was leading the horse to hold his head tightly; and was showing him, in his earnest way, how to do it, when the vicious horse in front, having been stopped by the stupid fellow who led him, flung out his heels and kicked A. three times before he could get out of the way. Fortunately, the horse had no shoes on, and did A. no serious injury. But, with all these mishaps, it seemed quite a chapter of accidents; and we could not help laughing to think that, after going so long without a bruise, three of us should need doctoring the same day, and all be forced to go limping around for two days because of vicious horses.

At a little after six o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Sakagawa, a miserable place. We ate our dinner off the floor, and, notwithstanding the liberal use of flea-powder, numbers of industrious fleas hopped to and fro over us during the greater part of the night. This was favorable to early rising, and we were up by five the next morning. We had dismissed the *kagos* the evening before, as we found that we

were not able to get more than two miles an hour out of them, and had got extra horses. The *kago* coolies were always stopping, either to change shoulders, or to change coolies. They impose upon foreigners; when they have a Japanese to deal with, they travel steadily on.

We were favored with fine weather, and the scenery was very beautiful. All day long it was one grand view after another. The mountains were green to their summits, and flowers abounded. Many orchids grew amid the moss on the roofs of the houses.

We reached Takahira at half-past twelve, and ate tiffin; resting till a quarter past two. Then we started again, and arrived at Numatu at a quarter to four, having travelled eighteen miles. This was a thoroughly Japanese town. As soon as we came in sight of it, the crowd commenced to gather, and they crowded around us and ran after us as though we had been so many white elephants. We found good quarters, at a place where the governor and other high officials were in the habit of stopping; and, being on the second floor, we could keep the many staring eyes at a reasonable distance; although we saw them gazing steadily and unweariedly from neighboring roofs and opposite windows. There was never anything to be compared with the stolid manner of Japanese staring; they are like stone images for gravity and stillness; and one cannot possibly look them out of countenance, for they are themselves perfectly absorbed in gazing, and are apparently unconscious of being guilty of any rudeness.

Fearing that we should be a day longer than we had expected in reaching Ikao, and that the rooms we had engaged would not be kept for us, we sent off a coolie runner to that place.

He started with a note at half-past five in the afternoon, to go twenty miles and be back the next morning by seven o'clock with an answer. His price was one yen thirty sen; and he was to have a "come-shaw," in addition, of twenty sen, if he got back punctually at seven. He arrived on time, saying our rooms would be reserved for us. It seemed a low price to pay for so much running; he had travelled on an average about three and a half miles an hour, and had only two hours' rest at Ikao.

We left Numata at half-past seven in the morning. Our horses had been dismissed on our arrival the evening before. We were very glad to find that we had come again into the regions of the *jinrickishas*. We engaged nine of these comparatively comfortable vehicles, with eighteen men, for the twenty miles our runner had gone over; and made quite an imposing procession. The country continued beautiful, and we followed the course of a river about twelve miles, ascending to a considerable height, then descending again, crossing and recrossing the river on bridges about four times. There were many beautiful valleys in which were pretty villages; and the whole country seemed under excellent cultivation, with many perfect garden-spots.

We stopped several times at tea-houses, always having to sip some of the tea which the black-teethed women offered;

and, arriving at Ikao about half-past three, we were given rooms on the ground floor; but there was a horrible smell, such as nearly all these towns have, a peculiar combination of the odor of fish and of bad drainage, in some cases combined also with the smell of sulphur. Our first impression of this high-toned Japanese watering-place was not so favorable as we had expected. Still, we did the best we could to shut out the smell, by closing the doors, which seemed made to stay open, and by covering over the holes in the paper partitions where rude fingers had pushed through. The gentlemen shook their fists at one or two persons who deliberately opened the door of our room for some unknown purpose.

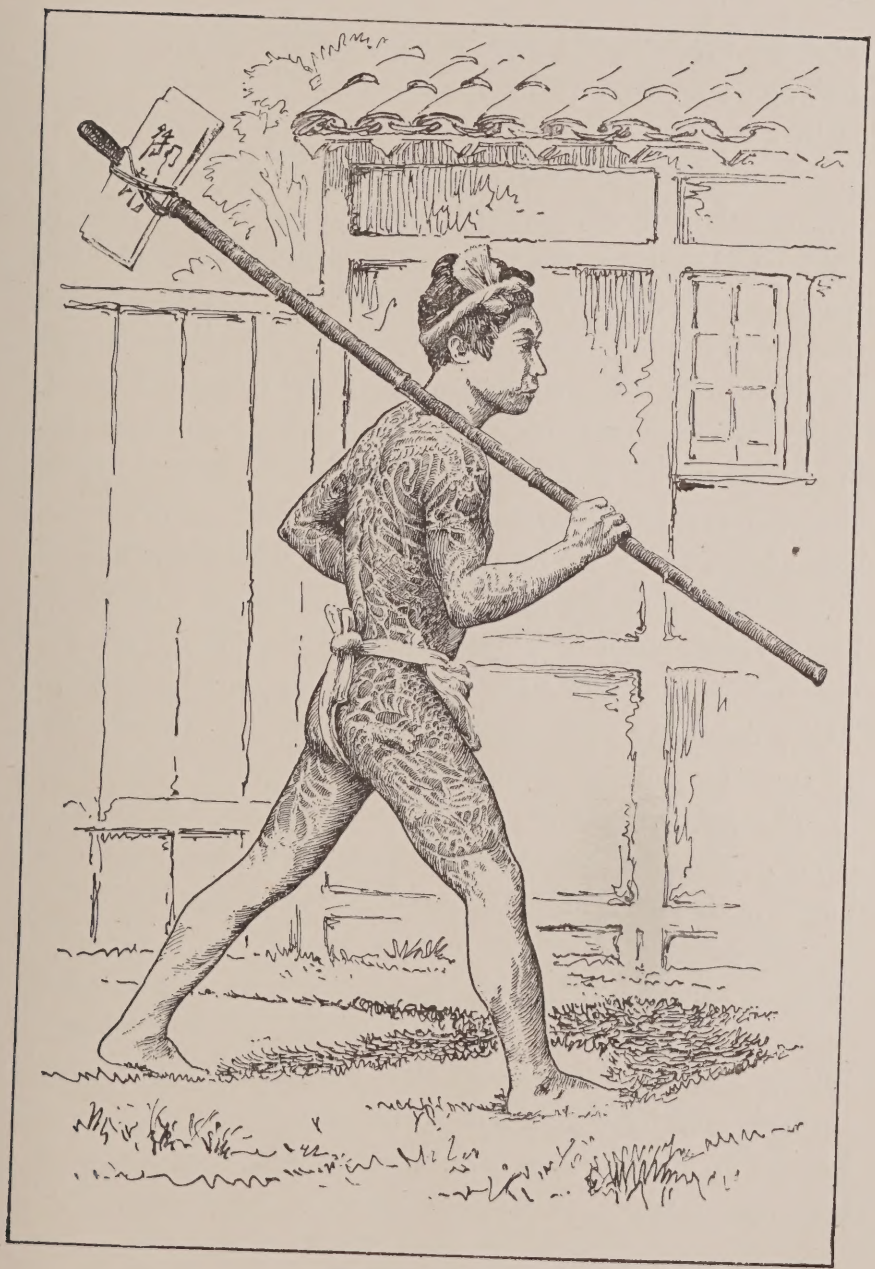
We were not satisfied with our quarters, though the wife of a Japanese minister was opposite, and a prince was expected to occupy the house just back of us. Such is the misfortune of having republican noses and ideas! Mr. C. and Mr. L. started out on the search; the result was that we were very soon established in a newly finished tea-house, on an elevation where we overlooked the town, and also overlooked a valley and across to a noble range of mountains. The air was pure and invigorating. There were some reclining-chairs on the veranda, which gave a look of comfort. Hot iron, sulphur, and soda springs were all around us, but the bathing was done in a civilized manner, men and women having separate baths; and there were also some small bath-houses. We had one belonging to our tea-house, which was dignified by the name of Kairakukan Howel, that

was new and very nice. Being comfortably sheltered, we resolved to remain several days.

A. was taken one morning to see some larger baths belonging to the house, which had just been completed. The landlord, who was showing them, opened a door where several young Japanese girls were bathing, and said, "These baths are for the Japanese ladies." No one takes the slightest offence at such interruptions; and, as there is no way of fastening the sliding doors of the rooms, the poor, evil-minded, fastidious foreigners are kept on the qui vive lest they should be intruded upon at the most unlucky moments.

At this place Mrs. C. and myself were favored with iron bedsteads, but the gentlemen still had to sleep on the *futons*. One day, after tiffin, we wandered up a ravine which led to a hot iron spring. This seemed to be a fashionable walk in the afternoon. Many of the natives had pieces of cotton cloth, which they would put into the springs, and let them remain there some time. After drying them, they would wrap the cloth about the body, considering it beneficial for various ailments. We saw strip after strip of material, colored yellow from the iron water, hanging on bushes to dry.

The following day, when walking up another ravine, we were reminded of the scenery of the Alleghanies and of dear old Pennsylvania; and, as I remembered the mountain-laurel and the autumn tints, I thought that the home scenery compared very favorably with this. As for the comforts and luxuries of life, considering that which is attainable by all



LETTER-CARRIER.

classes,—the rich, and persons of moderate means, and even the poor,—we have found no place that seems to be better off than our own beloved America.

We found Ikao quite a damp, rainy place; and, as Japanese houses have to be closed against the rain by tight board-shutters, to prevent the paper-sashes from being spoiled,—unless where they are protected by a little balcony,—and as there is no place for fire, they are not so comfortable in cool, wet weather as in sunny and dry days. The only mode of heating is by live coals, brought in a brass bowl and set in the middle of the floor. Then, here, too, the rats are numerous and audacious. They prowl around continually, and if the least crack is left open for ventilation during the night, they speedily avail themselves of it to pay one a visit. Much as I love fresh air, therefore, I was content to take the little I could get through the chinks of the sliding doors and windows, rather than have the rats running all around and over me while I was sleeping.

The gentlemen went off sight-seeing by themselves one day. A. absolutely found a good saddle on his horse, for once; but Mr. C. preferred walking. They went up one of the numerous ravines for three or four miles, the road ascending about two thousand feet, to a place where there were numerous steam-baths, which were much patronized by the Japanese for various ailments. The steam rises out of the ground, and is covered over by a roof three and a half feet high, being boarded up all around, with a small door at each end of the building. Boards are laid loosely over the ground, allow-

ing the steam to rise between them; and on these boards were lying at least twenty Japanese, men and women, in nature's costume, packed along in rows.

They remain in these baths from five to fifteen minutes, the hot steam causing profuse perspiration. They then come out, and either go to one of the numerous tea-houses around, to lie down and cool, or wash off first at a tub of cold water, and rub themselves down a little. But the majority come out of the bath apparently exhausted, and at once go off somewhere to lie down and dry off. There were between seventy and eighty awaiting their turn to enter the baths. The gentlemen thought this sight exceeded any they had previously seen.

On August nineteenth we left Ikao in a carriage for Tukusaka. As we had a kicking horse to contend with, the starting was quite a comedy. The road, however, proved very good, and we enjoyed the drive of twenty miles. At Tukusaka we took a train for Tokio, where, after lunching, we started again in the train for Yokohama, arriving there at a quarter past six o'clock.

Returning from a walk the next day, and going alone into our room, I saw an envelope on the table marked telegram. It was from America. I knew what it said before I opened it. Ah, they are to be pitied who hear sad news from home in a distant land!

CHAPTER XI.

TRIPS IN JAPAN — AN IMPOSING MOUNTAIN — THE "BIG HELL" — KOBE AND KIOTO — A TYPHOON — INTRUDING CURIO MEN — TERRIBLE FIRES — GOING DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE KOZU RIVER — PAINTED CHILDREN — "NIGHTINGALE FLOORS" — BEWITCHED BY FOXES — A JAPANESE YANKEE OF 1583 — THE INLAND SEA — NAGASAKI — LEAVE FOR SHANGHAI.

N our next trip, which was to Enoshra, — an island about twenty-five miles distant from Yokohama, — we concluded to avail ourselves of the European method of locomotion, and engaged one of the few carriages in Japan to take us as far as the road allowed.

We left at nine o'clock in the morning. A brisk wind was blowing. It was the end of a typhoon, which had been disporting itself over other parts of Japan. When we reached the open paddy, or rice-fields, where the road was raised from four to six feet higher, so as not to be overflowed when the fields were, a gale of wind struck us, and took the top of the carriage completely off, depositing it on the adjacent ground. It really seemed as though we should all be carried away; fortunately, the wind went down soon afterwards; and we continued our journey in a carriage without a top.

At Fugisana we stopped at a tea-house for a rest. When travellers remain any length of time at the tea-house, a regular bill is presented by the host; but when they stop only a short time, accepting the usual courtesies, they never hand any money to any person, but place it on the tray, among the cups. The most polite way is to fold it up in paper before laying it down. I always noticed that some one was watching to see if the money was left, — though it was seldom touched till we were gone. The entire family generally gathered to bid us "sayonaro," repeating it over and over.

The last half-mile we had to take *jinrickishas;* then we came to a place where we had to cross a bar to get on to the island. The water was about six inches deep; of course, we ladies were taken through in our "rick-shas," preferring this to being carried. The gentlemen took off their shoes and stockings, and prepared to wade across. About half-way over, however, they decided to squeeze into our "rick-shas," and, after a funny time, we landed, with our parcels. At high water, boats are used to ferry persons across; at other times, coolies carry them over on their backs.

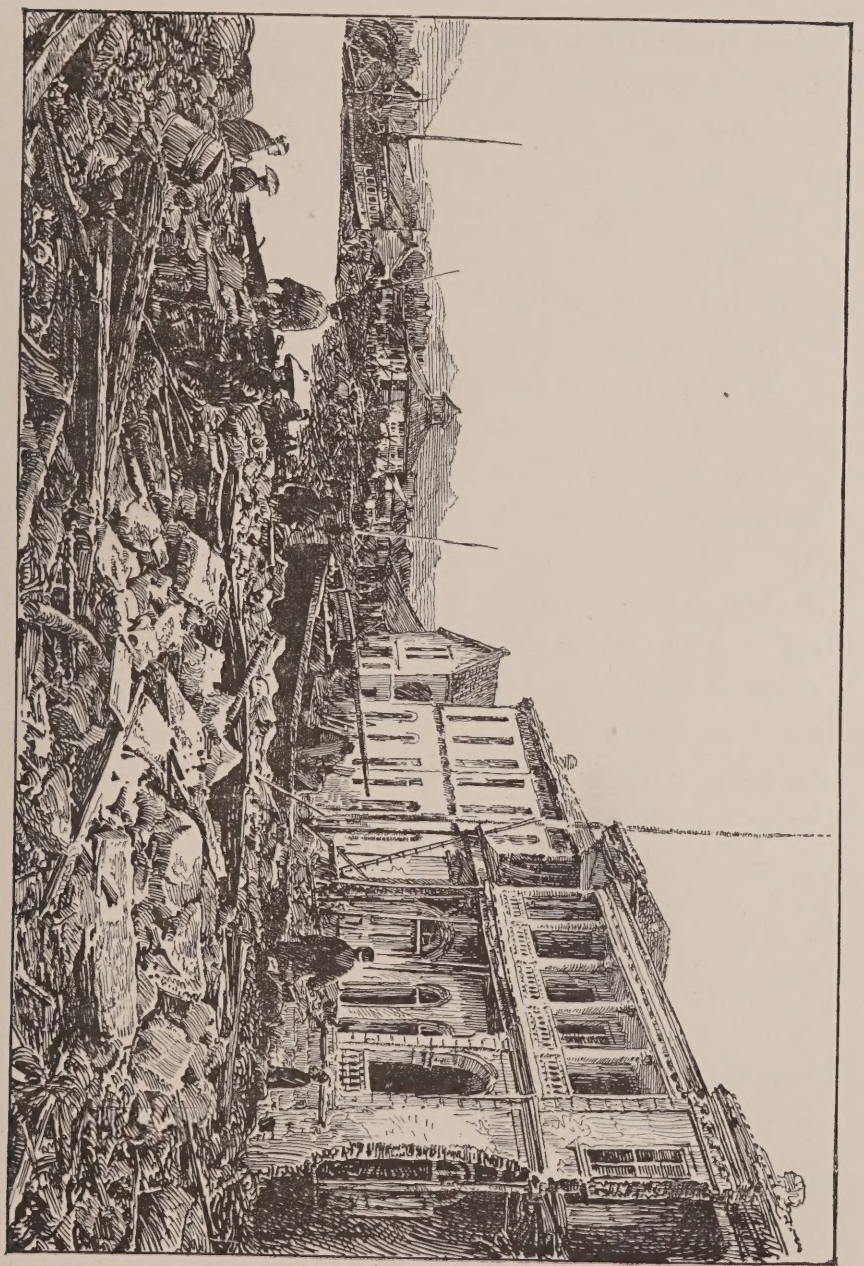
After tiffin we took a walk over this island. It is one of the many summer-resorts of Japan. There are hot mineral baths and also good fishing here. The island is about two hundred and fifty feet high, with bold rocky shores. The scenery from many points is very fine. From the high bluffs the native men, for a reward of a few sen, will plunge into the deep sea, where it is dashing fiercely against the

rocks, and then swim till they reach a cove where they are able to climb out.

I felt very tired at the end of the day, and was glad to lie down on a *futon*, and listen to the lapping of the water on the bar, as the tide came in.

The next morning we took *jinrickishas* at the hour the tide was low, crossed over the bar again, and went twelve miles to see the great bronze image of the Dia Butsu, the Great Buddhos, which is fifty feet high. All of the faces of the Buddha have the same character of calm, passionless repose; and the face of this huge image is wonderful in its calmness. From here we went to the Shinto temple of Hackimen, at Kamakura. Here we were shown many old relics, and one priest was selling little folded papers. Isero purchased two, and, bringing them to me, told me I must always carry them about me: the longer piece would save me from shipwreck and drowning, the shorter one protect me from falling. I have carried them ever since in my porte-monnaie. We returned to Yokohama the same afternoon, our carriage having met us at Fugisawa.

On the fourth of September we again took a carriage and pair of horses and started for Miyanoshita, changing our horses three times, first at Fujusawa, then at Koraiji, where we took tiffin. We then drove on to Sammoibashi, making in all about forty-two miles. At the latter place we had to take *kagos*, — these were made longer, better adapted for the use of foreigners; — and we rather enjoyed the ride of five miles in them up the mountains to Mijano-



KOBI AFTER A TYPHOON.

shita, where we found a nice hotel, the Fiji-ya, kept in foreign style. There were beds to sleep upon, and the table was good. We were charged extra for milk, jam or preserves, and ice. There was a notice which read, "Extra — Milk, ten sen a pint — ice, six sen a pound — soap, fifteen sen."

This place is situated among mountains. Through a notch we could see the ocean, fifteen or twenty miles distant.

There are many fine mineral-springs, and the best accommodations for bathing we had seen.

One bright morning we took *kagos* and an extra coolie for each of us, and started for Lake Hakone. Our coolies were a fine set of men. As I have said before, this is a good country for the study of anatomy; even the foot has never been cramped, since they use straw sandals and wooden clogs. I continue to be surprised at the strength of these young men: after going six miles, they took us into Hafuya hotel, on the border of the lake, on a fast trot, which they had kept up for nearly a mile.

After getting tiffin at this place, which overlooked the lake, we took a sampan, or flat-bottomed boat, and, putting all our men and *kagos* in, we were skulled by two men down the lake, a distance of five miles. Hakone is a beautiful body of water lying in the midst of the mountains, Fuji towering above them all in the distance. As we were floating down this lake, I said to A., "We ought to get through all right; we have ten coolies and our boy Isero."

After leaving the boat at Umijin, we again took *kagos*,

and came over the Ojigoku Mountains. As we neared the plateau on the summit, having come through great quantities of bamboo grass, we again had a grand view of the mountain of Fujisen, as it is called by the Japanese — Fujiyama by foreigners. It is about twelve thousand four hundred feet high; rising directly from a level with the ocean to this height, and forming an immense cone, which presents a very imposing appearance, especially when the summit is covered with snow. At this season of the year many pilgrims are ascending it, returning with a badge, proving they have fulfilled their mission.

We left our *kagos* on the plateau, and walked for a mile and a half down a steep descent, over a continuous sulphur deposit, which reminded us of the geysers in California. The hot water and steam were issuing in all directions. At one spot, which they call "the big hell," we followed the guide in single file, which was very necessary, as the ground is treacherous in many places. You can stick a bamboo staff into the soil, and a sulphur steam will follow as you draw it out. When you see all these volcanic indications, it is easy to understand why earthquakes are frequent in Japan.

There are pretty walks around Myanoshita. We heard the music of falling water continually, there are so many small and large cascades flowing from the banks of the ravines through which the paths lead. Wild flowers and ferns grow luxuriantly. One walk led to the village of Kiga, beyond which was an old temple. All the way for a mile and a half we followed the rapid Sokokura River.

At the village of Myanoshita are made the pretty inlaid-wood cabinets. A great deal of wood-carving is also done here.

We had a beautiful morning for our return to Yokohama. Our coolies actually trotted nearly all the way down the mountain. After taking our carriage again, we had a magnificent view of the sacred mountain, not a cloud breaking its symmetrical form as it rose in the clear air towards the blue sky.

We left Yohohama on the thirteenth of September, in the Thibet, for Kobe and Kioto, on our way through the Inland Sea to Corea. The Thibet was a very good ship; and it was well she was, for on our voyage we had a regular typhoon. The captain said, however, that we were in the best possible place to meet it; and that two hours earlier or later it would have been far worse for us. We were in a place where the channel was about five miles wide; and the ship immediately put out to sea, and then hove to until the sea calmed down. It was a lively time for crockery ware, and a bad time for the officers and seamen; no one on board slept much that night. By the next afternoon, however, the sea was running smooth, and no one would suppose that we had gone through such a fearful storm. We anchored off Kobe about half-past four in the afternoon, and were taken ashore in a sampan, finding nice room sat the Hiogo Hotel, on "the Bund" — the name given in all the Japanese cities to the street next to the water.

It was much warmer at Kobe than in Yokohama. The

coolies at the latter place had begun to put on one or two garments, on account of the cold; but at Kobe the Garden of Eden fashions were again in the ascendant. Men were bathing wherever there was any water, and we saw several women bathing in front of their houses; one of them was sitting quietly in a tub of water, entertaining a lady friend, while the children were sitting and lying around them. Was this not one style of enjoying an afternoon bath on a warm day?

Leaving Kobe the next morning by train, we reached Kioto in two hours and a half. Taking *jinrickishas* at the station, we went at least two miles through the town before reaching the Ya-ami Hotel, on a hill-side, from which we had a fine view of the city. It was a European hotel, kept by Japanese; there was no one around who could speak English. The situation was a cool and pleasant one, the hotel quiet and well managed, and we could keep on our shoes if we wished to.

At Kobe we had left Mr. and Mrs. C., the English travelling companions, with whom we had passed several months; they intended to sail for America. We had had a pleasant time together, but now our ways lay in different directions. Travelling is, on a small scale, like the journey of life, which is full of brief meetings and long separations.

When going to our rooms about eight o'clock on the evening of our arrival, we found some men crouching in the upper hall, who immediately followed us into our sitting-room. There were eight of them, each with a parcel containing his stock in trade, which he commenced opening.

At the same time the landlord entered, saying, in a very apologetic way, that a police officer had called to see what business Mr. L. was in. In every hotel, before keeping us over night, the landlord required our passports to send to the police headquarters. This time they had already seen it twice; but now it seemed that there was a desire to know if A. was in the army. Upon finding he was not, bows and thanks were in order; the landlord retired, and the curio men went on with their unpacking.

Our room was soon covered with silks, embroideries, bronzes, lacquers, and porcelains. It was amusing; one man who persisted in asking nineteen yen for two small articles, was willing to take seven yen before he left. He started off twice as if he were going away, and I thought the last time that he had really gone, but he came back again. A Japanese shopkeeper does not like to make a quick bargain; he prefers to sit down to it, both parties with a pipe and a cup of tea, and talk it all over, and ask about three times as much as he intends to take, and, as it were, get the good of it. People are not in much of a hurry in the East. The world seems to have been created longer there, and they know things are not coming to an end in a moment, but that there will be plenty of time to bring a good many bargains to a conclusion before this little globe has spun and fretted itself out of existence.

Speaking of the curio men calls to mind those in Nikko, who are almost as conspicuous as the temples. They are most persistent; day after day the same man will come

with the same things and the same expressions to the same person. One man came for six consecutive days with a wonderfully carved old ivory pipe-case. This he offered as "very cheap" for thirty yen. A. at once determined to have it, yet showed great indifference, and said he would give eight yen, at which the old fellow showed great indignation, saying, "Thirty yen — no more!" meaning no less. Each day he came he would display many other things, never, however, bringing the pipe-case from its hiding-place; until he was asked if he was going to take eight yen.

Then followed the same "dicker," the vender at the same time showing the case temptingly. At last A. raised to ten yen, saying that was all he would give. The old man fell to fifteen. There matters stood for three days. The morning greeting from us to him would be, imitating his peculiar voice,— "Very cheap; fif-teen-yen; no more — no!" We would laugh the moment we saw him enter the yard; but, although his eyes twinkled with the joke, he never deigned to laugh.

The last day A. told him not to bother us any more; and, as he went away as usual with the pipe-case, we really thought it was the last of him, as we intended to leave very early the next morning. Just before ten o'clock that evening we heard his voice commencing, "Very cheap." Sure enough, there he was; and a bargain was concluded by taking a handsome piece of old embroidery, which A. valued at a price that brought the ivory case to ten yen,

and the curio man put his valuation on the silk to bring him "fif-teen yen; no more — no!"

In going about Kioto, I did not see another foreign woman in the place, and a crowd gathered around me whenever I left my *jinrickishas*. In fact, even the dogs barked at me, and ran away frightened.

The only horses we saw in Kioto were those which stood under sheds, saddled and bridled, on which people could ride around a circle, by the payment of five sen. Cows and bulls are used as beasts of burden, and do the work that horses do in Europe and America.

In all these Japanese cities they have terrible fires, owing to the light, inflammable material of which the houses are constructed. One fire at Kioto burned over five hundred acres of houses. I have seen it stated that nearly all of Tokio had been consumed at different periods within the short term of seven years.

On September the nineteenth, after taking "rick-shas," we crossed the valley in which Kioto is situated. The first five miles led through its narrow thoroughfares. Afterwards the route was through rice-fields to hills which we ascended for five miles; then we reached the banks of the Kozugawa. We had come thirteen miles in three hours. Here we found seven boats, each about forty feet long and eight feet wide, with sides three feet high, flat-bottomed, and without any place to sit, except three narrow thwarts. At least twenty men gathered around to bargain with Isero to take us down the river. We had been told that three

yen and a half was the usual price; the men wanted eight, insisting that the river was unusually high; it would take six or seven men, instead of two; "very much rain," and so on. We thought this was said with intent to "squeeze," said, "We no go," and turned away. They decided to take us for five yen, and gathered a bunch of straw off the ground; this one of them held; each drew a straw, and the six who drew the longest got the job.

Our three *jinrickishas* were then put on the boat, and A. and I, with Isero and the six *jinrickishas* coolies, followed. Then came the six boatmen who were needed to manage the craft, making a fairly good-sized load.

We soon found that the boatman had spoken the truth about the river being high; it was a most exciting descent. The river is about fifty yards wide, and flows through a gorge, the mountains rising from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet on either side. In many places it turns abruptly at right angles, and is full of rocks of all sizes. The fall in some places is an abrupt declivity of five to eight feet. The bottom of the boat would rise and fall like a carpet under which the wind is blowing.

We made the distance of thirteen miles in one hour. As there were many smooth pools which we went through quietly, you can imagine the rate of our speed down the rapids. The skill with which the men managed the boat was wonderful. One stood at the bow with a long bamboo pole to push away from danger, two with old oars on one side at the centre, and another at the stern

with a long oar as a rudder. The other two boatmen stood ready with bamboo poles to give their aid where needed, and changed off at times with the others.

We were advised by all means not to miss this experience, and were told that there had never been an accident; but we had no idea what we had undertaken, until we were in the midst of the rapids. Of course the risk was greater than usual, owing to the recent heavy rains. The trip generally takes only two hours, and the boat requires only two men. That day it was almost, if not quite, equal to the rapids above the falls at Niagara. A. thought it was worse, as we had to go through places not over twenty yards wide. Well, we got through all safely, and felt thankful, but would not advise others to try it in that state of the water.

About noon we were sitting in a nice tea-house at Arashi-yama. Two young girls who came to wait upon us were much attracted by my foreign dress, especially admiring my rings, each taking a hand to examine them the instant my gloves were taken off; then my shell comb and hair-pins and A.'s watch were subjected to an examination.

After resting, we visited another Shinto temple and monastery. They were very old, but very plain and simple in their decorations, and we resolved to devote no more time to them.

We spent the next day in visiting some factories, among them the Imperial silk-factory, where we saw men and women weaving silk in the most primitive manner. They were also weaving crape, and printing it by hand, using blocks. They

GRAVEYARD AND TEMPLE, KIOTO.

worked very slowly. We also visited the Hongwanji temple, where we saw a great number of rooms the walls of which were covered with paintings by the very best old masters of Japanese art.

While we were at Kioto, there was a seven-days' festival on account of the rehanging of an old bell at the temple Kivin-non. It was cast in the year 1500, A. D., weighed sixty-three tons, and was fourteen feet high. Crowds of people came from all parts of the country, in holiday dress; but what amused us most was to see little girls five or six years old dressed in the Japanese court dress, and painted and powdered. Cosmetics are a necessary article in a Japanese woman's toilet. Even the tops of some of these little girls' heads had been shaved, and painted brown down almost to their eyebrows, while fine red lines were drawn from the corners of the eyes towards the temples. I, however, seemed equally a wonder to them, although plainly dressed. What would they have thought if I had worn what is considered in America a fashionable street costume? As it was, I was too much of a show to them to make a long stay in the crowd very pleasant. What with the warmth of the weather, the sitting on the floors, lying on *futons*, and the handling of one's dresses by a curious crowd whenever there is any opportunity, it can be understood why I advise ladies to wear nothing that cannot be washed while travelling in Japan.

When passing through the different rooms in the monastery of Nishi Hongwan-ji, — which is the headquarters of the

Honguanji sect, the high-priest always belonging to the imperial family, — I noticed several times that the boards of the floor were creaking. I asked the guide about it, and he said they call these "nightingale floors." Perhaps if we gave this name to creaking shoes, they would not be considered so unpleasant.

This guide also told us that from ancient times among presents sent to young married people were branches of bamboo, pine, and plum, all denoting long life. The stork is also a favorite gift, because it lives a thousand years, and the tortoise, because it lives ten thousand years. And on New Year's day all rich gentlemen formerly ate stork for dinner, because it brings good luck; but now, the stork being scarce, they substitute wild duck. Can this be the ancient origin of our practice of eating turkey on Christmas day?

While I am on the subject of eating, I may add that a Japanese host in private life, instead of saying to his guest, "I think this nice, try it," says "This is not at all nice, but you taste it"; or, "I have very bad dinner to-day, you come and eat it with me." One told me that it seemed very strange to them to think that foreigners compliment their own things.

One morning, about four o'clock, we felt the house shake twice, just as if there had been an explosion. It was not like the earthquake we had felt in Oregon, although we were told it was one. This motion seemed directly beneath us. We learned that there are two kinds of earthquakes in Japan: one is a long-waved, lateral kind; the

other is like that that we experienced, the shock of which appears to be directly beneath.

There are miles of unpaved streets in Kioto, all of which are lined on both sides with the little open bazaars. Then, again, we went into out-of-the-way places, and rapped on a gate for admission to houses, which we entered, and very choice wares were brought from odd little closets for our inspection.

On our way back to Kobe, we stopped at Osaka, and visited an old castle, the scene of many contests. The masonry of this castle was very remarkable, on account of the immense blocks of stone used; some measuring forty-five feet long, ten feet high, and nine feet through. The way in which the builder of this castle obtained, in 1583, these massive blocks, was worthy the genius of a Yankee. He offered a valuable premium to the one who would furnish the largest stone for the wall of the castle.

After paying for that, there were a great many stones on the ground which the owners would not go to the expense of taking away, and they were obtained by the builder for next to nothing. Such is the legend; and it may furnish a hint by which, perhaps, some modern builders may profit.

Osaka is a very large city, the second in size in Japan. It is noteworthy for the numerous bridges that span the winding river and the canals that run through it. There are few foreigners here except the missionaries. The latter have a concession of a certain district which they are allowed to govern, and no Japanese can enter against the wishes of the mission-

aries. The government has lately ordered all men to be clothed down to their knees. This is one of the places where the law is enforced.

On returning to Kobe, we visited the grove of large camphor-trees and the pretty waterfalls. The upper fall was eighty-two feet, and the lower one forty-three feet high. It was quite a steep ascent to reach the upper fall, but we were repaid for the climb by having also a fine view of Kobe. While at Kioto, we had seen fine china, cloisine, and rich embroideries; but at Kobe we saw the most exquisite gold lacquered articles, and one cabinet, the price of which was seven thousand yens.

Another peculiarity among the Japanese shopkeepers is, they will not show all their stock. When they find you are not willing to purchase any of the articles exposed, then, and only then, will they bring others out from various hiding-places. You sit and almost demand to see things; saying, "Have got more; no like this, makee show;" and reach around to hunt them up for yourselves.

There is a curious superstition among the Japanese, in cases of persons suffering with delirium in illness, or other derangements of the senses. It is believed that these unfortunate sufferers are bewitched by a fox. As our friend Mr. C. was passing a house in Kobe, he saw a great crowd about the window, or rather barred front. A nude woman was inside, and another woman who was with her would say, "Will you go away, fox?" and the nude one would answer, "After a little while I will, wait." Then again the other would repeat,

"Will you go out, fox?" and the other would reply, "No, I won't." Then the first would say, "Well, we will smoke you out!" And they put the afflicted woman down flat on the floor, and built a fire near her, and began smoking the fox out of her, as you would smoke one out of his hole. It was a singular sight for the nineteenth century.

There would seem to be considerable room where such things are taking place for enlightened missionary effort. We saw a large Greek Church among the mountains, where the Russian government has sent missionaries; also a Buddhist Monastery from which they are also sending out missionaries; while the government, which is Shinto, a short time since, gave notice to the people that they could follow any faith they might choose, and ceased itself to contribute to the support of the Shinto temples.

It is said, and probably with truth, that many of those who are professedly converted to Christianity merely wish to become acquainted with the English language to use it for business purposes, as those who speak English have a great advantage over their competitors. As to the higher and more intelligent classes of the Japanese, they are not disposed to believe in the theological tenets of any religion now existing. And the universal toleration of the government is probably mainly the result of this universal unbelief on the part of the ruling classes.

We left Kobe on the twenty-fourth of September in the steamship Genkai-Mara for a passage through the Inland Sea to the west coast of Japan, and then down the coast to Nagasaki.

I was somewhat disappointed at first, but as the weather was very fine, Captain Connor was able to take the north passage, and thus give us the benefit of the finest scenery on the route. There were many fine views, especially of the numerous islands, which rise quite abruptly and are from two hundred to three hundred feet high, and are prettily terraced and cultivated to the very top.

The Japanese, with an eye to the artistic, when cutting down the woods always leave those trees standing which have any special beauty or other peculiarity. Their woodmen seem to know how to "spare that tree," as very few of ours do in America. On the tops of the hills and mountains they invariably leave a line of trees, which has a fringe-like effect. I had noticed this in Japanese pictures, and thought it merely the artist's fancy; but it is quite true to the natural landscape of Japan. It is this same taste that prompts them to trim their trees and shrubs into the greatest variety of designs, often excellently representing different animals.

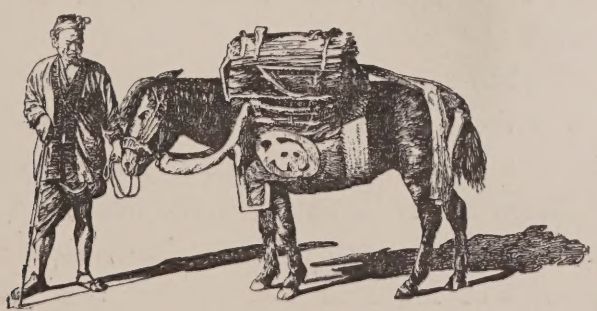
The Inland Sea is a beautiful body of water; and there is a great variety of formation on its rocky shores. In places the rocks are very abrupt and rise like chimneys; and at one place two of them, as they stood out from the water, formed an arch about two hundred feet in height.

We reached Nagasaki on the twenty-sixth, and landed with our baggage, having some intention of going to Corea. The approach to the harbor is beautiful, and we passed among numerous islands. The ship anchored, and we were taken to the wharf in a sampan. As we drew near to it, a

man belonging to the hotel called: "Keep the coolies off, or they will sink the boat in trying to get the baggage." But, as it was, thirteen coolies each managed to grab something belonging to us, and to each we paid five sen for his labor. On riding around we found Nagasaki very like the other Japanese towns. We were amused at one place to see a bull, heavily loaded, coming down a long flight of stone steps as easily as a dog would.

They make a great deal of pretty tortoise-shell work here, but one must bargain for it, as for every other purchase.

Finding that the proposed trip to Corea did not fit in well with our other arrangements, we decided to give it up. I should have liked being the third white woman to visit that country, though it is doubtful whether the visit would have repaid us in other respects by new sights and fresh experiences. As it was we bowed to fate and returned to the steamer, parting with our boy Isero, who, after getting all our things comfortably arranged, bade us "sayonaro" with tears in his eyes. Then we steamed out of the harbor for Shanghai.



CHAPTER XII.

VOYAGE TO SHANGHAI — EQUIPAGES — CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE — MALE SEAMSTRESSES — CONSULTING THE JOSS — INVESTING MONEY AND SECURING HOUSES IN HEAVEN — CHINESE SERVANTS — CHINESE LADIES — WHEELBARROW RIDING — HOUSEBOATS — SPORTING — MAIL SERVICE — BURIAL MOUNDS.

WE had a remarkably pleasant voyage to Shanghai. The captain said it was the best for two years, the wind usually causing a rough sea. On the evening of our departure from Nagasaki a beautiful sunset gilded the water on one side of us, while the moonlight threw a silvery gleam across the sea on the other. Behind us the smooth track left by the steamer in the waves gradually faded out in the distance, like a train of thought which loses itself in the memories of the past.

The second morning, although we were eighty miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse River, we saw its muddy waters trying to mix with the dark blue sea-water, just as the Missouri River empties its muddy water into the Mississippi, and for miles shows its distinct line of different color.

Long strips of low land told us we were nearing our

destination. The approach to Shanghai is very different from that to Hong Kong. There the land is very low and flat. About four in the afternoon we reached the bar, but as the tide was low we were not able to cross. The captain telegraphed for a tug, and after waiting four hours it came and took us up the Woosung River to the city.

The channel is quite narrow; and as we steamed up we saw from fifty to one hundred old junks, loaded with stone, ready to sink and close the entrance against the hostile French fleet if it should attempt to ascend the river, there being trouble at the time between China and France.

We also passed a good many men-of-war belonging to various nations, waiting to protect their citizens in case of need.

It was half-past nine when we reached the wharf at Shanghai, a distance of thirteen miles from the bar. The arrival of our ship was not anticipated, and the compradore of the hotel was not there to meet us. Leaving A. to attend to the baggage, I was put in charge of Mr. B., who was on his way to Tiensien to fill the position of United States Consul. We took *jinrickishas*, going through the strange streets, trusting ourselves to the two coolies, and were safely landed at the hotel. The magic word hotel, the only one the coolies could understand, had put us all at the door of the Astor House. A. soon followed.

We found a nice suite of rooms and were comforted by hearing that the summer's heat was passed, and that we might reasonably expect cool and pleasant weather for October.

The foreign portions of Shanghai are more imposing than the Japanese cities, but we did not fancy the Chinese portion as much as we did the streets and houses of Japan. We missed the open stores, and the matted floors on which we dropped down and began to bargain. And then, although we knew the Japs intended always to "squeeze" us — the usual term here — they had such a very polite way of doing it that it made the process almost a pleasant one. In Shanghai they have counters on a line with the sidewalk, and the wares are not so freely displayed.

Owing to the number of foreign residents, there are a good many horses in Shanghai; and all who can afford to drive their coupés or broughams. A. engaged one for my special use. The style in which the coachmen dress is amusing. They wear all sorts of clothing. I had only one horse, but according to the custom I had two men to look after it. Instead of the second man being called a "betto," as in Japan, here they were both "ma-foos." The "ma-foo" on the box wore a loose bluish-gray coat, and had on his head an inverted straw wash-basin, with a red button on its top, around which was a green silk fringe an eighth of a yard deep, while his long pigtail hung down his back. My other "ma-foo" stood up behind the carriage. He wore a shirt or loose coat of the usual blue color, with a shabby straw hat of foreign make, and his pigtail curled up under it. In his hand he carried a stick with a horsetail tied to the end of it. When we crossed one of the bridges over the various canals, down he jumped and ran along at the

MODE OF CONVEYANCE, CHINA.

horse's head until we crossed, then he got up again. His actions were as spasmodic as the Japanese *bettoes;* only my "ma-foo" always stood brushing off flies, and otherwise flourishing the horsetail-stick, and always felt it necessary to give the horse a start after stopping by taking hold of the bridle and leading him a short distance. Neither the horse nor the "ma-foo" who holds the reins, is supposed to have sense enough to start or to turn a corner without the assistance of this second "ma-foo."

A new method of conveyance in this place is the one-wheeled barrow, which the coolies trundle along. The wheel of this vehicle is in the middle, and there is a projection each side, on which people sit and are trundled about, often carrying their merchandise with them. We frequently saw a man on one side and a pig on the other.

There are a few cows in Shanghai, but the people rely mainly upon the water-buffalo for milk and butter. This water-buffalo milk is stronger than that given by cows, and the butter made from it is very like lard in appearance, and, though sweet, has no appetizing taste. The animals themselves are very ugly looking creatures. We saw the coolies taking them to and from the meadows, riding on the back of one and leading another by a rope, one coolie to every two animals. As we passed along, we often saw these beasts wallowing around in swampy grounds and shallow waters.

The Chinese impressed me very unfavorably as compared with the Japanese. Many foreigners suppose they are of the same race, but this is a great mistake. They are as unlike

as the Germans and the French; not that I mean to compare the Chinese with the Germans, but only to illustrate the difference between these two Asiatic nations.

The Chinese, however, it must be admitted, seem to be superior in all matters of business; for, even in Japan, they take the lead in this respect, and all the foreign firms employ Chinamen as compradores and managers.

In their theory of government, the Emperor represents the god-head; and each grade lords it over all the grades beneath it. They mistrust and deceive each other, and in their hearts look upon all foreigners as intruders. The fact that the people of the higher grade have the privilege of making demands upon those in the grade beneath encourages deception. To admit any increase of worldly goods is to have a heavier assessment. These facts were told as peculiar to the "heathen Chinee"; but the doubt flashed through my mind whether some Christians in the world do not hesitate to confess their entire possessions for the same reason.

While driving one day, I chanced to look up a passage which led to a police-station. There I saw two large cages, barred in front, with six or seven men in each. The heads of the men were stuck through a piece of board about three feet square. There they were placed for a certain period, exposed to the public gaze. This is the punishment for petty offences. Their heads are cut off for greater ones; the Chinese judges thinking no more of ordering a man's head chopped off than our farmers would that of a chicken.

The pigeon English always amused me, in China as in

MODE OF PUNISHMENT (PRISONERS).

Japan, and it frequently puzzled me. I said to my boy one day: "Boy, no have clean clothes. Did you tell washee boy he make come quick?" He answered, "Hi! tell washee boy two time, he say too muchee lainy day, he no have got, come mollow." Soon I heard another lady complaining about her clothes in this way: "Why you no catchee ploper time? lain no come down, you talkee lie." Response: "No talkee lie, talkee true, no have got dry, lain all comee down." The sound of r always bothers the Chinese, and they substitute that of l.

One morning I went over to the American Consulate to see Mrs. D., and to ask about a tailor whom she employed to make me some underclothing. It is the way of the country. Men do everything in China. No wonder they drown the girl babies as useless. I soon had an old fellow with big round glasses over his eyes, sitting on the veranda altering a dress. The houses are two stories high and have verandas on both floors which are enclosed with slat shutters. They are divided off in front of each suite of rooms, making in fact a fourth room.

But to return to my dressmaker. Sitting on the veranda like any old woman, he said: "Me savey, me savey; makee topside all 'ee ploper b'long same." This translated meant he would arrange a fulness at the top, like the dress I gave him as a pattern.

This Chinese tailor sat on a chair, and had a table before him, with his work lying on the table as he sewed. My Japanese tailor sat on the floor, with his work all around him.

Wishing to get some more material for my tailor, I asked Mrs. M., who had called to take me out in her carriage, if she knew where I could get some more. She replied: "No, but we will stop and ask my old tailor." Going to him, she said: "Yang, you savey where b'long all 'ee same likee that?" I said: "Please repeat that remark." She was asking him if he knew where we could match the material, handing the sample to him. Yang took the goods, looked solemnly at it, and said: "Missy, I no savey where b'long all 'ee same likee that." There are some very nice stores in Shanghai where one can find everything needed for dresses, etc.; or the Chinese merchants will take any amount of trouble in sending goods for one to select from.

We had a very cordial letter from the American Minister, Mr. J. Russell Young, asking us to visit him in Pekin; as we found it would take about ten days to reach there, and were told there was little of a peculiar character to be seen, we reluctantly declined the invitation. We should have liked visiting the Great Wall; but for that we should have had to go one hundred miles further, and encounter hard travelling over rough roads; and after all I suppose it is only a big wall, stretching over hill and dale. Besides, if we remained too long in the Northern portion of China we were in danger of being frozen in for the entire winter.

We did not like China as well as Japan, and I believe in this we agree with most foreigners. While we were in Shanghai the weather was not propitious, being continually cloudy and very warm; and not to be compared with the

glorious October weather of our Atlantic coast. We made, however, many very kind friends, whose acquaintance we enjoyed, and from whom we were very sorry to part.

One of the principal elements in the Chinese religion is the worship of ancestors. It seems to me there is a good deal of selfishness in this worship, as they honor the spirits of the departed, so that the spirits in their turn may be induced to watch over them. But this selfish feeling is I suppose very natural and reasonable.

The Chinese frequently consult the priests of their different josses or deities, about matters pertaining to their welfare. They would not of course persist in doing this for centuries, unless they thought their prayers were answered. A curious instance of this was told me by Mrs. D., whose husband had been the American Consul-General. An old "ah-ma" that had lived with Mrs. D., was discouraged some time afterwards because she could not get any work to do. She consulted her joss, and was advised not to go out into the country, but to "makee stay, she b'long to pigeon." The old woman could not understand how she was to resume her old "pigeon" (business) when General S., the new consul, had no wife to come to the consulate, and Mrs. D., had gone back to America.

She consulted the joss three times, but could get no other answer; when, suddenly and unlooked for, Mrs. D. came back and went to the consulate in General S.'s absence, and the old "ah-ma" resumed her former position. Now, what can the missionaries do with this "ah-ma," after such an experience?

This old woman was doing what many others were, earning money to buy herself a home in the future state of existence. They buy houses made of paper, and silver-covered articles that represent silver money and then burn them, sending the houses and money thus in smoke to the spirit-land, to be in readiness for them on their arrival. We may smile at all this; but surely there is a vast amount of faith in the future life shown in the transaction.

The Chinese women and children, so far as I saw, did not appear to enjoy life as the same classes do in Japan. When visiting the stores, we saw them looking down upon us from dark galleries. In Japan they have the benefit of light and air, even though the space they occupy is small. Neither do the Chinese seem to be such natural bathers; in Japan, every coolie had a piece of blue cotton, which he used as a towel, always carrying it about with him and bathing daily if possible. The bath is as necessary to him as his pipe and his tea. And yet the Chinese above the coolie class when at service, learn to be as cleanly as the Japanese, and are really better servants. A naval officer said that he and his comrades had perfect faith in the honesty of their Chinese servants, trusting them with sums of money to make their purchases, and never finding themselves deceived. Of course it was understood that the servant would have his commission; though, even with that added, the articles purchased would be cheaper than the officer himself could buy them. But the oldest missionaries and other foreign residents in Japan told us the same in

regard to commissions paid to their Japanese servants. In fact, good old Dr. H. said he had to stand by and see his horse fed, for the boy would take the food and sell it. There seems to be great similarity in heathen and Christian countries in many things. As workers I found the Chinese I employed most patient and steady, asking little pay. I gave my man-tailor fifty cents a day; but he worked very slowly.

In the street one day I met what the boys at home would call "quite a circus." First there came a native of Corea, walking. He had a hat made of black horse-hair, woven together something like a wire screen; the rim was about four inches wide, and the top about six inches high and five across, a true stove-pipe. Stiff black strings or ribbons, an inch wide and a yard long, were tied under the chin. He was lighter in color than the Chinese or Japanese, with a peculiar expression of face. Directly following this Corean came a Parsee or fire-worshipper, from India, in a *jinrickishas*. He wore a stove-pipe without a rim, which was stuck on the back of his head. Following him, also in a *jinrickishas*, came a Japanese woman. She wore a sort of coronet on her head. Then came a passenger wheelbarrow, with an old Chinaman on one side, and a woman with a little girl on the other. The tiny feet of the woman were hanging down, and her hair was arranged with a red dahlia in it. The hair of the little girl was drawn tightly back and braided, then arranged in a loop which stuck out over the left ear, and was adorned with a large marigold. As these passed, one

directly following the other, I asked the lady at my side if this was a collection of novelties.

When crossing a bridge, I glanced over the river and saw that it was full of boats, in which many families live, having no other home.

The women with the little feet walk without the least elasticity of motion. Children are generally allowed the natural use of their feet until two years of age so as to learn to balance themselves properly, then they begin to bind up their feet, commencing a system of torture and persecution until the grand result is obtained. And they call these deformed and almost useless club-feet, "the golden lilies."

The houses and grounds of the foreign residents in Shanghai are so very pretty, that one would think the "top-side" Chinese would wish to imitate them in their own homes, but they do not. They never change; the dwellings and customs of five centuries ago are good enough for them. Their high class ladies are seldom seen; they either remain shut up in their houses, or go out in a closed sedan-chair. At home they always have an attendant on either side, and sit and smoke and eat sweetmeats day after day, knowing no other life. The women seen in the streets are the wives of compradores and store-keepers, and those of another class. The latter we saw riding in open carriages and broughams, their hair dressed in wonderful style, with rows of pearl beads and flowers. They paint to excess, careless whether the paint be visible or not, — the white

being plastered on thickly. The road leading to the "bubbling well" is the principal drive, and every afternoon it is thronged with carriages. At the end of the road is a well with a square stone-wall built around it, the water of which is always bubbling. They say it is caused by the spirits of the babies which have been thrown in; it having been the favorite place for drowning girl-babies in the old times. Even now, girls are frequently destroyed at birth in many parts of China. The fact that there is a great majority of men in this country, and that many possess low and cruel natures, is said to be the reason why the women of the higher classes are kept in such seclusion at home.

Who would suppose that wheelbarrow pushing and riding in China is considered a grade higher in social scale than *jinrickishas* pulling and riding? They say that animals pull, but animals do not push; only men push. It reminds one of the nurse-maids who object to pulling a baby-carriage, but are perfectly willing to push a perambulator. That the distinction should be made between the riders also is a remarkable instance of the fineness to which the social grades have been brought among the Celestials.

When you see a long procession coming through the streets in China, with a man in front carrying a long stick which has a bright red umbrella at the top, you may know that a big "top-side" man is coming. If there are two red umbrellas in front and one behind, with a man on horseback preceding and another following the procession, you may expect the appearance of even a bigger "top-side" man. In the proces-

sion that we saw, about mid-way in a palanquin sat the Tartai of Shanghai, an officer like our Mayor.

The old walled city of Shanghai is still reserved for the natives only. Owing to the feeling against all foreigners at the present time, I did not visit it; but A. and Mr. B. went one morning with a guide, and found it to be a large city, filthy in the extreme, and swarming with men and children, but they saw very few women. They visited several gardens and tea-houses, the latter being in the centre of a small lake, with bridges leading to them. As they could not enter the walls in "rick-shas," and were obliged to walk over the rough, dirty stones, through the narrow streets, they returned utterly exhausted.

Instead of the musical sounding "sayonaro" of the Japanese, we now used "Chin, chin"; which seems to be "how d' ye do" and "good-bye allee same." The men who served us in the dining-room all wore a long blue shirt reaching down to their ankles, and did not look nearly as trim as the black imps in their tight-fitting clothes who waited upon us in Japan.

The entire surface of the country for about two hundred miles behind and around Shanghai is very low and level, with numerous streams and canals running in all directions. As there are few roads the transportation is done in boats, even the mails are carried in small boats, two men to each; they go night and day without stopping, one of the men working the paddle with his feet while the other sleeps.

Shanghai is considered another paradise for sportsmen.

Many English and American gentlemen go there simply for the shooting in November and December. They have what they call house-boats, which are flat-bottomed scows that draw but little water, and have large cabins with every convenience for comfort. They carry a crew of ten or twelve Chinamen, besides the cook and waiter-boy; for boat and crew, they pay from five to six dollars a day. If the wind is fair, they sail; if not, the crew tow the boat up these canals. This is generally done at night, and they often accomplish fifty or sixty miles. There is very little tramping to do, as the sportsmen are always near the boat. The country is well cultivated, but by the middle of November the crops are all harvested, and the natives do not then object to sportsmen hunting through the stubble-patches in any direction. Pheasants are very plentiful; they also find deer, wild pig, ducks, quail and snipe. It was with much regret that A. had to decline numerous invitations to remain and take one of these trips; but, owing to the war, it was considered rather a risk for foreigners to go into the interior. And, besides, our plans were laid for visiting other places. He took a short trip, however, and saw enough to create a desire for a longer visit at some future time. They told us that it is very interesting, during the gunning season, to see the house-boats landing at Shanghai all decorated with game that the sportsmen shoot.

The only elevations on this level country are the mounds which have been graves for centuries. These are from ten to fifteen feet high, and are scattered about like huge ant-hills. In many places near the river-banks, the water has washed

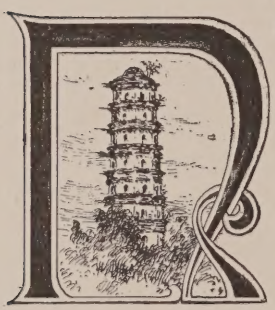
about them till the coffins are exposed. Yet they are all considered sacred, and no one is allowed to disturb them. I do not think they are held in any greater reverence than our burial-places. And we see neglected graves in all old cemeteries. These mounds are so numerous, extending all through the country, that they offer great obstructions to the building of railroads through China.

Several American war-vessels were at Shanghai, and we had calls from a number of the officers, including Admiral D. The Trenton and Juniata went down to the mouth of the river, to be on the sea side of the bar in case the channel should be stopped by sinking the old hulks which we saw when coming up. The Ossipee remained in the harbor.

Although it was supposed that a hostile French fleet might make its appearance at any moment, we felt quite composed. It was not impossible, however, that there might be an outbreak of the Chinese populace against all foreigners, and every arrangement was made for the landing of the sailors and marines from the many vessels of war that were collected at Shanghai. We were glad to know that, in case of difficulty, the men from the vessels were to be on our side of the Astor House. There seems a better chance for safety when orders are given in a language one can understand.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return to Hong Kong — English Rule — Compradores — English Prudery as to Bathing — Streets of Canton — Unpleasant Scrutiny — Not Exactly Afraid but Nervous — The How-qua Family — Back to Hong Kong.



OW we left Shanghai, on the nineteenth of October, for Hong Kong. The Peking, on which we took passage, was a small coasting-steamer. Two gentlemen, with A. and me, were the only cabin passengers. As we came down the Woosung and passed the Trenton, she dipped her flag; which raised the question whether the salute was intended for our vessel, or for some one on board of her. Of course, I appropriated the compliment, as the Admiral knew we were passengers.

There were over one hundred Chinese on board; but we should not have guessed it, for we never saw more than fifteen or twenty at a time. Both the Japanese and Chinese generally go below when on ship, curling up somewhere till they get into port again; they do not seem to have energy enough to turn out.

We had a bad night of wind and rain; but I felt contented when I learned that it did not mean a typhoon. A

typhoon seems to be a storm in which the wind blows from every direction, — as if Boreas was swinging around the circle. In fact, it is a whirlpool of wind blowing into a centre, and vessels find safety in steering as far from that centre as possible.

A monsoon, however, is a strong gale which blows half the year in one direction, and half in the other. In the North China Sea the wind blows from the north-west for six or eight months. The trade-winds blow always in one direction, which is generally from north-east to south-west on the north of the equator; and from south-east to north-west on the south side of the equator. These trade-winds are supposed to be caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis, combined with the flow of cold air from the north to supply the place made vacant by the ascent of the heated air in the tropical regions. On our trip, we were getting the benefit both of the monsoon and of the current which its continued blowing naturally produces. We expected to accomplish in three days what it would take a steamer six to make going in the opposite direction. The trade-winds are so called because they benefit trading-ships; which they certainly do, when the ships are sailing with them.

We were counting up on this voyage the number of ships we had already been in for periods of from one night to twenty-eight days, and found this was the eighteenth. So we began to feel the pride of ancient mariners, and thought ourselves quite able to talk learnedly upon all matters relating to steamships and the sea.

As to the effect of travelling, generally, there is nothing better calculated to extend one's knowledge, broaden one's ideas, and teach one generally how little he knows. For instance, I suppose people at home commonly think, as we did, that China is China, and the Chinese language, Chinese. But it is quite otherwise. There is a strong feeling of antagonism and jealousy between the Chinese in different parts of the empire. For instance, the Canton and the Shanghai people will have nothing to do with each other; and the dialects spoken at places quite near together are often very unlike. But of course the same thing is true of very many of the large nations of the earth. Only our people have an idea that the Chinese are more homogeneous, and that one Chinaman with his pigtail is precisely like another with his pigtail.

On the twenty-second of October we came once more among the familiar bluffs of the harbor of Hong Kong; but they were not so beautifully green as when we saw them before. Then they had the freshness of June, now the dull green of the autumn; although Hong Kong is far enough south to be below the region of frost. We were soon domiciled again at our old quarters in the Hong Kong Hotel, finding much better entertainment than we had found since we left there on the first of July.

Here again we looked out upon sedan chairs, *jinrickishas*, palanquins, boats where large families lived, lots of women sculling the boats each with a baby fastened upon her back, and all the motley scenes of Chinese life.

As we passed junk after junk, and sampan after sampan, on every kind of vessel, no matter what its size, we noticed great eyes painted on the bow, one on each side. We asked what they were for. A Chinaman told us: "Makee see: no eye, no can see."

We arrived at Hong Kong just too late in the day to get our letters from the banking-house to whose care they had been directed. It was intensely trying to think that we must wait all night, and until business hours the next morning, before we could obtain them. And, as if this fact were not hard enough, a musical lady in a parlor near by favored us with such melodies as, "I cannot sing the old songs," "Good-bye, sweetheart," "Alsatian mountains," and others which we had heard dear voices at home sing. It was enough to drive one wild, under the circumstances. What might not those letters tell us? We never opened them without trembling hands.

We spent several weeks at Hong Kong, enjoying the society of kind friends, and taking many rides over the adjacent hills, from whose heights we had fine views of the town and the harbor. The roads were good for *jinrickishas* and sedan chairs, but too hilly for carriages. There are few horses in Shanghai, and I believe only one carriage besides a hearse.

Once we went down the bluff into the Chinese portion of the city, which has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people. The natives swarmed in the streets, squatting down around their bowls of chow and eating with chopsticks. The houses are dirty and dark looking. There were

very few women to be seen, though some were helping to pull a large roller, used in mending the streets. Here women have all their rights, so far as out-door work is concerned; and, curiously enough, men seem to monopolize the positions of household servants, dressmakers, and so forth, which with us are considered as belonging to woman's peculiar sphere.

One afternoon we went with Major H., of the "Buffs," to see a game of cricket. The ground is prettily situated, the hills rising two thousand feet behind it, and bordered with large trees. The ladies came to the ground in their private sedan-chairs, with their coolies in different liveries. The white loose coat and pantaloons, with various colored trimmings, made a very picturesque feature of the gay scene. Even the policemen produce a pretty effect by their appearance; they are all silks from Afghanistan, and splendid-looking men; they dress in white, their heads being covered with scarlet or white turbans that stand about one foot high. We could not fail to notice in all the English colonies the good roads, beautiful buildings, and general advancement in all things, which not only benefit the English, but all other foreigners, as well as the natives themselves.

We missed our American peaches in Hong Kong; but we had mangosteens, and persimmons that we thought at first were tomatoes, and which we ate with a spoon and liked very much. The parmolo is like a very large orange, but these I did not like. The gooseberries were about four inches long, curious looking things, but tasting like our gooseberries at home.

The officers of the garrison aid very much in making

social life pleasant at Hong Kong. But we were rather amused at the distinctions made as to the membership of the club there. Officers of the army and navy, all professional gentlemen, bankers, shippers, and wholesale merchants may become members; but "the line must be drawn somewhere, you know," and they draw it at retailing. Some gentlemen of very large fortunes, and men of intelligence and high character, are thus tabooed, because they are connected with retail establishments, in addition to their large interests in other directions, while some of their clerks, in the wholesale department, or who have served in the army or navy, are admitted to the club. But great is King Snob, here as elsewhere. It takes the world a long time to learn, that not what a man does or possesses, but what he is, intellectually and morally, makes him worthy to be called by "the grand old name of gentleman."

I have alluded already to the employment of the Chinese in Japan as compradores or business agents. Every foreigner doing business in Hong Kong employs one; and this Chinese compradore manages all the purchasing for him, and gets a "squeeze" on everything he buys. The compradores for such large foreign houses as R. & Co. are very important men; and if the firm should want a heavy amount of money, say half a million or so, they would go to their compradore, and say they wanted that sum by noon the next day. He would make one of three answers,—"can get," "will see," "no can get," and there would be no delay about it.

We were told that these large firms do not use their own

funds in their business, as they can do better with them in other investments, but that the compradores supply all the money required at a very low rate of interest. The Chinese capitalists place so much faith in these compradores, and in the firms they represent, that they trust them implicitly. This explains how easy it was for R. & Co. to buy twenty-eight large steamships from the Chinese government, to prevent their being captured by the French, and pay five million dollars down.

We were much amused on receiving a Chinaman's reason for not going to the war. When we said, "Chang, why you no go fight Frenchman?" he replied, "Makee die, no catchee chance." We told him, "He catchee joss," whereupon he said with a very significant, "hum!" "catchee joss, better catchee dollar."

There is a beautiful public garden at Hong Kong, and there are many pretty private grounds. Tropical trees and shrubs line the road-side. It is a pleasure to sit in a bamboo chair at sunset, and be carried quietly along on the shoulders of the coolies, and listen to the music of the band which plays daily at the barracks.

For a long distance, such as going around the peak, we took four coolies each. From the signal-station on Victoria Peak, which is one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, there is a beautiful view of the city and harbor. Here signals are hoisted on the approach of a vessel, and a gun is fired when the European and American mails are sighted, often two or three hours before their arrival in the harbor.

On these peaks some of the wealthier persons have summer homes. The English who live in their colonies still keep up their fondness for walking, and in the early morning or at twilight we met them up on the bluffs. But most of those who live so high are carried up and down daily.

When there is an evening entertainment, it is quite a difficult thing to recognize one's own chair and coolies. Those who have their private livery have the advantage in selecting their coolies, but the chairs are so alike one can readily make a mistake when only the light from lanterns is to be depended on. I suggested to the ladies that each should adopt some color, and tie a bow of ribbon on her chair. I surely should do so if I were there very long.

When the distance is short, or when a gentleman meets a lady as she is carried along, he walks by the side of her chair. The coolies at once slacken their pace, and the two may converse very easily as they continue on their way.

One day I heard what sounded like the beating of a brass kettle. It seemed such a lively time, with a number of gayly dressed people in advance with banners flying, that I thought it must be a wedding procession. But then followed some palanquins, with the curtains closed; and then an immense casket, with a cloth thrown over it, carried by bamboo poles on the shoulders of coolies, — as everything is carried in China. Next came the mourners, with white cloths thrown over the heads of all, large and small, and carefully led; as, owing to the cloths, they were unable to see. White is the color of mourning, and this was a funeral procession.

Hong Kong and Shanghai are so very different, that to see one is by no means to see the other. In one respect, however, the Chinese are all alike, in "makee catchee" every chance to get or save money. Thus at Shanghai, where the toll of a wheelbarrow for crossing a certain bridge is eighteen "cash," while the toll for any burden which is carried is only four "cash," the wheelbarrow men will stop, deliberately take their barrow to pieces, and carry it over, thus saving fourteen "cash" by the operation.

Both Hong Kong and Shanghai however are to a great degree European cities; and we were naturally very desirous of getting at least a glimpse of Canton, as being a large Chinese city where foreign influences have not modified the native element.

We were told by many that it would not be safe to attempt to go within the walls of Canton, in the rather excited condition of the Chinese mind at that time in respect not only to the French, but toward all foreigners; but we would be perfectly safe to go up the river. We were kindly offered the hospitality of the home of the resident member of the firm of R. & Co., after our arrival at Canton, and so we resolved to venture as far as that place.

Before we left, Mrs. F. called and invited us to take a trip across the harbor in their steam launch. A. was engaged to dine, but I went off with her, and we had a nice sail to a beautiful cove where there were palm-thatched huts for bathing-houses. In bathing at Hong Kong they follow the prudish example of the English, the ladies and gentle-

men never bathing together, however modestly attired. In this case the ladies were taken ashore first; then the yawl went back to the launch, and the gentlemen were carried to their separate bathing-place. It was very droll. It seems perfectly right to the English for the sexes to waltz in evening dresses in the air; but not to accompany each other with joined hands into the water, where there is more or less danger, making the presence of gentlemen not only a pleasant but a sensible custom.

I did not bathe, however, but sat on the beach watching the bathing of Mrs. F., who was as fearless and graceful in diving as any South Sea Islander. I also had a pleasant talk with the wife of the English Commodore M., who had come to the beach in their launch, to let her little ones have their tea on the sand. They formed a pretty group, as they sat in the golden light of the setting sun.

After we returned to the launch, a nice little table was set with tea and cakes for the refreshment of the bathers. It was a charming trip, and showed me another of the ways in which foreigners manage to enjoy life in this far away country.

The next morning we were up at half-past six, and took the boat at eight for Canton, or Quang-Chow-foo, "the pearl city of commerce."

The scenery was very pretty for the first thirty miles; the bay contains many mountainous little islands. On reaching the mouth of Pearl River we saw that it was strongly fortified. It was necessary to take a torpedo-pilot on board;

for the Chinese had placed torpedoes in the river for the special benefit of a hostile French fleet. At two places were frame-works of piles, filled with stones, leaving only a narrow space of about one hundred feet for vessels to pass through.

When nearing the city we sailed through masses of boats. We had often heard about them, but could not realize the immense number before seeing them. There are said to be forty thousand of these boats, containing a population of nearly four hundred thousand people, who are born, live, and die on them, knowing no other home. They are called *tankia*, or boat-people, and are considered rather an inferior class, with many customs peculiar to themselves. Very nice morals, however, could hardly be expected of people living such a life; for few of these boats, each of which contains an entire family, are more than sixteen feet long by six feet wide.

So numerous are these boats that it was a wonder to us how we got to the wharf without running over about a hundred of them. But we did succeed in reaching it without any accident, at half-past two in the afternoon.

Another class of boats which we saw lying side by side near the shore are called flower-boats. These are handsomely decorated in Chinese style, and the Chinamen resort to them to indulge in smoking opium, listening to music, and revelling in the luxury of idleness.

On our arrival, Mr. B., of R. & Co., met us at the wharf; and, after the crowd of Chinese passengers had disembarked

amid a wonderful din, such as Chinese alone can make, he conducted us to one of their boats, which they called the matrimonial boat, as it was used by the families of the firm. The Chinamen call it a "a number one sampan."

After pushing off from the wharf, the coolies had to work our boat up the river among the thousands of other craft, just as a carriage must work its way along a crowded thoroughfare.

In a snort time we came to the Shamien, a small island allotted to the foreign residents and merchants. There a sedan-chair was waiting for me, and I rode, while the gentlemen walked, up to a palatial residence, which proved to be the house belonging to R. & Co.

It was one hundred and thirty feet long, by sixty feet deep, and two stories high, with a veranda twelve feet deep all around it; in the general style of building of the better class of foreign houses in China. The lower floor was used for offices and business purposes, while the upper floor was occupied by the families of the firm.

During our visit in Canton, Mr. B., who is a bachelor, was the only occupant. He proved an efficient host, the firm entertaining continually. Prince Oscar of Sweden had been their guest a short time before. From twenty to thirty coolies are employed to serve in this establishment.

During the afternoon Mr. B. took us in the steam-launch about three miles up the river, to get the view of the shore and see the length of the city. Fortunately we did not see the bodies of any dead children floating in the water;

this we were told is a very common sight. We did see, however, a vast number of houses reported to contain a population of from one million to one million and a half of human beings. From this city, I am told, come most of the emigrants who invade all portions of the earth.

That evening A. called on the American Consul and consulted with him in regard to our venturing within the walls of the city. He said he thought that if we were protected by a good guide, and he could get a passport for us, we might go in safety. The next morning the consul called, and brought us a passport from the Viceroy, allowing "Mr. L. and his wife to enter the City of Canton."

Since the previous year, when a mob set fire to the houses at Shamien and robbed the foreigners, the feeling among the Cantonese populace had been unfriendly; and the difficulty with France had aggravated their dislike to all strangers. But the Consul, Mr. Seymour, and his Vice-Consul, Mr. Nye, who had lived here fifty-one years, united with Mr. B. in saying that we should be safe with the Viceroy's passport; and, besides, our coolies would wear the United States livery.

Canton is built in the form of a square, each side of which is about one and a half miles long. It is surrounded by heavy brick walls, fifteen to twenty feet thick at the base, and narrowing to the top. This wall has twelve gates, at each of which is a guard-house. The city is unequally divided into two parts, the old and the new cities, by another wall with four gates. In the old city are the

PEARL RIVER, CANTON.

residences of most of the high officials, the arsenal, and other public buildings.

Mr. Seymour went into the new city with us, walking with A. through the first gate a short distance to a store, where, after making some purchases, he left us. We had a well known guide with us, who then got into his palanquin, preceding me, A. following in another. My palanquin was closed all around with venetian blinds, but I could turn the slats and look through them. A.'s palanquin was open in front. Each of us had three coolies, all wearing United States livery, which consisted of red and blue Chinese lettering on their white shirts, denoting that they belonged to the American consul.

The streets we went through were from six to eight feet wide, the business signs hanging suspended above like banners. Some of the streets were wide enough for one person to stand on each side of us as we passed; but oftener there was room only for a person on one side, standing with his back to the wall.

We went a long distance, our coolies clearing the way by calling out, "Consul, Consul," or "Ty-pan," "Ty-pan, big man," that everybody might make way for us.

After a while we reached one of the gates of the old city, and the palanquins were set down, crowds of people gathering around us. I was not exactly frightened, or even demoralized, as they used to say during our civil war, but I will acknowledge that I was decidedly nervous. Mocque, the guide, was showing our passports to the authorities, and the crowd turned

the slats of my chair, and I saw their little eyes peering in at every opening; their voices were deafening. At last, my coolies thought it best to open the door, so that they could see for themselves that I was a foreign lady and not a French spy. The officials also then came and again opened the door and gazed at me. I smiled sweetly upon them all, while the perspiration ran in streams down my back. When they were satisfied to have the door remain closed, I spoke through the slats to A., saying: "Do let us go back; I am terribly nervous; the marrow in my spine is melting." He, however, sat smoking his cigar, and apparently taking very little notice of the crowd around, and replied, "All right, wife, if thee does not wish to go in; but I do not think they will do anything." Then Mocque came, and I said: "Makee such noise, I no want go. We go back, I catchee fraid." He replied, "All right, missee, no makee hurt; can go all right." We started on, but if ever there was a time when I felt the need of some stimulant, that was the time.

The trouble was, the passport did not give my name, but only stated that I was Mr. L.'s wife. The officials wanted to know my name, and when they were told it was Anna they seemed satisfied to let us pass.

We ventured to stop once and go inside of a hollow square to see a nine-story pagoda, but did not linger many moments. On our reaching a gate through which a path led to the top of the city wall, and stepping from our palanquins to go through, the guard came at once, and said, quite decidedly, "No can go on wall." They were very polite,

and we were all smiles, "child-like and bland"; but, when started once more, I told Mocque to go back. He said, "All right; nother way." And again we went, on and on.

At the end of over two hours we reached another gate through which we wished to pass out. Here we were greeted by another crowd and went through another inspection before being allowed to leave the old town. Then we had a long distance further before getting through the new city, until we made our exit at one of the gates in the outer wall. No one, however, called "Fan-quai"—foreign devils—after us; we were told they might, and expected it every moment. Knowing that I was the only foreign woman within the walls, and that A. was probably the only foreign man there that day, I felt some little cause for nervousness. I turned the slats of my chair so that I could see as much as possible as I passed along. There are no closed fronts to the stores, so that we could see many things that under ordinary circumstances we should have liked to examine; but our orders were positive not to stop a moment anywhere, but to keep moving. The women, except the very lowest class, are kept out of sight, but there was a large number of men in each store, most of them sitting smoking, talking, or calculating in their odd way. We passed all kinds of stores and workshops. There seemed to be no end of people and things. The buildings looked generally old, and were built mostly of wood and a great deal of bamboo is used. Many of the stores had their counters flush with the streets, others had them running around three sides of

small apartments; on these counters were displayed their stock in trade. Certain portions of different streets seemed to be devoted to special articles. We passed store after store on either side where nothing but jewelry was displayed, then came those where nothing but china was seen, and so on. In some parts there was nothing but manufacturing of all sorts, where little boys of eight and ten years old were working.

It was a great experience, and I was thankful to have passed through it safely. We found, on talking with the gentlemen who had arranged our going, that they had felt some anxiety; as the coolies sometimes presumed upon their special livery, and would force their way, feeling their importance. Although our coolies had promised to be careful of us, if any accident had occurred there would have been trouble for us.

After tiffin we were ready to start anew with old Mr. Nye on a visit to How-qua, the great Chinese merchant. We again took the matrimonial boat, with five coolies to manage it, and crossed to the other side of the river to Honam. Here we went up one of the canals to a gate, which opened to the grounds belonging to the great How-qua family.

The father of the present two How-quas was the wealthiest merchant in China, and the sons are among the wealthiest.

We passed through one courtyard into another, and from this into a garden where there are summer-houses

around a large lotus lake. Mr. Nye asked if I could see the ladies. "Yes, and you can see, too, you old man"; then pointing to A., "This you friend, he go 'way morrow; he no tell he see." We then went inside another thick wall where a stack of old arms were placed; and in a room which was entirely open in the front sat four ladies playing dominoes. Two of these ladies were this How-qua's wives, one his daughter, and the other his son's wife.

I crossed the doorway and shook hands with them, which amused them, as they only shake their own hands when meeting a friend, closing one hand tightly and folding the other over it. If the person saluted is of superior rank, they stick up one thumb. It was, of course, a wonderful event to have two gentlemen allowed to see them.

We saw at least ten children, the oldest of whom was seven. Mr. How-qua pointed them out as children, grandchildren, and his brother's children. Each child had a girl to attend it. How-qua was forty-five years old, and his family consisted in all of one hundred and forty persons. The one we met is the second son. The family of the older son, who takes charge of all the various retainers, numbered three hundred. All the branches of the family are looked after by the head of the house.

We were shown the family joss-room, and the room where special services were held, and prayers offered to ancestors. There hang the portraits of parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. The mother still lived; she was sixty-five years old and was greatly respected.

Mothers are held in great veneration, and have great influence, in China.

We were taken into the dining-room and had tea offered us; we were told that the hotter the tea offered a guest in China the greater the compliment. We felt pleased that ours was so hot that we could not drink it. How-qua showed us, however, how to drink it in Chinese fashion; but said it must not be done till the guest wished to depart. He took up the cup, and pushing the saucer which covered it partly off, began to sip the tea; but when this is done, he said, the host knows it is the signal for departure, the chair is called, and the visitor leaves at once.

We had a most entertaining call, and were told it was quite an unusual privilege. The children followed us from place to place; the ladies of course did not leave the table, but rose when they shook hands with me. The Chinese ladies are allowed to go out in closed sedan-chairs to visit a mother or other near relative; but seldom go even into their limited world, and never unaccompanied by an older female companion.

On returning to Shamien, we went again with Mocque to a store inside the first wall of the city. It was a quiet place, but as it was growing dark I did not like to linger, although I felt less nervous than on my first visit.

The next morning we rose early and took the sampan down to the wharf, getting on board the Canton River boat amid a perfect jam of house-boats. To the very last moment of starting, they were putting live fish on board into tanks

provided for them. All fish are sold alive in China; no one would buy a dead fish. Is the custom of the oldest nation of the earth not worth considering by our health authorities?

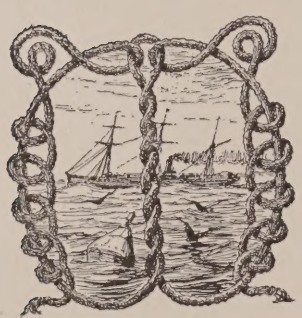
Going down the river, we again noticed several high pagodas, out of which quite large trees were growing. Doubtless the birds or the winds have carried the seeds. We also saw high square stone buildings, which are fireproof, and belong to pawnbrokers.

We decided that not to have seen Canton was not to see China. In comparison, Hong Kong seemed less distinctively Chinese.

Before leaving Hong Kong we took our sedan-chairs for one more ride on the upper road, with its fine views of the town and harbor, and its abundance of flowers. There were marigolds, salvia, cockscomb of different colors, chrysanthemums, though not as many as I expected to see, and a great variety of asters. There is also a vine, much like our five-leaved ivy, which bears a purple flower resembling a convolvulus, and runs over walls and trees as the ivy does. Then there is a shrub, which they prettily call "The lady of the night," that has a fringe-like blossom, and sends out, but only after dark, the most wonderfully sweet perfume.

CHAPTER XIV.

VOYAGE TO SINGAPORE — GHARRY-WALLAHS — PICTURESQUE COSTUMES — THE FAN-PALM — MALAYS — POOR PAY OF AMERICAN CONSULS — STORY OF A SIAMESE PRINCESS — DIFFERENT WAYS OF THE WORLD — A TRIP TO JAVA — BATAVIA — SIMPLE CUSTOMS — BUITENZOG — BUNGALOWS — WHITE LIZARDS — THE PARADISE OF THE WORLD — RICE MEALS — TROPICAL LUXURIANCE — HABITS OF THE NATIVES — BANDONG — NO ENGLISH SPOKEN — SINDANGLAYA — KINDNESS TO STRANGERS — STRAITS OF SUNDA.



WE left Hong Kong on the eleventh of November in the steamship Verona, bound for Singapore. Messrs. R. & Co. added to their other kindnesses by taking us to the ship in their steam-launch. We left many friends in Hong Kong with whom we regretted parting.

The Verona was a clean, good ship, but her machinery had an unpleasant jerky motion. The sailors were Hindus, and their language Hindostanee. There were no special incidents on the trip; we did not even see a passing ship. After nearly five days' voyage, we came in sight of the town of Singapore.

The Island of Singapore is twenty-five miles in length, with an average breadth of eleven miles, and belongs to Great Britain. On the southern side of this island is the town of Singapore, the turning-point on the way from China

BOTANICAL GARDENS, SINGAPORE.

to India; and this fact, together with its proximity to the numerous large and important islands of the adjacent seas, has made it the seat of an immense commerce.

As we came near the wharf, the little Malay boys came out in their canoes to dive for any pieces of silver the passengers might throw to them. They would toss an oar into the water, dive for the money, catch it and stick it into their mouths, swim for the oar, and then make for the canoe. It was great sport to watch them.

When we got to the wharf and landed, we found no *jinrickishas* or sedan-chairs, but boe carriages with venetian sides, capable of holding four persons. They call them *gharrys;* the horse, of a small Chinese breed, is called *tat,* and the man who drives is a *gharry-wallah.*

It is a drive of two miles from the wharf to the "*Hotel de l'Europe,*" through a long street which seemed to be inhabited by various nations. The hotel has a big name and was comfortable, but we could not class it as a "top-side" hotel. We found that, in addition to the *gharrys,* we could obtain, for driving purposes, nice little open carriages, with either one or two horses, something like victorias; and we had a number of pleasant drives in these, visiting the botanical garden, which is exceedingly pretty, and many other points of interest.

As we drove about we noticed the picturesque effect produced by the costumes of some of the natives. The natives of some parts of India are the blackest of the black, fully equal in depth of color to the Australians I

have spoken of. But the former are a much higher type, and they dress in various picturesque styles. Some twist yards of bright red or of white muslin as turbans around their heads. Others throw the muslin over the head with one end over the shoulder and the other around the waist. Others put it around the waist, letting it fall as a skirt, then draw it between the legs from either the front or the back, and tuck it in at the waist.

The Malays are more nearly of a copper color. Those who are so intensely black, and shining as though polished, with the red or white drapery around them, are the most effective as picturesque objects in a landscape.

The dwellings of the white and foreign population have verandas around them in the usual Eastern style, and have windows, as far as open space is concerned; but the house of the Governor is the only one that has glass in the windows. All the natives live in houses like hovels, and thatched with grass, called "allan-allan." Among the peculiarities of the tropical foliage of Singapore we noticed the fan-palms, the trunks of which grow to the height of fifteen feet, and are more than a foot in diameter. They then throw out branches like long sticks of a fan, forming a half or three-quarter circle. On the outer end of each, for eight or ten feet, are wide feathery leaves, giving the appearance of enormous fans. These trees are very picturesque, towering above the other foliage.

They have good tennis courts here, both for ladies and gentlemen. One would think it too warm in the tropics

to play cricket and tennis, but they do it; not commencing, however, till four or half-past four o'clock, and the coolies do all the running after stray balls. The ladies said that after living here a few years they become thin and feel miserable. But as they bring their English notions of riding, walking, and taking other exercise, with them, it is no wonder that they become rather exhausted, living almost directly upon the equator.

A curious peculiarity of the beds at our hotel was a long pillow or bolster which was always put up and down the middle of them. I was told its use was to throw the limbs over, to change the position and keep cool. I may add that mosquitoes were numerous; but it is wonderful to be able to say that in all our wanderings we never found any vermin in our beds except fleas.

In driving around, it was amusing to see the style of the coachmen, the *gharry-wallahs*. No matter how finely dressed around head or body, they were all barefoot. Ours wore a red fez, blue jacket and pants, and a red and yellow plaid muslin around his waist. The variety of nations and costumes to be seen in the streets was wonderful, each different from the other. There were black men, by whose side the end men of the minstrels would look white, and who would be as difficult to see after dark as a burnt stump; girls with gold bars through their nostrils and a hanging ornament at each end of it, and little children in full dress, consisting of bangles on wrists and ankles, and a silver chain around the thighs.

The Malays are copper-colored, very straight, of splen-

did physique, and walk as if proud of their appearance. They are fond of jewelry, wear bangles on their arms and ankles, and often silver rings on their toes. We saw a woman standing like a statue in the road, beautiful alike in face and figure, with a white muslin *sarong* wrapped around her, one arm bared to the shoulder, while a piece of white muslin thrown over her head fell in folds over the other arm. She had broad bands of gold on her wrists, bangles six inches broad on her ankles, ear-rings hanging low, and a bar of gold through her nostrils. She looked like a queen as she stood in the shadow of the palm that hung over her.

Directly after seeing her, we passed a man looking very handsome, with his scarlet turban and his mantle of white muslin, and walking with a stately step. We thought it easy to imagine some Desdemona becoming infatuated with such an Othello. The faces of these Malays are also handsome, and their profiles are good.

There are a great many Siamese in Singapore, and it seems a part of their religion to wear the skirt, or *sarong*, drawn up between their legs. They are the only people who arrange it in this way; and the practice is common to both sexes. This *sarong* is a straight piece of printed cotton cloth, about two yards long. The two ends are sewed together and then folded around the waist. They also wear a tight-fitting jacket, *cabaya*, the lower classes wearing only these two articles. We were told that even the queen of Siam wears a tight-fitting short basque and a silk *sarong*, beautifully embroidered. She wears silk tights and slippers,

and a silk scarf hanging from one shoulder and passing over the hip on the opposite side. She also wears her hair short or hanging down.

When the Malay men called to see us in regard to anything, if it was only to bring a pitcher of water, or in passing us on the veranda, they gave an expressive look from their handsome eyes, and touched their fingers to their foreheads in a most deferential manner.

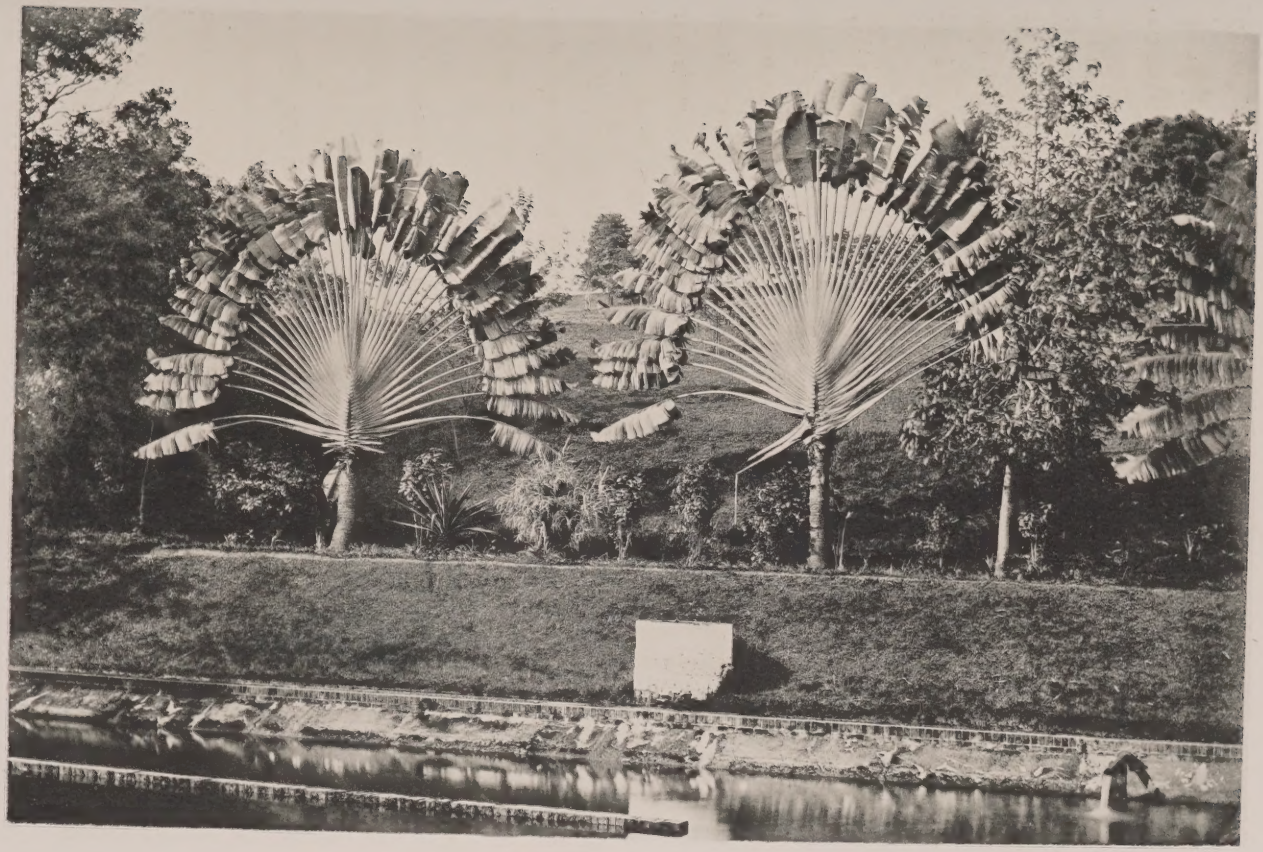
It was quite entertaining to see A. being shaved by a white-turbaned, barefooted Malay barber. After greeting us in his expressive manner, he made preparation by displaying a great number of razors, etc., and went to work at him as if he intended to cut his head off; but did his shaving quickly and well, and, again giving a tender glance from his soft dark eyes, quickly departed.

Apropos to a call at this place from the cultivated daughters of the American consul, I may be allowed to protest against the poor compensation that our consuls almost everywhere receive as compared with the pay of the consuls of other nations. Too little is given them to enable them to support their families comfortably and respectably; and this, of course, injures their efficiency, especially with people so susceptible to all outward influences as the Asiatics. Our consular service ought to be put on a level with the service of other nations, and none but reasonably intelligent cultivated men should be intrusted with the position. Judicious economy is one thing, and a niggardly parsimony which defeats its own ends is another.

There is a lake about four miles from Singapore, from which the city water is supplied. We could not help admiring the thorough manner in which the works are arranged; and the entire ride out there was like a park-drive, passing at times through large coffee and cocoanut plantations and at other places through a thick jungle of ferns and vines. Seating ourselves on a bench upon the bank of the lake, we heard the chatter of cockatoos and the clear shrill whistle of the kites in the adjacent forest.

At a call we made on Major S., one of his daughters took me to see two Calcutta tailors she had working for her. They were sitting on the floor, dressed in white; they were very clean, and had little white caps about six inches high on their heads. They wore no beards, and sewed everything backwards. They were making a thin muslin dress, and gathering some part of it, holding it and running the needle from them. Miss S. said that she never could continue any work they commence, for they always work in a way exactly contrary to our fashion.

One afternoon we had a beautiful drive through a long avenue bordered by cocoanut trees on both sides, and passed many cocoa plantations, and numbers of nutmeg trees. At first sight, all these new things seemed very strange, as we went about from place to place; but it is astonishing how soon the eye and mind grow accustomed to them. One pretty feature in the landscape at Singapore is the acacia flamboyante, or the Pride of India. The foliage is something like that of the locust in shape, but is a more beau-



TRAVELLERS' PALMS, SINGAPORE.

tiful green. The tree spreads, forming a broad, level top, and this is covered with a bloom of deep scarlet leaves, formed somewhat like Ponisettia, and is very gorgeous. In this climate it never ceases to bloom, although in the spring the bloom is more luxuriant than at other seasons. The hibiscus grows almost into trees, and both the single and double varieties blossom beautifully. They call it the shoe-plant, for they make a kind of shoe-blacking from it, quite a lowly use for so pretty a flower.

It was difficult to realize, with the mercury ranging from eighty to eighty-four degrees every day, that it was the last of November. In the matter of food we had fared much better all through our journey than we had anticipated. The canned fruits, vegetables, and butter, are found anywhere on the regular lines of travel; and they can always be procured to carry when travellers go off into remoter places; the servants who go along do whatever cooking is required.

A Siamese princess was staying at our hotel in Singapore. Her father, an English consul in Siam, married a Siamese lady; and this daughter then married a prince of Siam. It is not allowable for a Siamese prince to marry a foreigner — though a princess may — unless the former procures the consent of the king. The prince in question, knowing that the king's consent would not be given, married without asking for it. He and his wife then went to live at a bungalow on his estate. The prince was soon sent for by the king, on pretext of business. He went unsuspectingly, as nothing had been said to

him in the way of reprimand. The next thing his wife heard her husband's head had been cut off. She took her jewels, which were said to be worth millions, and fled to Singapore; the jewels were guarded, while in the safe of the hotel by four policemen. If she had not been partly English, she would probably have shared the fate of her husband. Afterwards, she went with her riches to England.

The old king of Siam died, and the new king is more liberal. He had given his consent that the princess should return to her native country; and she was then on her way back, and it was supposed would obtain possession of the large estates belonging to her husband. She was very young, exceedingly cultivated, and conversed fluently in several languages. Her life had been quite a romance, but no doubt she would have been rather better satisfied if it had been more prosaic.

The ways of the world differ, as every traveller soon finds out. What is considered right and proper by the best people in one place is considered very wrong and improper in another country. Thus in China one man can have a number of wives; and in many districts the girl babies are murdered at the pleasure of their parents. In Ceylon we were told that the women may have as many husbands as they choose, and that a large majority of the children born are boys.

We went into a store one evening about nine o'clock. While we waited for some one to wait upon us, we heard the family at their prayers in an adjoining apartment. They were Mohammedans, who are always very pious in this

respect. And many of them set a better example of temperance, and other virtues, than those who live there and call themselves Christians. This fact is naturally a very great obstacle to the success of missionaries.

The doctrine of the trinity is puzzling to the natives. One said to me: "I no understand your religion. I believe one God; you have three, and say they only make one. I no can understand." They certainly are as sincere in their faith as we are in ours.

The children coming from the missionary schools, dressed in the European style, looked stiff and ugly. You can scarcely imagine how much it took away from their appearance.

I could get no satisfactory reason from those interested in Christianizing heathen why it is deemed necessary, as early as possible, to dress them in European clothes. At the same time we who were seeking comfort with pleasure adopted the native dress as far as practicable, because it is so much better adapted to the climate. Why burden the natives of different countries with yards of cotton cloth and three or four garments because our customs govern us in this matter?

We met an ambitious young American lady who was travelling entirely alone. She was very pretty, and had left a husband and two children behind her, while she made a voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco, and then decided she would like to go on around the world. That she should enjoy travelling under such circumstances was more than I could comprehend. When conversing with me, she said she "wanted to show that an American lady could go around the world

alone." I told her there was no doubt it could be done, but very few American ladies would choose to attempt it.

I jotted her down in my mental note-book as one more specimen of human nature.

On the twenty-fifth of November we took passage in the French steamer Godavia for Java, the most fertile, beautiful, and prosperous of all the tropical islands in the world. The first day we had what our English companions called "a nasty sea, which makes one feel seedy." Afterwards it was as calm as a lake. In the Java Sea hurricanes are unknown, and storms occur only during the turning of the monsoons.

We passed numerous islands the first day, all of which were infested some years ago with pirates. A month previous to our visit a Chinese junk was attacked by them, but they have ceased to trouble larger vessels.

The trip to Batavia was shorter by several hours than we had expected, and early on the morning of the third day the ship was at anchor, and we looked on Batavia, while waiting for a launch to take us ashore. We lay at quite a distance from the city, as the water is very shallow near the land, and there are many crocodiles among the reeds and grasses. The natives seem to pay but little attention to them, and do not fear them, standing up among them and fishing. We passed up to the city between two long, low walls built out into the sea, which formed a sort of canal. On landing, our baggage was examined, then we got into a hack and were driven about two miles, passing through the business portion and the native quarter, to the better parts of the town.

We found that the Dutch language, of which we had not even a smattering, was the ruling language in Batavia; but, thanks to two gentlemen with whom we became acquainted on the ship, one of whom spoke seven languages, and the other twelve, we got along nicely. Our hotel, the *Hotel des Indes*, like all the hotels in Java, was a bungalow, or one-story house, with stone or mortared floor. Fortunately, the landlord also spoke English; but we were unable to engage an attendant who could do the same, which was an inconvenience to us.

The roads around Batavia were not quite up to the standard of those in the English colonies; but the tropical growth is so magnificently luxurious that it covers all defects. While the climate is not so prostrating as an August day at home, it does not do to live too rapidly in Java. The Europeans come in the morning from their rooms clad simply in *pjjamas* or *sarongs*, and partake of tea or coffee and bread and butter; some also have an egg. This is from six to seven o'clock. They then take a bath, and the gentlemen dress and go out to attend to their business. Breakfast is served at the table d'hote at nine or half-past nine; many, however, do not sit down to this second breakfast. At half-past twelve all return to lunch. After lunch the gentlemen put on their *pjjamas*, and sit about, smoke, read, or sleep till four o'clock. Then another bath is taken, after which tea and biscuit are served. If it does not rain, driving is then in order; and by half-past seven they return and dress for dinner. This is the regular course of life for the upper classes in Java.

We left Batavia the day of our arrival for Buitenzorg,

about fifty miles distant, and up among the mountains, where the temperature is cooler and pleasanter. It was quite a pleasure to get into a railroad-car again, and have a landscape to enjoy, instead of the dull expanse of water. The wild luxuriance of vegetable growth in the country through which we passed exceeded anything we had yet seen.

We reached the station about six o'clock, and then had a long carriage-drive to the Bellevue Hotel. The proprietor could speak some English. He had, however, a Hindu boy who spoke it quite well; and as we seemed to be the only visitors who spoke neither Dutch nor any variety of Malay, he was appointed to look after our well-being. It is an attractive place, the hotel being a long-drawn-out bungalow. The first unpleasant objects were multitudes of white lizards running all over the wall outside the house. I thought of the one lizard we had hunted to death in Honolulu, but saw that to exterminate these, would be like an effort to kill the mosquitoes in a Jersey swamp. We were told that they were harmless and useful, for they catch mosquitoes and other insects, and we afterwards really saw them do this. None, however, came into our rooms, and our Hindu boy said that no snakes came into the house either, though there were plenty of them in the garden.

From our hotel we looked over a valley, through which flows a rapid stream, about thirty feet wide. We could also see the roofs of the huts of a native village almost hidden from sight by the mingled foliage of the cocoanut, palmetto, banana, and other tropical trees. Beyond the valley rose

the volcanic mountain of Salakh to the height of eight thousand feet.

The island of Java is over six hundred miles long, with an average width of about one hundred miles. On this island live nineteen million two hundred and fifty thousand natives, with thirty-five thousand foreigners, the most of whom are Dutch. The religion of the natives is Mohammedan, a result of the Moslem conquest. The natives were originally believers in Brahminism and Buddhism. The Moslem rule was overthrown by the Dutch, but there have been very few converts to Christianity. In fact, the Dutch rulers have never encouraged the Christian missions.

The growth of population in Java seems to be in accordance with the luxuriance of vegetation; and this, in spite of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, which kill off people at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand at a time. There are about forty volcanoes on the island, and of course earthquakes are frequent. It is undeniably one of the most beautiful of islands. It has been called the paradise of the world. By ascending these volcanic ranges or mountains, any reasonable degree of temperature can be attained; nowhere else can such a luxuriant profusion of fruits and flowers be found.

At Buitenzorg we could obtain nice carriages with liveried driver and footman; we enjoyed riding among the new and varied scenes; we visited the Botanical Garden and the garden of the Governor-General's summer residence. As there is no winter in Java, we did not quite understand the use of the term, but suppose it meant that it would be his

summer residence if they ever had a winter. It was the last of November, and he was then occupying it. There is at no time any failure in the fresh verdure of this ever green and marvellous isle. In these gardens we saw magnificent blooms of Victoria Regia, lotus, and beautiful water-lilies; also a wonderful variety of orchids. The flowers and colored-leaved plants exceeded anything we had seen. Were there not so much fire and sulphur, Java would be a most perfect place.

The lunch, which in Java is called the "vice meal," seems rather an odd affair at first; but one of which I became very fond. Rice is first passed. Then follow curried chicken, herring, Bombay duck, ham, eggs, and sausage: all these are taken upon one large plate. Then is handed around a large dish divided into little compartments, each of which has a different condiment. After selecting some, you stir this mixture together, and eat and enjoy it. Other things are often provided, but one selects those fancied, just as if they were served in different courses. Among the other articles of food are the pineapple, banana, mango, mangoteen, and durian, all of which are very good; although the smell of the last-named is like a mixture of kerosene and stale eggs. Few strangers can be persuaded to taste them.

For milk they use that of the water-buffalo. We saw very few cows. At Singapore they have only a few goats, and therefore have to depend upon canned milk. In travelling, one realizes how much the invention of canning has done for the civilized world.

TOBACCO PLANTATION.

We saw no wild game in Java, but we were told that a few weeks previous tigers had been coming down into the governor's park during the night and carrying off his deer. We saw monkeys among the huts of the natives, by whom they are treated as pets, and there are plenty of them in certain portions of the island. They have the rhinoceros also, and we were told that the only roads through the jungle are the trails made by this heavy animal. There are also twenty varieties of venomous snakes.

They have a primitive mode of washing clothes in Java. You see the women standing in the rivers and pounding and rubbing the clothes on planks or stones. One day, as I saw an article held at one end by a vigorous woman, while the rest of it was flying through the air like an old-fashioned flail, I wondered whether it could really be the white wrapper that I had given out to be washed, and where the buttons would be when the threshing was over.

There was something very impressive in the tropical landscape that met our eyes every morning as we stepped out of our room. The glistening of the raindrops in the early morning light on the foliage of the various kinds of spice and fruit trees, and the variety as well as luxuriance of the growth, produced an effect upon the mind which it is difficult to describe. Every kind of fruit or flower can be grown in Java; it only depends upon the situation and the altitude. A nutmeg-tree the size of a large maple stood near our door; the nutmegs looked liked peaches just as they commence to ripen.

In one of our rides a boy climbed a cocoanut-tree and threw down a cocoanut, from which, after breaking it open, we drank the milk, and ate a soft, creamy substance with a spoon; this being the same that grows hard after the nut has been long gathered. From chocolate-trees we gathered red pods about six inches long and four or five around. These contained green nuts, which on tasting did not prove palatable.

There might be a much larger trade in the spices and other products of all the Dutch possessions; but the government will only allow a certain amount to be exported, that the supply shall in no case exceed the demand; this is necessary to keep the prices up to a certain regular standard.

We remarked as we rode through various parts of the island that we did not see temples and shrines by the wayside, as in Japan, or like the joss-houses in China. A Javanese gentleman told me that his people have very little idea of any established faith. They have their bishop or high priest, and other subordinate priests, but they do not seem to have any other special teaching than that it is best to do right, which after all is perhaps about the essence of all religions.

The native women carry their little children about on the hip; their little legs astride of it and their heads in front of the arm. A scarf or piece of muslin about three yards long is passed under one arm, and up over the shoulder on the other side. In this sits the baby, the weight being mainly on the hip of its mother. The Dutch settlers have married the native women to such an extent that there are a great many half-breeds; though the majority of these

women are quite as dark, and no more attractive, one would think, than the mulattoes of the United States.

All the native men wear cotton handkerchiefs of bright colors about their heads, and the women go bareheaded; and, whether as a consequence or not, they have the most luxurious growth of hair, to match all the other tropical growth around them. They are great bathers, bathing at least twice a day.

I was much amused one evening to see three men engaged in the arduous duty of milking a cow. There was a man on each side, each using one hand to milk with while holding one of the cow's hind legs with the other. The third man brushed off the flies. I inferred that labor was cheaper in Java than in America. Such a sight in America would drive one of our farmers distracted. In some parts of the island the natives drop on their knees and uncover their heads in the most humble manner when strangers pass them.

We found good bread and good fare generally at the Dutch hotels in our journeyings about Java, and Apollinaris water everywhere, so that we did not have to run any risk by drinking other water. Good, pure, wholesome water seems to become contaminated the world over, as it flows near the habitations of man.

On leaving the Buitenzorg for a trip over the island, we were unable to persuade the proprietor of the Bellevue to allow us to take the Hindu boy with us, and found it utterly impossible to find another who was able to speak English. Trusting to luck, we started by train for Bandong, and after reaching the Homan Hotel had to resort

to pantomime, as we could find no one to speak anything but Dutch or Malay. It was nine in the evening before dinner was announced; we had scarcely seated ourselves at table before a Javanese gentleman spoke in English, asking if he could be of service to us. We did not embrace him, in the excitement of the moment, but felt like it when we heard his words. We appreciated his assistance. On further acquaintance, he proved to be the owner of one of the largest sugar-plantations in Java.

On the first of December we left Bandong by rail for Tjandgoe. It was only an hour's ride. After a lunch taken at the station we started in odd one-horse carriages for Sindunglaya, a distance of twelve miles, passing over a beautiful country. On reaching Sindunglaya we found good accommodations, but very close to the smoking volcano Tjipanes.

The government has a sanitarium here for its soldiers, where they get the benefit of its high elevation and hot mineral-baths. Although beautifully situated, its proximity to the volcano made it objectionable to me. We were told we would be able to post through to Buitenzorg the following day in a rapid and desirable style. This we were not able to do, but again took the slower pace of the native carriages, and enjoyed a beautiful drive over the Puntjat Pass, and through a fine portion of the island, thirty miles back to Buitenzorg. Here one of our kind friends of the steamer, who was visiting at the governor's mansion, came, bringing flowers from the beautiful gardens; and again we found ourselves the recipients of kind at-

tentions from strangers, which were worthy of old friends. We returned to Batavia by the same route taken to Buitenzorg, and were very much pleased with our tour in Java,— not only with the country, but the people. The natives we saw were not as handsome as some of the Malays, though we were told that in other parts of the island they are finer looking, but they were healthy and kind-hearted. We returned to Singapore again, through smooth seas, congratulating ourselves upon having had a very enjoyable trip, and no volcanic eruptions or earthquakes to mar the pleasure of the journey. It was only during the previous year that the terrible eruptions occurred in the Straits of Sunda, at the west end of the island of Java, eight miles distant from Batavia; one of the results being that an island twelve miles distant from the eruption was covered with ashes to the depth of one hundred feet, the ashes killing every living thing on it, including five thousand people. At Batavia and the surrounding country a covering of ashes fell to the depth of four inches. A captain who passed through the straits the day following the eruption told us that the water was a mass of floating pumice-stone and ashes.

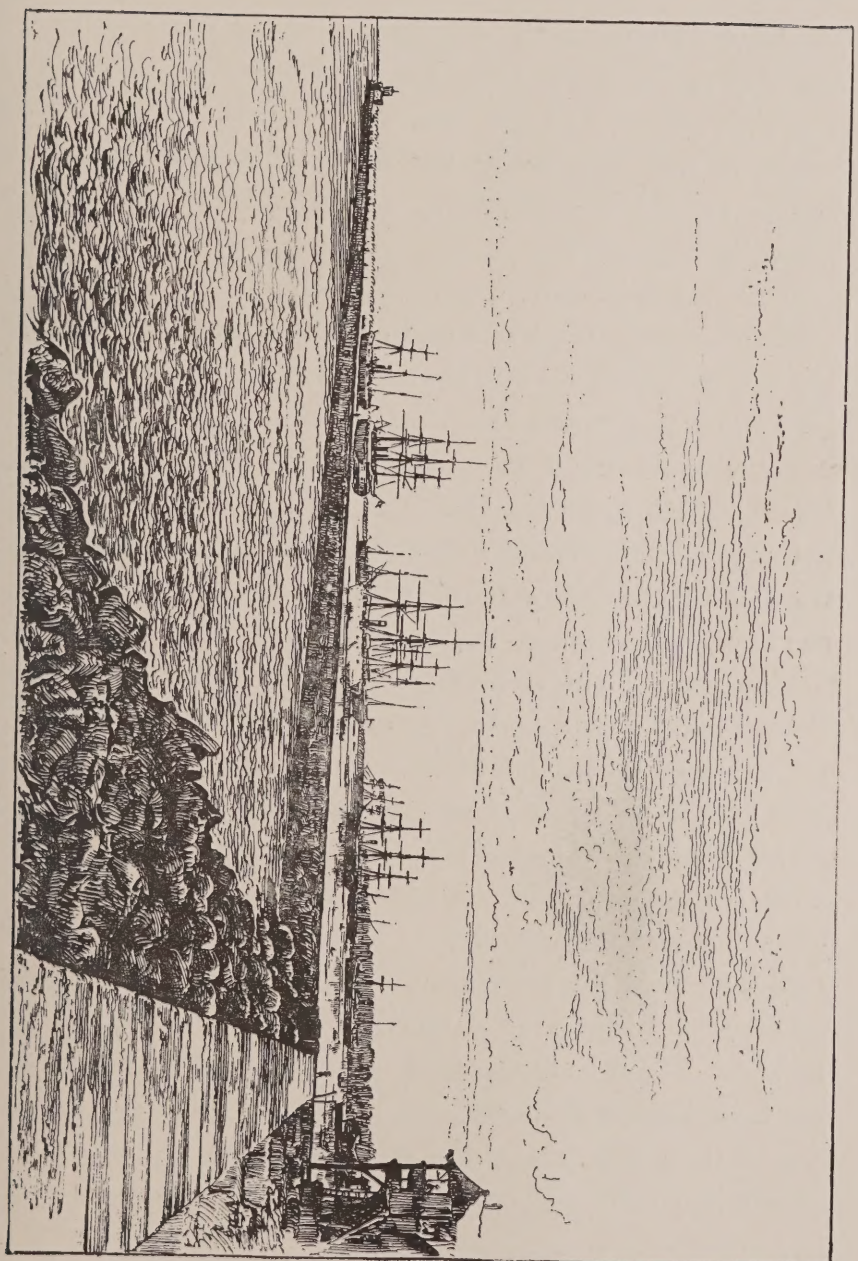
CHAPTER XV.

Voyage to Colombo, Ceylon — The Singhalese — A Native Bride — Luxuriant Vegetation — A Buddhist Temple — Kandy — Crows of Ceylon — Rude Native Boats — Madras — Poor Harbor — Native Jugglers — Christmas Day at Sea — The Ganges — Arrive at Calcutta — Sacred Pigeons — Style of Carriages — Lord Dufferin — The Hindoo — Watering Streets.

EAVING Singapore on the ninth of December, we took passage in the French steamer Irraquoddy. The discipline of the French ships did not seem equal to that of either the American or the English. Every time an order was given there was such a dancing around, jabbering, and gesticulating, that you might imagine the end of all things was at hand.

As we took our last look of Singapore we noticed that the towering fan-palms were a marked feature in the landscape. This palm is also called the traveller's palm, because, when a knife is plunged into it, a stream of clear water gushes out to allay the traveller's thirst.

As we steamed up the Straits of Malacca, we had the Malay Peninsula on our right, and the Island of Sumatra on our left, — both of them being visible. It gives one a pretty fair idea of the size of an island to sail for two days along its coast.



COLOMBO HARBOR.

After we got out of the straits into the wider waters of the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, the weather was not so pleasant, and the sea was rougher. A south-west monsoon, that was really ten days or two weeks out of season, seemed to be waiting our arrival to make things generally unpleasant.

One day, especially, our vessel behaved in the most provoking manner. First one side of the ship would drop, then the bow would plunge into the sea; then the other side would go down, down — and then the screw would rise out of the water, give a twist of discontent, and dive in again. I being unhappily too sympathetic would find myself going through a course of inharmonious motions. Thankful indeed were we that this peculiar mode of progression lasted during only one day.

We came in sight of Ceylon on the fourteenth, but as Colombo is nearly half-way up the western coast of the island, there was still a good distance to sail. We passed along in view of great numbers of cocoanut groves, and by ten o'clock at night made the outer light of the harbor, and waited an hour for a pilot. The captain intended to put in coal at once, and, as there would then be no possibility of sleep on board, some of the passengers, with ourselves, determined to go ashore. Imagine six of us climbing down the ladder late at night into a boat managed by three natives, and rowing off to find the land, about half a mile distant. As the oars dipped into the water, the phosphorescent light made it gleam like molten silver.

A clock struck twelve as we reached the landing and stepped on the wharf among a lot of sleeping natives, who seemed to be lying around in every conceivable position. The Grand Oriental Hotel, however, was quite near; and, when we reached it, and had roused up one boy after another, we finally got settled, and were soon fast asleep in a land-bed again.

At daylight the crows made such a cawing that they waked us up; the place seemed full of crows. The early morning was beautiful, and as I stood watching the outside world, an open carriage passed with four handsome bay horses attached to it. It had seats for eight; a native was on the box, with white drapery around him, and with red sash and turban; and on the steps behind sat two little twelve-year-old boys, dressed in the same manner, all with their bare black legs hanging down. It seems to be the general custom in the east; no matter how finely the rest of the body is adorned, the legs and the feet must go bare.

In contrast with this fine turn-out were funny little bullock-wagons with two wheels, the top projecting back and front; and carriages with four wheels, carrying four persons, besides the driver, the front and back seats having one back between them, the passengers on the back seat putting their feet out of the rear end of the vehicle. These are called dandy-wagons, and are drawn by one horse.

The natives of Ceylon, the Singhalese, are sometimes very effeminate in appearance, yet often extremely handsome. They part their hair in the middle, or comb it back from the

forehead, wear round shell-combs, and twist the hair in a coil at the back of the head. The women do not wear combs, but ornaments stuck in the hair. Both sexes are very erect; perhaps carrying all burdens upon their heads is the reason for this.

The babies are all carried upon the hips; and here they use no scarf to aid in their support, but the children cling around the body like monkeys around the branches of a tree.

After tiffin, in company with three Harvard graduates — who had joined us, and proved congenial companions — we took the train and went twenty-six miles down the coast to Mount Lavinia, and had five o'clock tea at the pretty hotel. On our return, while stopping at a station, we saw a bridal-party. The bride was a half-caste, and had come with others to see some of the wedding guests depart on the train. She wore a drab stuff dress, made half-low, and trimmed with white lace; a wreath of orange flowers on her head; two strings of pearl, and two of gold beads, around her neck. Her tulle veil had been removed, and she carried that with her white fan in her hands; while a silver candlestick and long-necked silver vase were carried by her mother. These last, doubtless, were wedding gifts. It seemed to us rather a droll idea to bring them thus to the railroad-station.

The next morning, we took a train for Kandy, a four hours' ride. Kandy means "the great city," and was formerly the capital. It is situated at about the centre of the island. The railroad passes up, over and through mountains, with fine picturesque views of the valleys open-

ing frequently. Instead of planting the banks at the side of the road with flowers, as is done in other countries, they have cut away the lower portion to prevent the track from being overrun with the natural growth. Ferns and flowers, golden bells and crimson blooms almost touched the car-windows, shaking the moisture left by the recent rains in our faces, and saluting us with a wave of their graceful forms as we sped by. All the flowers looked bright and beautiful, exceeding, I thought, even those of Java. A large tree covered with yellow bloom, something like the single althea, they called savia. Then there is another variety of the palm they call the talipat, which is very fine. There are also enormous groves of cocoanuts; and it seemed to me there was almost every other kind of tree. As we rode along we saw red and white cypress in bloom, and a yellow trumpet-shaped flower with a deep maroon centre.

At each station there was a pretty garden. We passed one place where a young girl was coming down the road, carrying a jar upon her head. She wore a crimson scarf around her, another passing from one shoulder to the opposite hip, and a scarlet piece from the jar to the other shoulder. She made a picture that, reproduced on canvas, would give an artist fame and fortune.

On arriving at Kandy we took a twelve o'clock breakfast, then started off to the Botanical Garden, about two miles distant. This, owing to the advantages that the climate gives it, is one of the finest gardens in the world.

But every place has, also, its disadvantages. I did not get out of the carriage, but contented myself with riding, on account of the little leeches which work their way into one's boots, and bleed one without so much as asking leave. They say, however, that the paths are free from their presence, and that it is only the grass which is full of them. Here we saw growing coffee, tea, cinnamon, cinchona, pepper, and nutmegs, with the mace wrapped around the nutmeg, looking like red coral when they cut open the pod.

At various times the natives clapped their hands, and thousands of flying foxes, as they call them, started from the trees above us. I should call them immense bats, measuring at least four feet across the opened wings. They were hanging like black pendants from the branches.

In this garden were magnificent groups of bamboo, from fifteen to sixty feet high, and ten inches through at the butt.

At six o'clock the same evening we went to the Buddhist temple, to witness the celebration of the new moon. There was a great din which was called music, but resembled that which is made by persons when hiving bees. The people were offering flowers to be blessed. We went around into dim, doleful places to see the crystal Buddha, the gold bell, psalm-books, and various gods; but, when I stepped from the library which contained the sacred books, and saw the last rays of the setting sun reflected on the mountains around us and on the lake at our feet, I could not help feeling that Nature's temple was a far better place to worship in than this one built by man many hundred years ago.

GIANT BAMBOO, CEYLON.

INDIA RUBBER TREE, CEYLON.

We left Kandy the next morning, and on our return to Colombo we found that a steamship had arrived from London *en route* to Australia; the place was full of people in the evening; they had a dance at the hotel after dinner.

Generally speaking there are very few ladies travelling, in proportion to the number of gentlemen, so that eight or ten ladies seems to be quite a bewildering crowd to the young men.

One nuisance in Ceylon was that while writing I had to stop every few minutes to drive away the crows. They shared our early breakfast, and, if the windows were left open, stole every article they could carry, always sitting near by to watch the opportunity of making a raid into the room.

Most visitors to Ceylon spend a portion of the time among the bazaars, giving special attention to valuable stones. It is necessary to be guarded, or they discover they have paid enormous prices for stones not genuine. The natives are very shrewd in their dealings, demanding extortionate prices, and always preferring to sell the stones in a setting.

We left Colombo on the nineteenth of December in the steamship Thames for Calcutta, about a seven days' voyage. We were in sight of Ceylon for a day or so, having to go around the southern end of the island again, and sail up its eastern coast. As we came near to Madras, on the eastern coast of Hindoostan, we saw three or four natives paddling in their boats. These boats are made by taking two or three logs about twelve feet long, and cutting them so as to turn up

at one end like a pointed shoe; two shorter logs are strapped on either side. As they sit or stand on these logs, with narrow pieces of board for paddles, the water flows over them continually; but as the natives wear no clothing to get wet it makes but little difference.

Madras has a wretched harbor, which is formed by a sea-wall or breakwater made of concrete. As much of it has been broken away, it gives but little protection. There were already six ships in port, so ours could not be accommodated, but lay rolling and pitching till one of the vessels came out and left room for ours to enter. The mode of landing was even worse than our experience on the way to Hilo, where people and things were tossed around by the Kanakas.

At Madras the boats are about eighteen feet long, eight feet wide, and five deep. They are fastened together with thongs made out of hide, and calked with cocoanut-fibre; four-inch boards were placed across the top; on these the natives sat, six on either side to row, and one in the stern to steer. The oars they used were spoon-shaped boards fastened to long slim poles. At the stern of the boat, a part is partitioned off for passengers to drop into. After going over the breakers and reaching the beach, we were carried ashore by the natives. The waves break upon the beach with such violence, and storms are so frequent, that no wharves or piers can be made permanently.

We found Madras rather an uninteresting place, but were entertained by the peculiarities of its natives. We saw dozens of schools; an old man would be sitting on a stone veranda, and seated on the floor around him would be from ten

to fifteen boys and girls. Three or four were always standing around the teacher, seeming to be reading from printed strips of wood which appeared to be the only books in use.

The English call Madras "the benighted Presidency." The Europeans live about five miles out from the native town; and as the latter looks dirty and uninteresting I do not wonder at it. The houses are stone bungalows, and the dampness of the place makes all of them look dark and mouldy.

As the only hotel was crowded, we returned to the ship. To reach the small boat again, I sat on a board, a native bearing each end of it, and a third steadying me by lightly touching my waist. Thus I was put over the side of the boat. A. followed me, sitting in "lady of London" style.

As the ship lay in the harbor, the deck was crowded with natives selling their wares, and jugglers performing their tricks. They were exceedingly expert at their art. There on the open deck, without anything to protect them from the keenest inspection, they performed the most wonderful tricks. One of the strangest was this: A woman after having her wrists tied together and then her ankles secured was placed in a coarse net which was drawn up and tied over her head. She then was placed in a basket that seemed too small for her to squeeze into. A cloth was thrown over her head, the lid of the basket was placed over it and gradually pressed down until it fitted its place on the basket. The lid was then lifted, and a man put his foot into the basket, the cover lying still over it, and stamped in it; afterwards swords were run

through it in different directions, the men saying, "Where has she gone?" In time the lid was again lifted, and out came the woman, free of net or ropes, but with an exhausted look, at which one could not wonder.

Then they squatted around, one of them playing a cocoa-nut-violin; and as I raised my eyes, there was the basket-woman close by me. She took the lid off from a shallow basket, and disclosed lying in it, curled up, a snake! I made her cover the basket again at once; but I did not enjoy even then having a snake within a few feet of me.

Our Christmas day was passed on the Bay of Bengal out of sight of land, before reaching Calcutta; about ten and a half hours earlier than the good folks were celebrating it at home. The ship was prettily decorated, and we had an English dinner, with plenty of plum-pudding, mince-pie, and even turkey. There was a service in the morning, and we ended the day by singing a very pretty anthem, "Nazareth." We drank "to those we love, God bless them!" And yet after all said and done, it did not seem to me very much like Christmas day.

Before reaching port we lay at anchor two nights from midnight till eight in the morning. The first was spent waiting for the tide to carry us over the bar at the entrance of the Hoogly River, one of the mouths of the Ganges; the second, because it required daylight to enable us to reach Calcutta in safety. That city lies about one hundred miles up the sacred river. On the way we did not see any wild land-animals or alligators, but numerous

jackals and vultures. I saw only one human body floating past, though another passenger saw three.

The channel is very crooked, and we were continually crossing from one bank to the other, running quite close to the shores. As we passed along we saw the natives standing about, wrapped in their white chuddas, as in so many white sheets; but the wrapping was done very gracefully.

We cast anchor at Garden Reach, and there we saw the palace of the native king of Oude, who is held prisoner by the English. The grounds, in which there are various buildings, extend about half a mile along the river. One building was pointed out, where his two hundred wives are kept. He also has quarters for hundreds of his servants and retainers.

There were thousands, or, perhaps, tens of thousands, of pigeons flying around the houses, this bird being held sacred. There are persons whose business it is to wave poles constantly in the air, so that the pigeons may be kept continually flying. Crows and hawks are, also, about as thick in Calcutta as the English sparrows are in Philadelphia.

They were so long in getting the vessel up to the pier that nearly all of the passengers landed in row-boats, and then drove to the hotel, about three miles distant. We were fortunate in getting quite a nice suite of rooms, for every place was crowded with people from the surrounding country, who had come in to spend Christmas week.

We hired a one-horse Victoria for the time we expected to remain in Calcutta; with one *syce* to drive, another as footman, and a third as bearer. This is the good form in Cal-

cutta; and I wondered how we should ever be able to come down to one man again, in a more expensive clime. The bearer is the name given to the boy — he is a boy, if he be ninety years old — who acts as a *valet*. Ours was a Madras man named Francis Simon; he was a first-class servant. He was six feet and two inches in height, well proportioned, fine looking; he wore a turban fancifully arranged, a sort of tight-fitting coat that came down to his knees, and tight-fitting pantaloons that were tied around the ankles. Besides all these advantages of appearance, he spoke very good English.

Every one in the hotel is expected to have his own private servant, who attends to his rooms, and waits on him especially, although in the dining-room waiters are also provided by the hotel. Very soon after arrival, travellers are sure to have applicants for the position of bearer.

While in Calcutta we went to see a polo match, and a grand review of the troops; we went also to the races, though quite as much to see the people and the English dignitaries as the entertainments themselves. The viceroy, Lord Dufferin, was an interesting looking, rather slender man; and Lady Dufferin was very pleasant in her manners and appearance. All of the ladies were elegantly dressed, and I never saw before so many pretty English girls and women. And they were dressed in better taste than English women generally are.

The preceding viceroy was inclined to elevate the natives to the English level, and on this account became so very unpopular with his own countrymen that he was recalled. The present viceroy, however, is very popular.

There are so many different tribes and different castes in India that it is not probable they could ever unite to act in concert against their English rulers. Yet there is evidently an undercurrent of dissatisfaction with them. The queen said in her proclamation, when she was made Empress of India, that the English would rule till the natives were better prepared to do so; and when they became so they should have an equal share in the government. But the English themselves say it is everything to England to hold India; and what would become of all those now provided for in the Indian government if they should lose their lucrative positions?

You see long box-like things on the streets of Calcutta that they call *palki dawk*. You lie down on these, and are carried about on the shoulders of coolies. But the *ghareey*, or other carriages, are generally used. Horses are never used in carts; they either use oxen, or carry the burdens on their own heads. Think of moving pianos, billiard-tables and other articles of similar size and weight on the heads of men! Two men brought A.'s large gunning-case at least one mile on their heads, and asked in payment only about five cents!

Every tribe, and each caste of a tribe, has its own distinctive dress. The natives salute all persons by laying the right hand on the forehead; and no native enters a house with shoes on. Just as gentlemen with us take off their hats when they enter the door, so these take off their shoes. The styles of hats or turbans also vary with the tribe or caste. There is one race, the Afghans, who cut the hair short, and never cover the head; some of these are exceedingly handsome.

We never saw any women except of the coolie class on the streets. A few of the higher castes now show themselves at the state balls, and at the races; and when they do appear they, as well as the men, are a mass of gold, satin, velvet, and fine cashmere. Many native men wear chudda shawls thrown around them, worn as they alone can arrange them.

The fashionable drive at sunset is on the Maidan, a fine macadamized road along the river-bank. The variety of costume is something wonderful; and what would the fashionable people at home think if they should see their coachman get his feet up on the box, and sit there, Turkish fashion, while waiting for them to continue a ride? By the way, I found when talking to Colonel H., — who called to tell us that our names were entered on the invitation-book at the Government House, — that the English habit of calling the servants boys came from the fact that the native caste of palanquin bearers are called *boorees bours;* and from calling these boys came the habit of calling all the other servants boys also. This seems reasonable. Yet when we remember that in the old slavery times in our Southern States the same custom prevailed, and that in the North it is usual to call the hired women in the houses girls without regard to age, it may be questioned whether the word boy is not also generally used as a mere epithet denoting inferiority of position. While at Calcutta I had a native employed to do some sewing for me. He sat down on a rug placed on the marble floor outside my room, held the work between his toes, and sewed *from* him!

Visiting in the houses of the wealthy merchants at Calcutta, we found they live in fine large places, each having attached to it from two to five acres of ground. The houses generally stand in the centre of the property, and many of them have the stables at the front, which, with the high stone-walls, prevent one from seeing the grounds except in glimpses obtained through the large gateway. At this entrance are usually seen one or more coolies, in proportion to the number of horses in the stable. For every horse must have its own coolie; if a dozen horses are kept, there must be a dozen coolies. If a child goes out on a pony, there must be a *syce* for the pony; and one, or perhaps two, for the child.

The *beste* are coolies who attend to watering the streets. They take a pig-skin, and, tying the legs securely, use the snout as a nozzle; and filling the skins with water, sling them over their shoulders, and fling a spray of water over the road or street as they walk along, — a sort of animated watering-cart, but not very efficient.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVE FOR DARJEELING — CURIOUS CARS — TIGER HILL — MOUNT EVEREST — THE HIMALAYAS — THE NATIVES — "DANDY" CONVEYANCE — BIRCH-HILL ROAD — TEA PLANTATION — AGAIN AT CALCUTTA — A PAPER HUNT — EVENING PARTY AND BALL — BENARES — THE MONKEY TEMPLE — MEASURING HIS LENGTH TO THE TEMPLE — MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE — WELLS — CAMELS — NARROW STREETS — THE GOLDEN TEMPLE — DEVOUT WORSHIPPERS — SUNRISE AT THE GANGES — THE BATHING GHAUTS — EVIDENCE OF FAITH — A LUCKY ACCIDENT — HINDOO WIDOWS.

N the seventh of January we arranged to leave for Darjeeling, hoping the weather would permit us to get a view of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The country through which we were to pass first was an uninteresting level plain; so we took the night train. We had to provide our own bedding, consisting of an American comforter, or Hindoo *rocide*, or Japanese *futon*, and a pillow. Francis made our beds on the seats of the car, which fortunately were quite broad.

We reached the Ganges at Damookdea at a quarter past seven in the evening, eating dinner as we crossed the ferry to Sara Ghaut, at which place we took the sleeping-car. At a quarter to eight we arrived at Siliguri, where we took breakfast, and then changed to a narrow-gauge road. This road is

only two feet wide, and has the oddest little cars, with wheels about the size of a dinner-plate, and the car itself is less than a foot from the ground. One wonders in passing over the road if a railroad of any kind was ever built here. It is most wonderful passing up and around the ravines of the Himalaya mountains. We made four complete loops — the road passing over itself; at one place we made a double loop, besides various zigzags and windings.

We arrived at Kurseong at half-past twelve, ate lunch, and then continued toward Darjeeling, where we arrived at four in the afternoon.

The weather was fine and clear, and just before reaching Darjeeling we caught sight of the snowy range. The scenery had been magnificent all day, range after range of mountains in view.

On reaching Darjeeling we saw a beautiful sunset and afterglow which gilded all around. We were seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it was so cold that we were glad to get to the fire as soon as possible. Here again, however, fortune favored us. The weather had been so bad, clouds veiling everything for two weeks, that other travellers had been waiting for days to behold the view that we met on our arrival. The Singalila range lies amid other ranges; and Kinchinjanga, next to the highest mountain in the world, seems to lay its snowy peak against the dark blue sky, twenty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet in height.

On finding how favored we were in respect to the weather, we decided the next morning, as it was still clear, to start

early for Tiger Hill, seven miles distant, to get a view of Mount Everest, — which is twenty-nine thousand and two feet high, and the highest mountain in the world. Ordering ponies, we started about eight o'clock; and a finer morning was never seen. A heavy white frost covered all things, and in some shaded nooks we noticed a thin sheet of ice. The road was a very good one up to the Sinchul parade-ground, which was formerly a sanitarium for the army; but finding it too exposed a position, they moved the sanitarium down near Darjeeling.

As we rode along with our *syce* guide — by the way, these native guides always manage to keep up with the horses — A. said, "Wife, do you realize where you are?" I replied, "If any one had predicted a few years ago that I should be riding at this time among the Himalayas, I should have said that it was just as likely I should be brushing the clouds off the moon." Yet here we really were.

No one ever had a finer day for the view of these lofty mountains. Leaving our horses at the foot, we walked to the top of Tiger Hill, which is about one thousand feet higher than Sinchul. The sight from the top fully repaid us for the fatigue, for we had a still finer view of Mount Everest, eighty miles distant.

Though it was Tiger Hill, we saw no tigers; neither had we any idea we should see them, although told that the previous year a traveller, who had left his horse on account of a fog coming on, found only the bones when he returned to claim him, a tiger having made a meal off the body.

When we had mounted our horses to return we could but exclaim again and again as we gazed upon the mountains. They seemed to grow upon us in their majesty. Large trees and pretty fern-nooks were seen by the roadside, and Darjeeling seemed nestling among the lower hills, although when we reached it we found ourselves still high among the clouds. We realized that it was well to have wasted no time on our arrival; for soon after our return the clouds began to gather below and around us, shutting out all view of the grand surroundings.

The natives all about Darjeeling were filthy people, with nothing attractive about them. They never bathe and never change or take off their clothes till they drop off from age. The hill-tribes of Sikkim are made up of three classes, the Nepalese, Lepchas, and Bhooteas. The Lepchas are the original inhabitants, and are willing to work. They are quite small, as a race, but are strong and make very good servants. About the only difference in dress between the men and the women is that the men wear the hair in one plait, and the women in two. In their eating they are simply disgusting. A cattle-plague is a boon to them; and they will poison chickens to get them thrown away, so that they may pick them up and eat them. In some of the tribes the women put dabs of black paste on their noses, and wear all the jewelry they can get. Coral beads and a great many turquoises are worn.

All the loads are carried by the natives on their backs, by means of a band crossing the forehead, similar to that used by

the Swiss and the French peasants. It is wonderful to see the loads that even little children will carry. We were told that one woman carried a piano several miles on her back, held in its position by the strap around her forehead.

One morning at Darjeeling we went down into a valley where there was a temple; and there saw the wheels with which the pious natives grind out their prayers, — a sort of labor-saving machine applied to religion. They also put their printed prayers in a kind of cup, and, as they go along, you see them twirl this cup around on a handle, muttering as they go. On the hills you see poles with pieces of various colored stuffs flying from them; some of these are to keep away evil spirits, and others to attract the good spirits, by fluttering in the wind. The variety of religious faiths in this world is something marvellous.

My conveyance to and from the temple was decidedly novel. It was a thing like a little row-boat, called a "dandy," and the three men who carried it on their shoulders were "dandy-wallas." I fancied it better than some other modes of conveyance I have tried; though I prefer a new-fashioned carriage to most of these old-fashioned ways.

There is a beautiful ride around the Birch-hill road, a distance of five miles. The road had been cut around the mountains on which Darjeerling is situated, winding in and out numerous ravines. At every point there are magnificent views over the valley, which lies several thousand feet below, to the different ranges of mountains beyond, where the snowy peaks tower above all. On the mountain road where we were

riding were many large rhododendron trees, though not then in bloom; also other varieties of large trees, many of them covered with parasites; while vines and moss trailed over them, as if decorating the corpse the parasites had deprived of life. In places where the sunlight seldom entered were ferns, mosses, and trickling water. As we rode along, the sun sank beneath the distant range, and soon the golden radiance tinted the snowy range opposite. The tall peaks seemed to reach higher and higher, as though gathering warmth from the glowing light.

In another direction, a sea of clouds was lying in a deep valley, the mountain peaks looming up above them. When we thought the light had faded, there came the brilliant afterglow, with its soft golden rays tinting all around. We both felt that these were the grandest pictures we ever had seen.

The cultivation of the tea-plant is carried on to quite a large extent among the mountains. There are four hundred and fifty large plantations in the district of Darjeeling, some of them being seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

After seeing the sun rise we left Darjeeling, spending the night on the road; we reached the Sara Ghaut ferry over the Ganges about six in the morning. There we saw a Hindoo kneeling on the banks of the sacred river, saying his prayers. He first spread his mat on the ground; then placing his hands to his forehead, and kneeling on the mat with his head bowed low, he turned to the rising sun, and then to the Ganges. We were told that a noted Hindoo had just died; and that before his death, in accordance with the orthodox

Hindoo faith, he had been brought a long distance to be bathed in the holy river.

When we arrived at Calcutta about the middle of the day, we found a very different temperature from that of the mountains. The sun was very warm, but after it got low in the west, the temperature was delightful. In a few days, however, it grew too warm for comfort, and we thought that if this was the winter weather, we should not linger very long in India. Although, of course, one could always find pleasant enough weather among the Himalayas and the hills of Cashmere.

We kept quiet through the middle of the day, but every afternoon we took a drive. There was a nice place called the "Eden Gardens," where there was music just before dinner four afternoons in the week, and it was a pretty sight to see the lines of carriages with handsomely dressed ladies sitting in them; and other ladies promenading on the lawn, while the little folks skipped about with their ayahs and bearers in every variety of costume. Then there were the natives of the higher castes in their bright colored dresses, and with their beautiful white Chuddas with palm-leafed borders draped about them. I could not wear my India shawl there; I felt as though if I did I also ought to speak Hindoostanee, and drape the shawl about me in the native fashion.

Calcutta was excited at this time by the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. One morning we rose early to attend a paper-hunt at half-past seven, at which they and other great people were to be present. Every one must have

been out of bed by five o'clock to get there at the appointed time, as a drive of six miles had to be taken. But the morning was bright and beautiful, which compensated for the early rising. A paper-hunt is similar to our hare-and-hounds. The Viceroy and Countess Dufferin, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were on the ground, and numerous other important people in their train. The hunters only rode about two miles, many of them being in sight all the time, but in that distance they took fourteen leaps. The hares were in shortly after the last hunter was out of sight. We were all in the city again ready for a nine-o'clock breakfast, for which we had a good appetite.

In the afternoon we witnessed a polo match between the Viceroy's staff and the team of the Maharajah of Cooch Behars; and during our drive home at sunset through the native quarters, we saw the people praying on the house-tops, as we are told in the Scriptures that Peter did.

At half-past nine that evening we went to the Government House to attend an evening party given by the Viceroy and Countess Dufferin to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. An invitation to this party, as well as to a ball on the next evening, had been politely sent us. It was a very brilliant affair, and the diamonds and other precious stones were dazzling. The dresses of the Maharajahs were gorgeous; some of them had little plumes in their hats, at the ends of which were fastened small precious stones; one wore a crown of velvet studded with precious stones, to which was attached a large emerald an inch long, which rested on the centre of his

forehead. Another had a watch-chain a quarter of a yard long, composed of large diamonds linked together; indeed, precious stones glittered from different parts of his dress. Only a few of the native ladies appear, even on an occasion like this. Those present were arrayed in equally gorgeous attire.

The following evening we attended the ball. There was a more general invitation extended for this evening. There were four doors of entrance under the porte-cochère, so that four carriages could be accommodated at once. The throne-room, supper, and disrobing-rooms were on the lower floor, the private apartments on the second, and the ball-room and large banqueting-room on the third. The ball was opened with a quadrille. The dancers formed in two lines, the entire length of the room. After the lines were formed, the band played "God save the Queen," and the Viceroy with the Duchess, and then the Duke of Connaught with Lady Dufferin preceded by their staffs or aids entered. After them came a government party of officials and their ladies. The hosts and guests took position in front of those standing in the centre of the hall; the music began, and the ball was opened.

When visiting the Botanical Garden, we saw the large banyan tree. It covers at least an acre of ground. The branches have thrown out roots that have grown into trunks themselves, so that it looks like a large grove of trees. Here were also many fine varieties of palms, and a beautiful avenue of Palmyra palms.

Deciding to take the night-train for Benares, the holy city

of the Hindoo, we sent Francis to the station in advance to make our beds. We had a carriage to ourselves, and were quite comfortable. Arriving at Dinapore we took breakfast, then going to Serai junction we changed cars to Benares, which is about six miles off the main line.

The country is very uninteresting, so far as scenery is concerned, being a vast level plain; but the various villages, and the natives and their ways, were a constant entertainment. After reaching Benares we had a drive of two miles to Clarke's Hotel, crossing the Ganges on the way by a bridge of boats. It was dark and seemed a very long two miles, but on arriving we found good accommodations, and went to sleep with the cry of jackals ringing in our ears.

The next morning we were off early to visit the temple of the goddess Durga, or the monkey temple. Here monkeys are held sacred; and we saw them of all sizes racing over the house-tops, verandas and windows, chattering and chasing one another.

It was a dirty place we passed through after leaving the carriage to reach the temple; we did not linger long. The most remarkable object we saw on leaving the temple was a man, who looked old and thin; he was without clothing save a band of muslin around the loins. He lay prostrate on the ground, with both of his arms extended to their full length. Another man, dressed as one of a higher caste, had a stick with which he drew a line in the dirt at the end of the fingers of the prostrate man. Then the latter rose, and placing his feet at this line, again prostrated himself. In this way he

had come, measuring his length over and over again, from his home, which may have been many miles distant, to the monkey temple. A woman and two children followed him, and when he reached the steps of the temple, they all knelt down, bowing their heads on the steps. Then all rose and walked away. The man was doing this, probably, as an expiation for some sin, or with the idea of regaining lost health.

The people in Benares seemed legion. I found myself continually thinking of the Scriptural phrase, "a great multitude." The houses are low mud-huts, with no opening but a doorway; the roofs are made of straw or clay tiles. The people go into these dark places at night, and during the hot weather; but when the weather is clear, they lie and squat in the sunshine, living in the road or street. We saw them spinning in the quaint old way, not having even a large wheel, but holding a tiny wheel in one hand and a reel in the other. They make the warp on the side of the roadway; in fact, they do all kinds of work out-of-doors.

There are many wells with large stone platforms around them, and upright posts on either side, with a cross-piece which has a wheel in the centre. A rope passes over this wheel with a leathern bucket at one end descending into the well; oxen are hitched to the other end of the rope, and, as the oxen are driven forwards or backwards, the bucket rises or descends. When I see women pulling on these ropes, I think that Rebecca must have looked more graceful after she had placed the water-jar on her head, than when engaged in drawing the water.

Camels were continually passing along the road. A camel *sowars*, in his uniform, leaned over his camel towards us, and gave us a salaam by placing the back of his hand on his forehead and holding it there some time. The variety of salutations we received as we rode along was very amusing. Another man used the same motion as the camel-driver, but threw his elbow quite high at the same time. The men and women at the wells and many other objects suggested Biblical scenes; it seemed to us there must have been quite an intimate connection in very ancient times between India and Palestine, or else the same tropical needs lead to the adoption of the same customs.

We visited the Palace of the Maharajah of Vizianagram. He was not at this palace then, but at Madras; he keeps up several palaces at Benares, with pretty gardens attached to them. We were shown the large drawing-room and several adjoining rooms. Two marble and gold elephants about five feet high guard the front door. The attendants were very polite.

The main streets of Benares are wide enough for carriages; all the others are for foot-passengers only; they are like paved courtways. Two persons can scarcely pass abreast, and the opposite houses almost touch each other. We wound through the oddest places and passed throngs of people, till we saw a golden roof with a spire above it, which was the Golden Temple.

On the ground floor, which was of stone, there was a well called the Well of Fate. Into this well the people

were throwing flowers. I noticed they had a cloth stretched across the top, so as to catch the flowers before they fell into the well.

On going up some stone steps into a little room from which we could look out upon the golden roof, we saw below a steady line of devotees bringing water in their brass bowls, often with flowers floating on the water, in honor of the gods. It was some special holy-day, and crowds had come in from the surrounding country to bathe in the Ganges and bring water from the sacred river to pour over the statues of the different divinities. We dared not enter into the temple itself, in fact we dared not pollute any of these dirty holes with our Christian footsteps. But steady lines of native worshippers were passing in and out.

We saw, however, the sacred cows, about thirty or forty in number, and the Brahmin bull. These sacred cows looked well and fat; in fact, they were about the only fat animals we had seen in India, and many of them wandered about the crowd like pet dogs.

Stones from the Ganges, cut in nice smooth shapes, were also considered holy, and were brought as offerings to the temple. In front of the temple was a place for the offering of sacrifices. There the devout natives bring their goats, and frequently pigs and other animals, to be offered up to the Hindoo gods.

The next morning we rose early and drove to the banks of the Ganges, arriving there at sunrise. Different rajahs

BATHING GHAT, CALCUTTA.

have built bathing-ghats for the use of pilgrims, as a sort of memorial of themselves. The banks of the Ganges at Benares are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high, and these ghats are built all the way up from the water's edge, and then rise two or three stories above the level of the bank. They are constructed of carved stone, with towers in a great variety of architecture. To these places the people flock by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of bathing in the sacred waters and offering up their prayers.

The windows, or rather doors — for all the openings are doors — of these ghats, face the east. Down the long flights of stone steps leading from the banks to the water's edge came a continuous line of men, women, and children, each carrying some vessel, either of pottery or brass, of various sizes, and with an extra piece of muslin to drape around them after bathing. They enter the water near the edge, dressed in their muslin chuddas. Before and after, and even while they are standing in the water, they are praying. Some stand with their arms extended towards the east for a long time. Others dip their hands in the water and rub them together, and then touch their eyes or hold their noses. Some scatter flowers upon the water, as it goes flowing past. Many made the sign of the cross over their bodies, — of course with no thought of Christian faith, the cross being perhaps the oldest of all religious emblems. Their ways were various, but all were devout, standing with their faces to the sunrise.

As we beheld these thousands of Hindoos so devoted to the requirements of their faith, I could not help thinking how few Christians would go so far at that early hour to worship according to their belief. It is difficult enough to get many of our people to go once a week to sit in a nicely-cushioned pew, even if they drive there in an easy carriage. And yet in these very churches large collections are taken up to change the faith of those who are willing to walk hundreds of miles, sleeping at night by the roadside, in order that they may win a blessing by bathing in the sacred river. Certainly, if honest faith is in itself a good thing, these poor millions of India have it to the greatest extent.

As we passed along, a dead body was being burned at the edge of the water. They place the body on the fire, and keep putting the burning wood over it until it is consumed. The ashes are put into the Ganges. We asked ourselves whether this was not as desirable a mode as any other of disposing of the dead.

On the twenty-second, after lunch, we started for the palace of the present Maharajah of Benares, which is opposite the city on the other side of the Ganges. When we were near the palace of the Rajah of Vizianagram, one of our horses got the staggers, and we seemed in a bad plight. But our bearer, Francis, was as usual equal to the occasion. He went to the adjacent palace, making his salaam to the head man, the Rajah's representative, and as a result a pair of horses, a coachman, and two *syces* were put at our disposal,

and a carriage also was offered. So we started off in style again, everybody clearing the way for the galloping horses and the livery of the Maharajah.

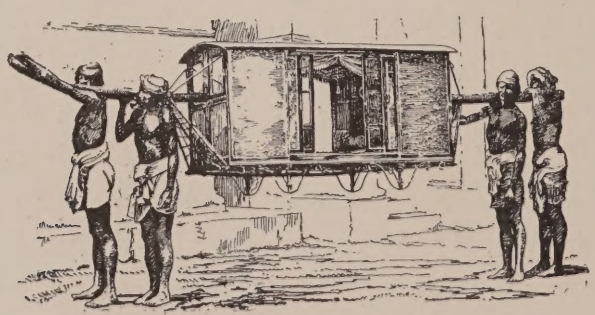
Our lucky star still continued to shine upon us; for, after crossing the river in a boat and walking to the palace, we met the oldest son of the Maharajah just starting for a drive. He placed a man at our disposal to show us through the palace, and had a carriage in waiting to take us a mile to see a temple, and some of his gardens, and then carry us to the boat. So, on the whole, we had even a more delightful afternoon than we had hoped for, in spite of the accident.

We were amused one day to hear the remark made that the only things detested by the Hindoos are a widow and a black dog. As to the widows, young girls in the higher castes are betrothed when they are very young, some at even two and three years of age, — and are married at twelve or fourteen. If the man to whom one of them is betrothed dies, she is a widow for the rest of her life. She can never marry, but becomes a drudge in the family. If at any time she varies from the rules thus laid down by custom, she disgraces not only her immediate family but all her relatives; and though they do not kill her at once, she is starved or worried to death.

A lady who has been a missionary among the higher castes said that if a child is very rich she is sometimes betrothed as soon as she is born. For the first two or three years she is allowed to run about, but after four or five she is kept in the house. At about eight, she is sent to the house of

the prospective father-in-law. Then she keeps within the walls of the dwelling. She can see her father and brothers, and the younger brothers of the husband, and his father also, but not his older brothers. She feels it a disgrace to have other men see her. If her husband comes to the door, she covers her face as a mark of great respect. And these women never mention the name of the husband, father, or any man to whom they wish to show respect. Even in reading, if they come to the revered name they will pause a moment, and then continue to read. The houses are all built with a court-yard in the middle, and the flat roof on which they constantly walk or sit has a high wall around it. In this way the women get the needful air and sunlight. But there are those who have lived and died without seeing a tree or a flower. And yet they seem to be quite happy, apparently desiring no greater liberty.

The snake-charmers are ready to entertain us each time we return to the hotel. They have boa-constrictors, cobras, and six other varieties of the charming creatures, together with scorpions, all of which I turn from in disgust.



CHAPTER XVII.

Allahabad — The Bungalows — Fakirs — Cawnpore — The Indian Mutiny — Nana Sahib — Lucknow — The Patriarch's Place — — Agra — The Taj Mahal by Moonlight — Tomb of Sultan Akbar — Native Divers — The Hindoos — Delhi — Old Moguls — War News — Kutab — Jeypore — Elephant-Riding — Ambra — Tiger-Hunting — Bombay — The Parsees — Variety in Costumes — Fine Houses — Shipping Mules — Caste — Elephantine Caves — The Towers of Silence — Parsee Burial Customs — Hindoo Crematory.

IT is about four hours' ride by rail from Benares to Allahabad. The Indian bungalows are curious homes; our room at Allahabad had no windows. It had four doors, each opening into another room; for light we depended upon a skylight. The walls of all bungalows are built very thick, with the object of keeping out the heat, which is intense the greater part of the year.

Allahabad dates back in its origin to some period before the Christian era, and, being at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, is like Benares a very sacred place. We saw hundreds of people on their way to and from the rivers. They were holding a fair at the time, and the bank was covered with booths. Pilgrims were coming from different parts

of the country, — among them fakirs all covered with ashes, and with only a cloth around their loins, their uncut, uncombed hair hanging about their faces.

The natives were driving large flocks of guinea-fowls down to the river to sell.

We visited the fort, to see the monolith of Asoka, a round column of solid stone forty-two feet high, said to have been erected by Asoka, 240 B. C. We also went into the subterranean temple, to see a portion of an undying banyan tree, that we were told had been there for hundreds of years. A crowd of pilgrims were passing in and out, scattering flowers and praying, and some were embracing the tree, or rather the portion that was there. It was a dirty, dark place. Then we went into an equally unpleasant passage about fifty yards long, the guides taking lights that we might be able to see where numbers of niches were cut in the walls, with old stone gods in them. I was glad to get out again, especially as now and then I saw a rat running around.

There are some nice bungalows and gardens in Allahabad, "the city of God," and the streets in the foreign portion of the town are very well laid out, being broad, crossing at right angles, and bordered with trees, among them many acacias and tamarinds.

Our objective point was Bombay, where we could take a steamship to Suez. But, on the way, we designed stopping at various points of interest.

At Cawnpore, — memorable for its connection with the famous ~~meeting~~ mutiny of 1857–8, — we drove to the memorial

church and the well, over which a monument has been placed; these are surrounded by a beautiful garden, into which no native can enter except as a servant or workman.

We also visited the suttee Chowra Ghat. This is the point where General Wheeler and his command, together with the English women and children, were promised the privilege of going in boats down the river. After filling twenty-eight boats with the men, the followers of Nana fired upon them, and through this treachery all were killed, except two or three who escaped down the river. The women and children were driven back and imprisoned. Hearing of the approach of General Havelock, Nana had them taken out, butchered, and thrown into the well.

General Wheeler had two daughters; one ran and jumped into the well, the other went off with Nana. I have never seen this in print, but it was related to us as being true. We were also told Nana has never been heard of since; but this daughter of General Wheeler was seen in Delhi about seven years ago, and is said to be still there.

Lucknow is a much prettier place than Cawnpore, and the historical points of interest are kept to a great degree in the ruined condition in which the revolt left them. Then there are wonderful old buildings erected by the Kings of Oudh, — temples, gateways, seraglios, palaces, all built of stone, and generally stuccoed, of which I despair giving any adequate impression. The largest edifice is the great Imambara. In this is a large hall, one hundred and sixty-seven by fifty-two feet, and sixty-three feet high; the tomb

of the first King of Oudh being in the centre. The building itself has wings, and is very extensive, and there does not seem to be any wood-work about it; all is stone.

Although it was the dry season, we had some showers while in Lucknow, and a wind-storm; the latter being a portion probably of a north-east monsoon from the coast, which had wandered out of its regular pathway. I felt safe from the wind, however, in our strong walled, one-story stone bungalow. It may be that they have adopted this strong, low mode of building, as a protection from the tropical hurricanes and earthquakes, as well as from the heat.

We arrived at Agra in the beginning of February. Nearing the city at four o'clock, we saw the wonderful Taj in the distance, — but scarcely looked at it, for we wanted to get our first near view by moonlight. After dinner we drove to it, the night being all we could ask; the full moon shining grandly in the heavens. After passing through the marvellous gateway, we entered the garden, and stood silently looking up a long avenue, lined on both sides with trees and flowers, at the end of which rose the white marble Taj Mahal, erected by Shah Juhan for his beautiful queen Moontaza Zumanee, "the light of the world."

The guide-books tell us that this was erected about two hundred and fifty years ago; that it took twenty-two thousand men twenty-two years to build it; that it stands on a marble terrace four hundred feet square, with a minaret at each corner two hundred and twenty-five feet high; but all

LUCKNOW.

I have ever read or imagined had not prepared me for the exquisite beauty of this tomb.

On the front of the gateway there is an inscription which ends with an invitation to the pure in heart to enter the garden of Paradise. And the stillness of the scene, with the moonlight softening all the lights and shadows into exquisite beauty, was purifying of itself to any one who entered on such an evening as that in which we beheld it.

The mausoleum occupies a space one hundred and eighty-six feet square. The central dome is eighty feet high and fifty feet in diameter. On entering this great dome-covered space, which for a small fee the guides light with blue lights, one sees immediately beneath the dome two cenotaphs of beautifully carved marble, inlaid with flowers in precious stones. These are in memory of Shah Jehan and his queen, to whom he vowed on her death-bed he would rear a sepulchre that should be the most beautiful in the world. Surrounding these is a carved open-work marble screen, ten feet high, with a mosaic border of precious stones, of turquoise, jasper, cornelian, lapis lazuli, agate, and onyx. The ashes of the dead are contained in two sarcophagi below.

There is a wonderful echo in this mausoleum. A voice sang a few sweet notes, which reverberated till they passed off like the music of an Æolian harp. The marble of the Taj Mahal is as pure and white as though just quarried. There is a fascination in its wondrous beauty, which attracts one to visit it again and again to enjoy the effects of different lights and shadows.

Six miles out, on the road taken by the old Moguls when going to Cashmere and Lahore, is the tomb of Sultan Akbar. It was from this tomb the famous Kohinoor diamond was taken. It was inserted in a marble vase about five feet high, that stood at the foot of a wonderfully carved cenotaph; and so placed that the sun shining on the diamond would have its rays reflected on the top of the tomb.

The sarcophagus lies in a vaulted dome below. This mausoleum rises in five terraces to the height of one hundred feet, and around it is a wall of marble about three hundred feet square, cut to resemble a screen of lace-work. Large blocks of marble, one and a half inches thick, are cut so beautifully in various designs as to assume at a distance the appearance of lace-work.

When visiting the fort and palace — the oldest portion was built by Akbar — we saw within the walls the wonderful Moti Musjed, or Pearl Mosque, so called from its pure white marble and unromantic appearance; very perfect in style and proportion. This was built by Shah Jehan in 1654. There are also other magnificent buildings — palaces, audience-halls, and gardens for games and elephant-fights. One has a parchisi board inlaid in the garden, where girls dressed in different colors were the pieces to move. Then there were buildings where the women and children played blind-man's-buff; these had puzzle-stairways; there is a beautiful boudoir of carved and inlaid marble, for the chief sultana; a palace of glass, and an oriental bath, the walls and ceilings of the chambers and palaces being covered with pieces of mir-

rors, fitted and inlaid in different shapes, giving a most curious effect.

I may mention here that the roads are excellent all through India. In a drive of twenty-four miles to Futtehpur-Sikri, the road was shaded nearly all the way on both sides with trees. We were salaamed with obsequious respect by the natives as we passed them. There was little beauty in the landscape, however, the land was so flat, though well wooded. You can generally mark the lines of the road, or of the irregular canals, by the trees that invariably border them.

One sees a great variety of birds — paroquets, blue-jays, minas (something like our robins), storks, herons, etc.

The two towns of Futtehpur and Sikri were inclosed by a wall seven miles around, in 1569, by Sultan Akbar. His son and successor was born there. Finding the water bad for his health he went to Agra; and all that pile of masonry, — palaces, mosques, and tombs, was abandoned. The hall of the large mosque would hold fifteen thousand people. These old ruins are also wonderful, but of the same general kind as I have already described. Our old guide, a reputed descendant of the Takei Sulim, stood on the altar-steps and repeated a Mohammedan service. His intoned voice rang through the great halls. At the close he said, "God is great!" His grandson responded, "Let His glory shine!"

This boy translated for us the passages his grandfather read from the walls, and in answer to a question said, "Buddhist say Buddha is God. Mohammedan say Mohammed is God. Hindoo say Christi is God. European say Christ is

God. It is all the same." I do not know whether any class of Mohammedans in India say "Mohammed is God," as this would seem to signify; but, as we all know, the general code of Islam is, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet." As to the Hindoos, Krishna is the incarnation of the God Vishnu, who occupies also the second place in the Hindoo Trinity. The resemblance between our Christ and the Hindoo Chrishna or Krishna — both occupying the second place in the Trinity — is certainly strange.

One of the palaces here was built in the Turkish style for the Sultan's Mohammedan wife; and there was another palace for the Hindoo wife; and a third someway for a Christu wife — each palace vying with the other in elegance.

While gazing on these old palaces at Futtehpur-Sikri, I had the misfortune, while too intent on the carving of a stone roof, of stepping into a drain instead of over it; it was just large enough to catch my foot; the result was a bad fall. This fact is not interesting to readers, except so far as they can imagine a picture of one woman amid a lot of natives, who responded to a call for water by rushing off and bringing a pigskin full, and commencing to throw it over her as if watering a street. Our good Francis, who was off duty for the time, hearing of the accident, came hastily and drove the others away, though they were full of good intentions and very sympathetic. It was the only time I failed to have my Japanese charm in my pocket! In the midst of the excitement, some gentlemen came in who had been shooting outside the walls, and brought in wild peacock, quail, and hares.

When walking one day, we came to a wonderful gateway. On each side were turreted cloisters, and outside, to the right, was a large tank of water thirty feet deep. The turreted wall, standing about twelve feet back from this tank, rose eighty feet high. From the top of this wall, for one rupee — forty-five cents — three native men, one at a time, leaped into the water-tank. Each threw a small stone into it before jumping, apparently to get the curve. My heart stood still as they went through the air, and struck, feet foremost, with a great thud in the water. Swimming out, they came towards us with smiles to claim their reward.

While in India we saw several drunken Christians, but never saw a native intoxicated or fighting; they seem generally quiet and happy. They sometimes talk loudly to each other, and look angry, but they do not strike. Even the children do not appear quarrelsome. In many respects, however, they lead lives to us strange and almost indescribable.

Delhi, which we visited after Agra, is a walled city with eleven gates. Its older portion is contemporaneous with Nineveh, and the time of the Exodus, and is a curious old place. It has been possessed in turn by Hindoos, Mohammedans, Tartars, Afghans, and Moguls, and now is in the hands of the British.

Some of the gates have been battered down by cannon-balls; and the old palaces and other buildings show the effects of the many attacks upon them. The fort and palace of the Moguls are very interesting. In the hall of audience stands the wonderful Peacock-Throne, composed of gold

and precious stones, which is said to have cost six million pounds sterling. Those old Moguls knew what was beautiful, and let nothing stand in the way of their selfish desires.

Between the two walls in the old city of Firozabad we saw a stone pillar erected by Asoka three hundred years before Christ. It is a single shaft of pale pinkish sandstone, forty-two feet high, standing on a sort of three-storied structure.

As we drove back to the town in the glow of a beautiful sunset, the domes and minarets of Jama Masjio, the great Mosque of Shah Jahan, stood out in fine relief against the golden light. From the beauty of that, we were attracted by the sight of a great number of monkeys, going to find quarters for the night. The big ones had, nearly all of them, baby monkeys sitting on their backs as they ran up into the trees; and the fence and gate-posts in the vicinity each had a monkey sitting in solemn stillness upon it. Many well-loaded camels passed along the road, and jackals cried loudly in the distance.

While we were in India the war-news from Egypt called out very free expressions of opinion from the English residents as to the course of the Gladstone ministry. Everyone we heard speak on the subject condemned the course of the government and its failure to support and relieve General Gordon. It was evident that they did not think in India that their hold upon the country could not be shaken. And we saw enough to convince us that if Russia attempts to take a walk over the border there is a

great doubt felt of England's ability to make her march back again. The native soldiers can be relied upon to defend English interests in Egypt; but I should not like, if I were English born, to depend upon them to a very great extent in India. They might get it into their heads that India was meant primarily for the natives.

Driving about in the early morning, we would see the people walking along with their *recides* over their shoulders, in the scriptural "take up thy bed and walk" fashion. We that were journeying in India all took up our beds and carried our covers and pillows. But Francis did as all other servants did; he lay down outside our door on the stone floor of the veranda, spreading out one *recide* and rolling himself up in another. In the morning they roll the *recides* up, and there the bundle lies outside the door all day.

The multitude roll themselves up, head and all, in their *recides*, and tumble in a heap somewhere. When morning comes, they take up their beds and walk off.

The men of Delhi are of the Persian type, though their habits are similar to those of the natives of other parts of India. Many of the children have dark rims painted around their eyes, which it is thought lessen the effect of the glare from the vivid sunlight. Most of the little children are very interesting.

As we drove through the ruins of the old city of Delhi, it was wonderful to see dome after dome rising near and far, even to the distant horizon. These old temples and mausoleums are witnesses not only to the wealth and power of the

Mogul dynasty, but they attest also the high architectural genius of those ancient times.

For the distance of ten miles the entire surface of the ground is covered with the ruins of the famous old city of Delhi.

The dome of the Emperor Humayan's tomb is said to be about three-fourths the size of that of St. Paul's Cathedral in London

On reaching Kutab we visited the Hindoo temple, seeing the strange carvings on the sandstone pillars; there are hundreds of them, no two being alike. The wonder of Kutab is the stone-tower two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, forty-seven feet in diameter at the base, and about nine feet at the top; it is in convex flutings up to the third story. This much was built by a Hindoo king; the two stories above were added by a Mohammedan, who married this Hindoo king's daughter, for whom the first three were built, in order that she might from the top see the river Jumna every morning when offering prayer.

On our arrival at Jeypore we sent word to the Maharajah's agent, that we should like to visit the palaces in the city, and also at Ambra. He sent us a card of admission, and a message that when we went to Ambra an elephant would meet us to take us up the hills. When about three miles from Ambra, we left the carriage, and there was ready for us a large elephant with a howdah on which we sat back to back. The old fellow knelt down in order that we might mount a

ladder to get on him. We sat on the howdah, having a board on which to put our feet, A. on one side and I on the other, with Francis to hold an umbrella over me. When the elephant began to rise, it was a very peculiar motion; and when he started to walk the peculiarity increased. One man sat nearly upon his head, with a leg hanging back of each ear; he kept up an active kicking with his feet, and with an iron prod poked at the animal's head when he thought it necessary. Another native walked behind, and with a similar prod gave the elephant a poke now and then, saying, "Ugh! ugh!" to quicken his speed. The fastest gait was much the pleasantest to the riders; and at the end of six miles we found we could adapt ourselves to the motion.

Francis informed me that it was easier than camel-riding: he said, "Camel most break Missy's body two pieces."

The old palace, built five hundred years ago, was a wonderful place. In room after room, the walls and the arched ceilings were formed of mirrors and flowers, in various designs, making of the whole a mass of glittering light.

A woman, shut up in one of these old palaces, could walk for hours and get plenty of exercise, with no danger of being seen by strange men. I thought often of Ben Hur and Mr. Isaacs, when walking over the housetops, all of the houses having flat stone roofs; the people live on them instead of on the ground.

Our friends at home may often have wondered why A. did not go tiger-hunting. We are apt to think in America of shooting tigers in India, as Englishmen fancy they can hunt

the buffalo in the neighborhood of New York and Philadelphia. But to hunt tigers meant to remain in India until and through the summer months; to run the risk of getting the fever by going into the jungles; and the additional risk — which, of course, no true sportsman would shrink from — of the tiger getting you, instead of you getting the tiger. For the English officers and others, who are forced to live during the hot weather in India, it is very well to get up some exciting sport of this kind; but every one that we consulted upon the subject of staying for the purpose of tiger-hunting, agreed in saying that the game was not worth the candle. A summer in India is not a thing to be coveted unless one remains up among the Himalayas; human nature is contrary, and where you are forced to stay is usually the spot you wish to leave.

On the seventeenth of February we reached Bombay, after a ride of two nights and one day from Jeypore. The road was very dusty, but the railway carriages were comfortable. We found the country hilly, and where the hills receded from the road, the land was under good cultivation.

Our impressions of Bombay were more pleasing than of any other of the cities of India which we visited. There are a great many Parsees there, and the dressing of the Parsee women and children is very remarkable for richness. Silk and satin of the brightest colors are worn most gracefully by the women. The children are dressed in silk and satin trousers and little jackets, with picturesque little embroidered hats. Americans think a long shawl is made to be folded,

with the corners hanging down; according to native style, one end should be fastened so as to form a skirt, the other end passed around and up over the shoulder or head, in any way that fancy dictates.

The wealthy people of Bombay live out on a point called Malabar Hill. Here they have pretty bungalows, which are much pleasanter than usual, because in Bombay they can have open windows, and light in their houses, and they get a nice sea-breeze in the spring months. But it must be a horrible place to live in during the monsoon season, for they have floods of rain for nearly three months, with occasional exceptions of two or three days.

The Parsees have some beautiful houses, large palace-like buildings. Families club together, not only two or three generations of the same family, but cousins and others, and live under the same roof. I think it a great proof of the possession of good sense and good manners, to say nothing of general amiability, for families to be able thus to live together.

We continued to find kind friends ever ready to entertain us, and followed the universal fashion in India, of having our bearer always accompany us.

When dining out, I always knew my position at table by seeing Francis behind the chair. In serving courses, the bearer of the invited guests always assisted those belonging to the host. If we were invited to pass the night, our own pillows and *recides* were taken with us. A bedstead, mattress, and one sheet are always provided, and Francis

always secured an extra sheet for each bed. In the bungalows of most of the foreign residents a full supply is provided, sometimes in very beautiful style.

One is never expected to give a thought in regard to the meals or sleeping accommodations of one's bearer. He is expected to be always ready for duty, and ours always was,—seeing that the *chota ajaree* (early breakfast), of tea and toast, was on time; that the *re-on* (house-man) attended to the rooms; and that the *dobie* (washer-man) did his work well.

We attended the races one day when seven Arabian ponies were to run. This of course brought out a great many Arabs in their peculiar costume. The grand-stand was very gay with a large number of ladies in full toilet. The Governor, Sir James Ferguson, was among the party. The natives made a bright picture,—immense crowds of men in the gayest colors and every variety of dress, no two of them seeming to be alike.

On Sunday a number of troops were being shipped to reinforce the army in Soudan, and we went down to the dock to see them going off. The Sikhs are a fine-looking set of men, both in face and physique. Stores and mules were also being shipped, and getting the mules on board was troublesome work. But they managed it nicely. They simply put a strip of canvas on their backs as they would a saddle, then, suddenly slipping it around under them, the first the mule knew of anything serious being intended he found himself hoisted into the air, and swinging over the hold of the ship. Some of the mules would kick and rebel vigorously,

while others, wiser or tamer, would succumb at once. They manifested as much difference of character as people do in submitting to the inevitable.

The next day we drove out to see Crawford Market. It is a very large building, with a beautiful garden in the centre of the lot.

The natives were very pressing in their invitations to buy: "Mamma, buy this," "Fader," or "Papa," buy the other. To use these terms seemed to be the highest compliment they could pay us, much more than "sir" or "madam."

We also visited Victoria Garden, a pretty place, though there are not many flowers. There are a number of flowering trees in India, and we saw beautiful scarlet and white blossoms on leafless boughs, as our early magnolias bloom.

When driving through the native bazaars on our way back, in the early evening when the streets were full of people, I thought that if we had just arrived from England, and this was our first drive among the natives, I should have felt very nervous. But we had grown so accustomed to their ways that we did not mind it. And, besides, among these natives of India, one has a feeling of safety and reliance that cannot be felt among the Chinese. There seems a general kindly spirit among them, which perhaps is owing in part to their belonging, with us, to the same great Aryan race.

But the difference of caste is something we find it difficult to understand. The caste to which the father belongs is also the caste of the child, and he never can rise

above it. The priests are supposed to spring from the mouth of Brahma, the warriors from his arms, the farmers and merchants from his thighs, and the servants and laborers from his feet. Then there are the pariahs; these are outcasts, and perform the most servile labor. Every man and woman, and most children, carry a brass or copper bowl about with them. These they are constantly filling, when travelling; the reason of this is that if one were injured, or dying of thirst, no one of a higher caste would give them a drink out of his bowl, and they would die before drinking from the bowl of one belonging to a lower caste. They appear to recognize the peculiar caste in an instant.

The streets in the foreign portion of Bombay are very broad and fine, with many handsome buildings. In the native quarters the houses are often six stories high. The mounting of so many steps must be very tiresome to those accustomed to the one-story bungalows in other portions of India.

Taking a steam-launch, and going seven miles across the harbor, we reached the little island of Elephanta. It takes its name from a gigantic figure of an elephant, which formerly stood near the landing, but has now fallen into decay. There are large caves on the island, which have been hewn out of the solid rock to serve as temples; and in them are colossal figures supposed to be symbolical, but not originally intended for idols. Among them is one of Trimurte, the three-faced image of the Hindoo Trinity,—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer.

ELEPHANTINE CAVES, NEAR BOMBAY.

These cave-temples are so old that all but traditional knowledge about them is lost; they are believed to be at least two thousand years old, and possibly may be five thousand. They are very remarkable, and show many points of similarity to the symbols of the Hebrews and Christians. For instance, there are two large figures, representing, as we would say, Adam and Eve and the serpent. In another place there is a cross and a shepherd's crook, and figures kneeling, with their hands upraised and clasped. In another place are two angels resembling Raphael's angels; and many figures of angels floating in space. These caves are well worth visiting.

One Saturday we got a permit from our Parsee hotel-manager to visit the Parsee burial-place, or the "Towers of Silence." These are always situated on rocky hills. We ascended a pretty drive to reach the one we visited; and on entering the grounds, after leaving the carriage, we had to walk up a number of steps, at the top of which we were met by a Parsee guide. It was a very pretty garden, and on walking through it we saw at several different points round towers three hundred feet in circumference and twenty-five feet in height. On several of them sat hundreds of vultures. No one is allowed to go within one hundred feet of these towers. We were told that one of them is over two hundred years old; it is the oldest one in India.

During our visit we were shown a model of these towers. There was no grating upon them, as we had heard; but, about ten or twelve feet below the top of the wall, is laid a

solid stone floor, which slopes towards the centre. Around this there are three distinct circles; the outer one is for men, the second for women, and the third or central for little children. The three rows were symbolical of good deeds, good words, and good thoughts, — three important features in the religion of Zoroaster.

In the very centre of the stone floor is a stone well, from the bottom of which run four drains, through which the rain-water is carried off. But, — as the Parsees believe that Earth, Fire, and Water, which are so useful to mankind, must not be defiled, — they pass the water through charcoal and sandstone in order to purify it.

The guide informed us that the family, after death, wash and dress the remains of the departed; and that then people of another caste, appointed for the purpose, take entire charge of the body. No matter how great the distance to the towers, the corpse is carried on an iron bier by official corpse-bearers; the mourners following in pairs, dressed in white flowing robes, each pair joined hand in hand by holding a white handkerchief between them in token of sympathetic grief.

The corpse-bearers are divided into three classes, named Nassas, Alars, and Khandias; the former having gone through certain religious ceremonies are alone exclusively privileged to carry the corpse into the towers.

When the path in front of the tower is reached, prayers are offered; after which the face of the dead can be looked upon for the last time, but no one is allowed to touch the

body. The carriers, after changing their clothing, take all the garments off the body, — these are subsequently destroyed, — and carry the corpse to the place allotted to it. According to their sacred writing this stripping of the body is necessary; for it is said, "Naked we come into the world, and naked we ought to leave it." Within an hour the vultures have left nothing but the bones; these soon dry under the tropical sun, and are then thrown into the well, where they decompose and are carried by the water to the earth from which they came. I expressed a feeling of repugnance at the form. A Parsee said, "You bury in the sea, or give the bodies of your dead to be eaten more slowly by worms."

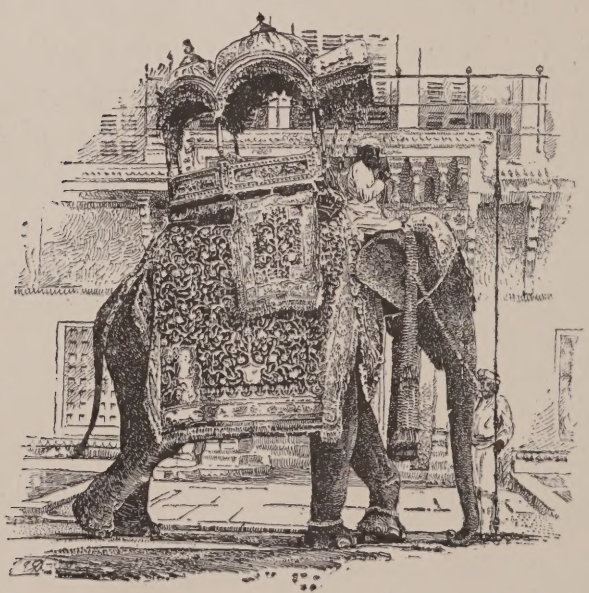
Visitors are never admitted to a Parsee ground during a burial-service. The Parsees, as a class, have remarkably good faces, and both of us were rather attracted by them.

Some of them have a decidedly Jewish cast of features; though there is nothing of the peculiar Jewish shrewdness in the expression.

Speaking of burial rites, every evening at Bombay we saw five or six fires burning at a Hindoo crematory in the very heart of the city. There is a high wall around the place, but during the day we saw the wood taken in. Some of the wealthy Hindoos pay two thousand rupees (nearly one thousand dollars) for burning a body, — having only sandal-wood and expensive spices used.

We enjoyed greatly our visit to Bombay. The bright varied costumes of the inhabitants were a constant pleasure to the eye. The visitor notices the gay colors and tasteful

arrangement of the *sarees* of the women, and the many colored turbans of the men, with their various and picturesque styles of dressing. Sometimes among the passing crowds you will see a Mohammedan stop and spread his mat, slip off his shoes, and bow his head to the ground; say his short prayer, and rising again, walk off quietly. We call him a heathen, but he certainly impresses us with the sincerity of his belief. There is nothing like becoming acquainted with the various nations of the earth, to increase liberality of thought.



CHAPTER XVIII.

VOYAGE FROM BOMBAY TO SUEZ — ADEN — MOCHA COFFEE FROM JAVA — SUAKIN — THE RED SEA — SUEZ — SAND-STORMS — A NEW DRAGOMAN — AN EGYPTIAN FAMILY — NATIVE HUTS — CAIRO — HOWLING DERVISHES — THE PYRAMIDS — MUMMIES — FLEAS — ALEXANDRIA.

E left Bombay on the tenth of March in the steamer Cathay, for a voyage across the Arabian Sea and up the Red Sea to Suez, and then by rail to Cairo. After he had arranged our cabin and got everything comfortable for us, we parted from our faithful bearer, Francis.

There were sixty passengers in the saloon-cabin; and we should have had more, if the furlough of many who were among the officers had not been revoked at the last moment, owing to the Egyptian troubles. There were a large number of ladies and children, going home to England to avoid the summer heats. After a few years stay in India, they begin to droop, and require a change of climate. Husbands in the India service learn to live without their wives. One officer told me he had been married thirteen years, and during that time had lived only three years with his wife; having been stationed where it was not safe to take her.

On this voyage we made up again the day we had lost in crossing the Pacific, setting back our watches nearly half an hour daily.

On the twelfth we first saw the land of Arabia; and having been told that it never rains more than once in three years at Aden — at which place we anchored — we were astonished that it should rain hard all the morning. There having been some cases of cholera in the Bombay Presidency before we sailed, orders were given to go into quarantine. A yellow flag was run up to the mast-head. It seemed a needless precaution, as there had been no case of sickness on board the ship. Yet the order prevented any communication from the ship to the land.

The native men and boys came out in canoes, just as they had done at Honolulu and Singapore; they would dive after money the passengers tossed overboard, putting it when found into their cheeks, in precisely the same style. These however were blacker, and most of them had curly, red, mop-like heads. Many wonderful divers were among them.

The land at Aden looks very barren. In ancient times this was a great city, the centre of trade between Arabia, Egypt, and India. Even in the Middle Ages it was a large and wealthy place. Now it is held by the British as a military post, and is very unattractive in appearance.

While we were lying there, one hundred tons of coffee were put on board the ship for New York, nearly all of which had been brought from Sumatra, Borneo, Ceylon, and

Java, rebagged at Aden, and marked and shipped to New York as genuine Mocha coffee!

The entrance of the Red Sea seems to be a dangerous sailing-ground, for we passed three wrecks lying there. We were about ten or fifteen miles from the Arabian shore, and could see the white dome of a mosque in Mocha, and the town itself.

We had expected to be overcome with the heat on the Red Sea, but we found it very breezy. They say that the current of wind draws into this narrow sea at each end, and it is only in the centre that an unusual intensity of heat is frequently felt, it being so hot sometimes that for two or three days one can hardly breathe.

We passed Suakim, where it was reported a battle might be going on near enough to the shore to have heard the sound of cannon, but we heard nothing. Our friends at home, by the aid of the telegraph, would know with more certainty whether a battle was being fought, than we who were passing within fifty miles of the place.

We reached the region of the north wind without experiencing any unpleasant heat, and were told it was an exceptionally good voyage. Then we passed the Twelve Apostles, a group of twelve islands on the Arabian side.

On the night of the sixteenth we entered the Gulf of Suez, a strong gale blowing, the sea running high, and the weather quite cold. The next morning we looked upon the sands of Egypt, the peninsula of Sinai, and the veritable Mount Sinai in the distance. When about three miles

distant from the entrance to the canal, the yellow flag was again hoisted, and we lay in quarantine for twenty-four hours. Moses' Well, where the pilgrims stop on their way to Mecca, was on the opposite shore; we saw the palm-trees around it. We also saw a great whirlwind of sand,—an enormous column which rose to an immense height, then scattered and floated like a great cloud. Soon afterwards we saw another sand-storm in the distance. Ships were constantly passing in and out of the canal. We floated gradually nearer, and, by the time the health-officer allowed us to land, the Cathay was quite near to the entrance.

Just before we left the ship, an attractive-looking native came on deck, and finding that we intended to go ashore, immediately proceeded to take charge of us. After we landed, it required three miles of railroad riding before reaching Suez, which is a most forlorn and wretched-looking place. As there is only one train a day for Alexandria, and it had gone, it was necessary to go to the only hotel in Suez and remain all night.

The native, Hassan Ali,—who we supposed was a runner for the hotel,—proved to be a dragoman or a guide desirous of a situation; he wanted to go with us. As he had excellent testimonials—from Miss Bird, among others—and we liked his looks, we engaged him. In truth, we felt as though the very man we needed had fallen at our feet. As Hassan expressed a strong desire that we should go to his house before leaving Suez, we walked through

the dusty ways about half a mile, until at last we turned into a narrow street, and saw a baby crawling through the dust, which was delighted to see its papa. Hassan picked up the dirty little creature and manifested much affection. We followed him up a flight of stone steps into a room about eighteen feet square. The floor was covered with Turkish rugs, and there was a cushioned bench on one side. Hassan said his wife had "gone to sleep" about a month previous; but his two sisters were living with him, and his mother was coming. He then handed us some drink, which I suppose was sherbet, as it was sweetened, and flavored with lemon and rose-water; it was a very delicate drink indeed. Then a metal vase was brought containing lighted charcoal with incense sprinkled over it; it filled the room with fragrance. While this was burning, the tiniest little cups of Mocha coffee, the real Mocha, were brought to us. It was the most delicious coffee we had ever tasted. Hassan said this was the way the Egyptians always entertained those guests to whom they wished to show special honor.

Two of Hassan's little sons came in and took our right hands, kissed the palms and then the backs, then touched their foreheads and left us. Speaking of his family, I asked if he had to support all of them. He said, "Yes, I must take care of my mother as I would of my eyes." He then asked me to come and see his sisters.

A. said interrogatively, "An old fellow like I am can go?" But Hassan replied: "Beg pardon, master; Mohammedan woman can only see her husband." He might more

properly have said, "Her husband only can see her," for, frequently having her eyes uncovered even when veiled, she can see everybody.

As we entered the room the women rose from the floor on which they had been sitting, and smiling kindly, extended their hands. I clasped that of the first, but saw at once that my manner was unexpected; I merely laid my hand against the next one offered. After this they touched their foreheads and breasts; this form was repeated when I left them. Hearing a suspicious rustling behind us on leaving, I am inclined to think they took a hasty glance at the strange man before he departed from the house.

On returning to the hotel, we realized our proximity to the seat-of-war. We saw many officers of the medical staff, and the young hospital-nurses in their gray dresses with white collars, cuffs and aprons, and little caps. They were awaiting orders to go to Suakim, as a hospital-ship was being prepared for an expected battle.

We left Suez the next morning, the road first running along in view of the canal for some distance, then crossing the desert. At places where the land is irrigated from the canal which carries the water of the Nile into Suez it produces well; and proves thus that only water is needed to make this country become fertile. The few villages are made up of cave-like houses; the walls are about eight feet high, made of stone and clay; sometimes there is a little window six inches square, or a door to enter by; sometimes a flat roof made of sticks and dirt.

SUEZ CANAL.

Not an article of furniture is to be seen in these houses. The family lie down in the sand, or sit up in circles to talk. This is the "home," and this the social life, of the fellahs or peasants of Egypt, whose lot for hundreds of years it has been to be taxed unmercifully that the rulers of the land may squander millions on costly palaces and scores of wives. No matter what the religion or the nation that dominates in Egypt, as in India, the condition of the millions of tillers of the soil remains about the same.

We reached Cairo about five o'clock in the afternoon, having had a good day, with no strong wind blowing. Shepard's Hotel, to which we went, was the best we had found since leaving Hong Kong. It is kept by Frenchmen, though some English is spoken. As we drove through the city, we were surprised to find it so large a place. It appeared to be filled with French and Egyptians; though the English were in control, and "held the fort." "Britons, hold your own!" says Lord Tennyson; "and all you can get besides!" a passing traveller might add.

The next morning we started off to see the sights. The citadel contains a very fine mosque, — the finest in Egypt, — built by Mohammed Ali, commenced in 1824 and finished in 1857.

Here we saw Joseph's Well, which Hassan said is one thousand feet deep. The way down to the water leads through a dark narrow passage, winding around the outside of the wall of the well; now and then places are cut through the wall to admit the outer light. A guide led the way for us

with a lighted candle. After going some distance, I concluded to take in the rest from one of the holes in the wall. A mule half way down, and another at the bottom, draw the water by means of wheels.

After lunch the howling and dancing Dervishes were visited. Of all the religious rites ever performed these are the most astonishing. The Dervishes appear like raving maniacs; the dancing is a continual spinning round and round like a "te-to-tum"; the howling is horrible, and the contortion of bodies terrible.

An excellent road, lined on both sides with acacia-trees, whose tops almost meet overhead, leads for a distance of seven miles to the Pyramids. There they stand in all their grandeur on the very edge of the great Libyan Desert. But their immense size is not appreciated, until one reaches their base. We stood and gazed there; and then questioned, "Shall we ascend?" The Bedouins crowded around us, wanting to aid us, for backsheesh. We had scarcely left the carriage before they asked if we were not "Melicans"; and when we answered them, they began to say, "Yankee doodle came to town," etc. We could not help laughing to hear them.

We decided to try the ascent; each of us took four men, — one for each hand to pull, and two to take turns in "boosting" us up, as the boys say. Two others went along to carry jugs of water, and one more, who said he was a doctor. Fortunately the services of the last were not required.

We started at one corner of the great Cheops pyra-

mid; it is the largest, and runs up at a very steep angle. But as time has carried away the outside cement or whatever the outer covering was, it has left huge stones arranged in a series of steps, each from three to four feet high. Now and then there were two or three consecutive steps, only about two feet high. You can imagine the effort this climbing was; by resting at intervals, however, we managed to do the entire distance of four hundred and eighty-six feet; landing safely on the top, which is a platform about twenty-three feet square.

We had a fine view, gazing far up the valley of the Nile, and on the pyramids of Sakhara, and on many tombs around, — also on the Libyan Desert. In descending, A. had a Bedouin remove his muslin turban and tie one end around my waist, while he held the other, in order to protect me should my feet slip. In many places I sat down and managed as babies often do when going down stairs.

Then we entered the pyramid, and saw the dark mysterious chambers by crawling through narrow passages to reach them.

After this we entered a house near by to rest, free ourselves from the intrusive Bedouins, and eat the lunch we had brought with us.

Then we walked through the deep sand to the wonderful Sphinx, and the remains of the old temple near it. The granite of which this temple was built — some say five thousand years ago — was all brought from the banks of the Nile, the quarry being about five hundred miles distant. There

are solid blocks of granite measuring seventeen feet in length, seven feet in width, and six feet in height; also enormous square pillars and large blocks of alabaster. We went around among many of the tombs, and saw pieces of old mummies that had been dug up for museums. We looked down into these strange, deep tombs — certainly from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth, — seeing the places in

SPHINX.

the sides from which the mummies had been cut out, or rather the sarcophagus in which each had been placed. Some of them are still there. But it was not easy to toil through the deep sand, and we returned to Cairo.

It was dreadful to see the number of blind people in Egypt; the fine sand from the desert, and the general want of cleanliness and carefulness, produce a great amount of ophthalmia. The flies also are fearful, even in the cooler weather, and they at once attack the eyes. There will often

be a line of flies around the eyes, not only of babies and children, but of grown persons. And in this way disease is carried from one to another. We were very watchful, and I wore a veil most of the time, and we often put on blue glasses.

The wicked flea whom each man pursueth is also exceedingly lively at Cairo. They were the class of natives we learned to fear most, more even than the Bedouins. For the first time in his life A. had to add to all his other hunting adventures, by joining in expeditions after fleas. I sometimes captured twenty at one hunt, and then felt that the main army was still on the war-path. We shall always have a lively sense hereafter of the plagues of Egypt.

We met the Khedive on the road in one of our drives, and had the usual salute, a hand lifted to the hat; and we also saw one of the ninety-six wives of the second Khedive, that is, we saw her eyes as she was out driving in a coupé. Visiting the old place of Mohammed Ali, built one hundred and fifty years ago, — which now belongs to Hassan Pasha, brother of the present Khedive, — we saw in the garden eight of his children and one of his five wives, who was riding there with her daughter. The latter looked very pretty about the eyes, and we could see that their complexions were as white as though they were Americans. They laid their right hands to the sides of their faces and smiled at us.

The Mosque of Omar, in the old city, contains a marble pillar which was sent in some mysterious manner by Mo-

hammed from Mecca and placed in front of the altar-stairs. At least Hassan so informed us, and he had implicit faith in the story. He also showed us the whip-mark on the marble, which the prophet struck; and the name of Mohammed underneath the surface of the stone, not cut there, but a part of the marble itself. Hassan also pointed out two pillars, possibly twelve inches apart, where good men used to pass through; but if a wicked man attempted it, the stones came together, and crushed him tighter and tighter. Only by a long course of prayer from himself and the priest could such an one be released, and saved from being ultimately crushed to death. Hassan said he had heard that the last Khedive "got caught; he not get through; he not good." After he got out he had the space walled up as it was then. Hassan had an unlimited capacity of belief; nothing was too marvellous for him.

The old city of Cairo has narrow, unpaved streets; and everything looks as though it had not changed since the old times. As we passed along we saw some potters at their wheels, shaping the clay as they did a thousand years ago. We went into the wretched place they called their home, and watched them.

We also visited the old Coptic church, reaching it through narrow passages and gloomy ways. There we saw the paintings of Jesus and the Apostles, and the old altar; then, descending a long flight of stone steps into the crypt, we were shown the place where Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, were secreted for a month after their flight into

Egypt. And judging from the appearance it really seemed probable that the tradition was true.

From there we went to the Island of Roda to see the Nilometer, a graduated column which keeps the people informed of the rise and fall of the Nile. On this island, tradition says, Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. We visited the tombs of the Khedives and of the Mamelukes, and also the Arab bazaars, and drove out to Heliopolis. At this last place, we were shown a very old sycamore-tree, which is called Mary's tree, as the whole family are said to have rested under its branches on the flight into Egypt, and drank of the spring of water near by.

We were able to procure a special pass to the palace, where the Khedive lived before the English forced him to abdicate and leave Egypt. The exterior is plain in appearance, though of immense size. It forms three sides of a hollow square, and is surrounded by a beautiful and extensive garden, containing drives, fountains lakes, etc.

The interior is elegant both in arrangement and furniture; with alabaster mantels, and an ebony floor in one room, and ebony doors and window-frames nearly everywhere. The draperies are of the most superb damask. One side of the palace the Khedive occupied himself; the two wings were devoted to his wives. Each wife had a suite of three rooms. He had ninety-six wives; but kept only seventy of them at this palace. The children also had their apartments, where

they were kept in charge of ayahs. The name of each wife was placed on the outside door of her suite of apartments, probably that her husband when he came might know whom it was he was visiting. One can readily understand how so much money was required to supply the wants of the Khedive. Out of the five hundred million dollars debt of that country, it is said full one half was spent by Ismaila Pasha on his palaces and other private interests. And it is the interest of this debt that Egypt is now called upon to pay.

After spending eight days in Cairo, we left for Alexandria. Our way took us across the delta of the Nile, which was under excellent cultivation for the entire distance of one hundred and thirty miles, but which in a few months would be covered with water. The sky was overcast; this added much to our comfort, for, as Hassan informed us, the "big sun" had commenced to shine a few days before, and would be very warm.

When driving around Alexandria we visited the forts, which had been pretty thoroughly battered by the English guns; though, as they were built of small stones, they had not much staying power. We found a good deal of the city in a dilapidated condition; but rebuilding is going on rapidly. It was very easy to distinguish the faces of the different nations living in Alexandria, and occasionally I saw some ideal Egyptian faces among the young, especially young girls, whose faces remain uncovered until they are married; they were pretty oval faces with delicate profiles.

We had a conversation with an Italian gentleman who told us he was the last European to bid General Gordon good-bye when he left for Khartoum. He regarded Gordon as an exceedingly conscientious man, who never entered into anything without prayer, and without believing it was right. He said also that the Mahdi was considered a saint, and that Gordon, hearing how eloquent he was, and how numerous his followers were growing, went to see him, and when parting made him a present of ten pounds. Our Italian acquaintance also said that the Mahdi was a fine-looking man, very majestic, and a great religious enthusiast.

We visited Pompey's Pillar, and marvelled how the ancients moved such immense stones. The base of this pillar is a solid block of granite fifteen feet square; and the pillar itself is one solid column of polished red granite one hundred feet high. It stands on about the only eminence there is in the neighborhood of the city.

From the pillar we took a drive along the Mahmodeah Canal. On one side of the canal are beautiful gardens and palaces, and the residences of wealthy persons; on the other side, the mud hovels of the natives. We visited a lovely garden owned by a Greek named Antomiadas, who took us in and showed us about. It was finely laid out, with a great variety of flowers, and a very long avenue, bordered by beautiful trees and statuary. We were astonished to hear that from some of the palm-trees in this garden they often gather three hundred pounds of dates in a season; and the

average weight of dates gathered was two hundred pounds to a tree. There was also a large vineyard. In fact there was an immense variety of fruits, flowers, and trees in this garden, and all were growing luxuriantly.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA — A RUSSIAN VESSEL — PORT SAID — JAFFA — TRIP TO JERUSALEM — SHARON — VALLEY OF AJALON — STORMY WEATHER — JERUSALEM — EASTER HOLIDAYS — A BURIAL — MOUNT CALVARY — JEWS LAMENTING OVER JERUSALEM — SILOAM — GETHSEMANE — THE LAST SUPPER — BETHLEHEM — CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY — MOSQUE OF OMAR — CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE — BETHANY.

ON the twenty-ninth of March we left Alexandria in the Russian ship Odessa for Jaffa, on the coast of Palestine, the voyage taking about two days. The weather was good, and the Odessa a very comfortable ship. Instead of bunks, we had two little crib-like beds; and the captain was an ideal Russian, with his light, bushy, curling hair and beard. The only officers who spoke English were the two engineers; but the captain spoke French. A couple of New York gentlemen, one of them a physician, joined us in Alexandria. Being advised not to undertake the trip through Palestine without the aid of Cook's agents, and finding that we could go as a private party, to linger as long as we wished, or travel as fast as desired, we took advantage of Cook's tickets. The two New York gentlemen having made

the same arrangement, we agreed to combine our parties, making them one.

After getting under way, our vessel did a good deal of rolling as we ran along the coast, but when dinner-time came the captain was good enough to run the ship up into the wind, and stop the machinery for an hour. It was an unusual thing to do, and deserves frequent imitation, if time is no object.

The next morning we reached Port Said, the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez Canal. There is nothing, however, to be seen there but the entrance, although we went on shore for a short time; on our return to the ship, we had our boat rowed around a ship that was crowded with Turks on their way home from Mecca. They were a repulsive crowd. I thought that it would take more than one trip to Mecca to purify them.

The following morning, we dropped anchor off Jaffa or Joppa. Cook's agent came on board, and told us we must get off as quickly as possible; the surf was rising, and if we lingered it might not be possible to land at all. It frequently happens that the sea runs so high it is impossible to land either passengers or freight; such was the case when the ship arriving a few days before us reached Jaffa, and a large number of tourists had to go on to Beyrout. We were landed safely, however, only receiving a slight sprinkling of spray. Had we been two hours later, our fate would have been the same as that of those who were carried by.

The air of Jaffa was laden with the perfume of orange

and lemon blossoms. There are large groves there of these fruit-trees, continually blossoming and bearing. The town stands on a high bluff; there is not much of interest to detain a visitor.

The one important thing was to visit the house that, according to tradition, belonged to Simon the tanner. We went inside and up on its roof, and also saw the well.

We paid a very pleasant visit to the school Miss Arrott has established there, and after walking through the dirty streets, we returned to the hotel, which is kept somewhat on the American plan, and made arrangements to leave for Jerusalem.

On the first day of April, at seven in the morning, we left Jaffa, our party seated in a comfortable carriage; the baggage, which was as limited as possible, was perched on donkeys. We were much pleased to find that, without any previous planning, we should arrive at Jerusalem in time for the Easter festivities.

The first point of interest was the site of the house where Peter restored Dorcas to life. Over the road we were then passing, the material for building the temple had been taken, and thousands of pilgrims have passed over it, journeying to the Holy City. Soon we came to the plains of Sharon, and saw the hills of Lebanon in the distance.

The plains of Sharon called to mind the rolling prairies of our Western States. They were green with grass and grains, and many pretty flowers were blooming, poppies, cyclamen, and pink-and-white roses like our wild ones.

At Ramleh we took a cup of tea, and saw a large square tower of Saracenic architecture. At this place the great caravan routes from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and from Damascus to Egypt, crossed each other. In imagination I could almost see the long lines of people and camels plodding over the plains and deserts.

After waiting there half an hour, we saw an immense black cloud coming up, and after we had left Ramleh, when we were ascending a long hill, it began to blow vigorously and to rain in torrents. Still we were able to look down from the summit on the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. And we passed by the two Beth-Horons, between which is a defile down which Joshua drove the Ammonite Kings; this was the birthplace of the penitent thief. By the time we reached Dabel-Wady — the door or entrance to the valley of Ajalon — it was after noonday, and the road was full of water, running like a mountain-torrent. Fortunately our carriage was a good one, doing credit to Cook & Co.; but when we wished to start again, after stopping to eat lunch, the driver refused to go further, saying he would die, he was so wet. He was ordered to get the horses; we went and got into the carriage, but he would not obey. The gentlemen, however, were firm, and finally we came off victorious, A. frequently taking the reins himself.

We passed Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of the Lord was taken to the house of Abinadab; and the road was a continual ascent for four hours, rain falling all the time. Descend-

ing again, we crossed the stream where David slew Goliath; and then after another descent reached the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem about half-past seven in the evening. We had come about forty miles, and had ascended over twenty-five hundred feet to Zion, or the hill; and were a weary set of pilgrims, though keeping up good heart, until dumped down in the mud outside the Jaffa Gate, and piloted through the dark and dirty streets in the direction of the hotel. But after we had arrived at the promised haven, and made ourselves warm and dry, and had had some dinner, we were able to find amusement and mirth in our stormy day's experience. Our chief concern then was our baggage, which we feared would be drenched through; but, when it arrived, ours fortunately was dry, though our friends were not so lucky. The severity of the storm may be judged, when I say that four poor pilgrims were brought in that day who had died from being exposed to it.

As it was the Easter holiday, thousands of pilgrims had gathered in Jerusalem; it happened that the holidays of the different sects came together, in 1885, so that there was an unusual concourse of strangers. It seems rather inconsistent, but the Mohammedan governor had deemed it necessary to increase the number of his soldiers, in order to preserve peace among the visitors.

There were Jews, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, all gathered in the holy city together; and their zeal sometimes made them forget discretion. I found the excitement of the occasion, and of being continually

reminded of Biblical scenes, so great that I could hardly settle down to writing any account of them or of my impressions. From the windows of our hotel, which was quite near the Tower of David, we could see the crowds going in and out of the Jaffa Gate, and looking very picturesque as they passed through the great stone archway.

The day after our arrival, the gentlemen went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but I remained in the hotel, for of all the filthy, narrow streets in the world, those of Jerusalem are the worst. From the house-top the American consul, a very cultivated man, pointed out to me the various places of interest. It was like a dream to be among all these places, of which I had heard and read so reverently since early childhood. Of course, while the verification of many spots rested upon exceedingly doubtful traditions, yet of the main places there could be no denial. This was Zion, the holy city; and these hills and streets and roads were those over which Jesus passed.

From my window I heard voices intoning, and saw two boys with incense, an old priest with a crucifix, and about six others, following the coffin of a little girl. She lay exposed to the eyes of every one, a pretty little thing, with artificial flowers around her head, and her body wrapped in a sheet or white cloth. The same day the Russian Consul was buried. He too was carried in an open coffin, the lid being carried, not laid on the bier. It was a long procession, and I saw it also from my window. I kept myself busy looking on the strange scenes below.

There were great crowds on the roofs around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, watching the people coming out of the gate of the church, and having their feet washed previous to entering by persons on the outside whose business it was to attend to the washing. The old Patriarch also came out, sprinkling holy water on all these disciples. The gentlemen of our party who were there received their share of it.

The weather remained showery all day, and the streets of Jerusalem are not particularly adapted to wet weather, being paved with large flat or round stones, generally cobble-stones, and having no sidewalks. Now and then there is a long distance under covered archways; but mud is everywhere.

On Good Friday we went to Mount Calvary. Then to the tomb which the authorities unite in saying was the sepulchre. And we also went down the Via Dolorosa. As the present city is built upon the walls and ruins of the old, we could not look upon the many places pointed out to us with the same faith as those did who stopped and kissed the stones. But we were shown Pilate's judgment-hall, the place of the binding-on of the cross, and three places where it is averred Jesus staggered and fell, and the window from which Pilate said, "Behold the man!"

Then we were shown the house where Saint Veronica lived, the house of the rich man, and the spot where Jesus was scourged. Of course we doubted the accuracy of many of these locations. But when we looked upon the hill of

Calvary, we knew the place of the crucifixion was there, although the Greeks say it was on one spot, and the English and American authorities on another.

After lunch we went into a French cathedral, the church of Saint Anne, where the intoned prayers and the singing echoed through the vaulted space. Underneath the altar we were shown the room where Mary was born; though we had supposed, up to that time, that Mary was born in Nazareth or its neighborhood. We also visited the house of St. Mark, and the grotto of Jeremiah.

Then we were shown some immense stones in the present wall of Jerusalem, which are said to be a portion of the original wall built by Solomon. Here we saw a large number of Jews wailing over the fate of their city. Some of the older ones sobbed and wept real tears; and all seemed much affected, reading aloud their prayers from the prayer-book in a wailing tone, and leaning in a caressing manner against the huge stones of the wall.

As we passed a Polish-Jew home, an old man at the door invited us to enter. He could speak English, and another had been in America. We were taken over the places and shown the pilgrims' rooms, which could be rented by the better class of Jewish pilgrims; they were very nice. We also had a fine view of the neighboring country.

Now and then we saw two or three men carrying tattered old flags, preceded by players on the drum and cymbals, and with from six to twenty followers. These flags belonged to very old families of the higher class; they have

WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS, JERUSALEM.

inherited them from the old patriarchs, and march with them through the streets at Easter and Christmas.

The next night, the burial of Jesus was represented at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at which place they claim the veritable sepulchre to be. We did not go, but Dr. T. went, and said the crowd was immense. The bells of the Greek church tolled mournfully through the service. The next morning I was awakened by the voices of passing pilgrims crying, "Blessed be God!"

We all mounted donkeys and rode to the tombs of the Kings outside the walls. There are seven gates to the city, two of which are closed. The Golden Gate is never opened. These tombs are about half a mile beyond the Damascus gate. There we saw an illustration of how the stone was rolled from the door of the sepulchre. A groove is cut for it to move in; though it looked as if considerable strength would have to be exerted to move the large stones. We entered the small opening, and, by the aid of lighted candles, found ourselves in a large chamber cut in the solid rock, the tombs being cut into the rocky sides, with openings into the chamber. It looked as though a church altar had been there at one time.

We also visited the quarries beneath Jerusalem, from which the stone was taken to build the Temple. You could see the marks of the chisel, just as they were made centuries ago.

In the afternoon, A. and Dr. T. went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the Greek fire "come down from

Heaven." There would be such a crush of dirty people that I thought it wisest to remain at the hotel.

On Easter Sunday the streets were filled with a crowd which probably resembled the same that once cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" So many different celebrations occurring at the same time — the Passover of the Jews, the Festival of Moses by the Moslems, the Easter holidays of the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians — had filled the city to overflowing with a not very select assemblage. All except the Jews and the Mohammedans held their services in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the same time, but in different parts.

The next day, we again mounted donkeys and rode into the valley of Gihon, where Solomon was proclaimed king; and also through the valley of Hinnom, which separates Mount Zion from the Hill of Evil Counsel. Near the latter we saw the Potter's Field, and the village of Siloam, the Pool, and the Virgin's Fountain.

The recent rains had made the waters of Siloam run quite rapidly, and we saw many people gathered there in their holiday dress, chiefly women, with their faces veiled with thin figured crape, and with bright-colored dresses, peeping out from the white muslin drapery which covered them from head to foot. They were evidently having a picnic, and seemed to enjoy the pleasure of paddling in the waters of Siloam, generally so scanty. And amid all this crowd, we saw the lepers by the roadside begging!

We could see the remains of the King's garden, and as

we rode through the valley of Jehoshaphat, we saw the tombs of Absalom, Saint James, and Zachariah, cut out of the solid rock. Each of these tombs is quite a large building, hewn into the rock by cutting a passage around it.

We walked through the Garden of Gethsemane, where were eight olive-trees, which were undoubtedly of great age; it is believed that they may have sprung from the roots of those which grew there in the days of Jesus. Near by is the tomb of the Virgin, and the Greeks claim that the church at this spot is the oldest Christian church in the world.

It produced a curious impression upon the mind, almost as if one were dreaming, to be amid all the places so closely associated with our religious faith; and yet in no place which we had visited could there be found more poverty, dirt, universal uncleanliness, and greater superstition, than in the city where Jesus was crucified, and where so many were then gathered to celebrate His resurrection from the dead.

We went to the upper chamber where it is said the Last Supper was held; and in the same building, they say, is the tomb of David. In a low place we were shown the prison of Jesus, and the veritable stone which was rolled from the door of the sepulchre.

At the place where many patriarchs are said to be entombed, is the alleged spot where Peter denied his Master, and the cock crew. Then we were shown where Mary wept, and crossing through Zion's gate returned to the hotel.

After lunch we took horses and rode six miles over the hills to Bethlehem. All the way places were pointed out which are associated with scriptural events, among them the tomb of Rachel. The country around Bethlehem is very stony and barren. Terrace after terrace is built on the sides of the mountain; it seems as if for centuries they had been gathering up the stones and building new terraces, upon which grow olive and fig trees, and yet there is not a place to be seen that is not still covered with stones.

We were disappointed at the size of Bethlehem, as we had also been at that of Jerusalem. Bethlehem has only about four thousand inhabitants, and Jerusalem eighteen or twenty thousand. The people of Bethlehem have a more healthy look than those of Jerusalem. The narrow street was crowded. We went at once to the Church of the Nativity. The nave of this church is said to be the oldest specimen of Christian architecture in the world. We first entered a reception-room of the monks, and were refreshed with some Bethlehem wine. Service was being held as we passed into the church; the organ was an excellent one, and the singing was very good. It was impressive to listen to this music as we descended a spiral staircase, each holding a lighted taper, to the chapel or grotto of the Nativity, about twenty feet below the floor of the church. This grotto is a vault thirty-three by eleven feet, encased with marble. On one side is a silver star inlaid in the pavement, which is supposed to indicate the very spot where the Saviour was born. Another place is also marked as being the place of the manger where

the infant Jesus lay, when the wise men presented their gifts.

Near this grotto are the places where the angel appeared to Joseph, and commanded the flight into Egypt; and where the children whom Herod slew were entombed. We also saw the cave of St. Jerome. After visiting these and other noted places we returned to Jerusalem.

The following Monday we went to the Mosque of Omar, or the Dome of the Rock. This stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, and the dome covers a natural rock, which is believed to be that where Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac in sacrifice. The rock is about sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide, and stands four feet above the marble floor at its highest point, and two feet at its lowest. It is only recently that any Christian has been allowed to enter this beautiful mosaic mosque, without paying a fee of five dollars for the privilege. The building stands in the centre of a large inclosed place. The highest porch or platform has pillared gateways, and outside of this is the court of the Gentiles. All this enclosure is called the Haram.

There is another mosque within the inclosed space, that of El-Aksa; and underneath this are the stables of Solomon, a succession of pillared and vaulted avenues.

After visiting these, we went to the ruins of the Hospital of St. John; and from there to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which I had not yet seen. This is a magnificent structure. And here we were shown every spot associated with the crucifixion and the events following it.

In the afternoon we mounted horses and rode to the top

of the Mount of Olives, from which we had a splendid view of Jerusalem; here for the first time saw the Dead Sea in the distance. Riding around by Bethany, we went into the tomb of Lazarus, and of Mary and Martha, and saw the site of the house they lived in.

CHAPTER XX.

Leave Jerusalem — Our Caravan — Yosef on the War-path — Biblical Scenes — Dead Sea Bathing — Bad Roads — Nazareth — The Mount of the Beatitudes — Tiberias — Sea of Galilee — Capernaum — Ain-el Tin — Waters of Merom — Banius — A Day of Storm — Damascus — Balbec — Beyrout.

AVING seen all the principal objects of interest in and around Jerusalem, we set out for Jericho on the ninth of April. The inmates of the hotel were much interested in seeing us start, especially as I was going to ride *en chevalier*. I was complimented upon my dress as being very suitable for the journey. Never were a blue flannel suit and trousers to match more useful to any one. Mr. Cook's agent sent a side-saddle among other things, in case I should grow weary, and wish to change position, but I did not require it.

After mounting our Arab steeds, we passed out the Jaffa gate, and around the wall of the city, and descended into a valley. From the hill Scopus beyond we took our farewell of Jerusalem, in the light of a beautiful morning. On the road we passed the Well of the Disciples; and at noon we reached Admah, which is supposed to be the spot where the good

Samaritan found the wounded man who had fallen among thieves. It has always been considered a dangerous pass. The country is barren, with scarcely a tree or shrub, and is very rocky; not even a native hut is seen. Here we halted and dismounted, as follows: Our guard Yosef, a fine specimen of Bedouin Sheik, armed with gun, sword, pistols, knife, etc.; Aissi, our dragoman, also armed; a lunch-boy, and the party of four tourists. Rugs were spread by the roadside, and placing ourselves on them in attitudes more comfortable than elegant, we gladly availed ourselves of the privileges of rest and lunch.

In order to protect tourists from the thieves who infest this Bedouin country, the consuls of different governments have agreed to pay the Turkish government a certain price per head for all tourists. A chief of the tribe of each district accompanies each party as guard, and is also required to furnish sufficient guards for the tents at night to ensure protection. In case any article is lost, it or its value must be returned by the chief. Every native who travels, and shepherd tending his flock, is armed with a long gun, pistol, or sword; this shows how treacherously they deal with one another.

While we were eating lunch our caravan passed, and we were astonished to see what an extensive one was necessary to supply the needs of four persons.

There were thirteen horses and mules, and twelve men and boys. The cook and waiter were riding. The pack-animals carried great loads, — a cooking-stove, and necessary

furniture for sleeping, eating, and cooking, and our personal baggage, besides chests of provisions. Two guards, well armed, accompanied these. The duties of the men were to take charge of the tents, packing, unpacking, etc.; while the muleteers took charge of the animals, driving the pack-mules, and, of course, walking the entire distance.

Again mounting our horses we descended into a valley, but instead of passing through, we preferred to climb a steep path leading to a high ridge. Here were the remains of an old aqueduct, and looking down into a deep ravine we saw perched on the opposite side a Russian monastery, said to be the spot where Elisha was fed by the ravens.

At four o'clock, after a ride of eighteen miles, we reached Old Jericho, and found our tents pitched, and the American flag flying over them. Back of our camp rose the high peak of the scene of the temptation.

Two large sleeping-tents were provided for us, and also a dining and a cooking-tent. The large tents were exceedingly pretty, — octagonal in shape, and lined throughout with Arabic designs in quilted patchwork, very artistic. We each had our bedstead, mattresses, sheets, blankets, washstand with tin pitcher and basins, chairs, in fact all things necessary for comfort. Our cooking was first-rate and our provisions were good.

It was restful to sit at the door of the tent and watch the lights and shadows of the setting sun passing over the mountains of Gilead, while we saw the Dead Sea lying off in the distance. In the valley at our feet, tents were pitched over

which the French flag was floating, and on the other side was a Prussian camp. The flags denoted the nationality of the tourists who were passing through. At night the horses were tethered in a line directly in front of our tents. Not feeling entirely secure, though the night-guard was always on duty at each camp, we placed all clothing around the tent-poles beyond the reach of the long hooked staff of the Bedouins.

The following morning we started for the Dead Sea. Jericho was now off to the right. There were no other villages anywhere around, and only three or four monasteries in sight. We descended about three hundred feet, then rode over a level plain, fording a stream four or five times, which in some places was very bad, owing to recent rains. All these plains are susceptible of cultivation, if the Bedouins were not too lazy to irrigate them from the waters of the Jordan. As we were crossing these plains, our Sheik Yosef gave us an illustration of a Bedouin on the war-path. He suddenly dashed off, racing over the plains, and quickly turning his horse, came like a flash to Aissi, who had also started his horse, and, when the two met, Yosef gave an unearthly yell and drew his sword as though he intended cutting off Aissi's head.

After riding nine miles we reached the shores of the Dead Sea. Lying down on the rugs which were spread for me under a sort of bush-tent, I waited for the gentlemen while they bathed. They felt so refreshed, and the effect of the water was so peculiar, that their unanimous opinion was that I must bathe also. A. provided a shelter with umbrellas, and

draping myself with towels, I ventured alone into the Dead Sea. The shore shelves off gradually; the water is a beautiful blue, and very clear. It is wonderfully buoyant; one cannot possibly get more than one half of the body under the water. If you sit up in it, your knees come up to your chin; if you lie on your back you cannot force your entire body under; if you turn over, at least half of your body will remain out; and it is scarcely possibly to swim. I got a little water in my mouth; never was water so bitter. Our men had provided jars of fresh water to throw over us after leaving this briny bath; the salt water produces a very unpleasant stinging sensation if allowed to dry on the skin.

Again mounting our horses, we rode four miles to the Jordan, intending to lunch on its banks. But on reaching the spot where the forty thousand Israelites crossed, we found the river so high that the tree under which we were to lunch was many feet under water; so we rode another mile, when we came to a Greek Monastery, and were ushered into a room, where long cushions were lying on the floor, with pillows against the wall. We all spread ourselves down upon them, and soon the dirty old monks brought us "arrack," a sort of cordial, and some figs. Our lunch was then spread; after eating it, we took a nap on the dirty cushions, some one remarking, "What would our friends at home think, to see us at this moment?"

At three o'clock we started for our camp; the ride was fatiguing on account of the intense heat. We were thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. There

was not a tree to give shelter, and the sun's rays fell directly upon us.

While passing over the plains on our return, we saw a Bedouin guarding his grain from the birds by throwing stones from a sling. He threw one while we were near; it sounded as it left the sling like a great humming-top.

Our camp was a pleasant sight after our day's experience. While we rested, one of the party read from either Bible or guide-book — both of which are our constant companions to refresh memory with the written description of places we are visiting.

After dark a crowd of men and women came from New Jericho to give a specimen of Bedouin dancing. At least twenty men formed in line, and by the light of lanterns we saw them sway backwards and forwards, tossing their arms about, and at times giving a howl. The leader came to us, placed his mouth to our ears, and with his hand patting his lips gave the most thrilling howls, something like the Indian war-cry. He crouched in front of me and glared into my eyes, evidently hoping to frighten me as he brandished his sword. I knew he dared not harm me, but told Yosef to make him go away, — he made too much noise.

The women took their turn in going through the same dance. All were sent off after a fee was given to the leader of each set.

Sheik Yosef intended to leave us here, but we persuaded him to accompany us to Bethel, and broke camp early this next morning. We have done some difficult riding, but this

day's ride exceeded all. Dr. T., who had been five years in the regular army and stationed where he had known rough going, said that he never saw such a place for people to ride over.

We found the wilderness of Benjamin mountain after mountain, nothing but rugged stones; still between these stones were beautiful bright flowers of all shades and colors, but not a tree nor shrub was visible. At some places we had to dismount; the rocks were so smooth that the horses could hardly stand up on them.

When we reached Bethel at noon, having come about twenty miles, we were as weary as Jacob is said to have been when Rebecca gave him water from the well. In the old reservoir underneath the shadows of its wall, we took our lunch and rested two hours. The children gathered about us like flies, — just such a crowd as one could easily imagine shouting, "Go up, thou bald-head, go!" The place, so full of associations, is now nothing but a ruin and a mass of mud houses.

There we parted with our Sheik, and got upon what they told us was the regular highway to Damascus. But most of this highway had been the water-course for the great rains that had lately fallen, and no dry river-bed among mountains could be worse for travelling over. Two hours of this, and we reached the Robber's Fountain, finding refreshing water in a quiet lonely place. Soon after, we left the land of Benjamin, and got into that of Ephraim; and from this on, we had better roads. Wheels are never used in this part of the world, only horses and mules.

In time our eyes were gladdened by some pretty valleys, which were good to look upon; and in the afternoon we reached Singil, but not a tent was to be seen. The camp was taken around another path. Instead of tents pitched ready for us, we were received by crowds of children from the village, all crying "Backsheesh"; but Aissi yelled at them, and they scampered away like sheep. We found a nice piece of green land, and lay on the rugs for three quarters of an hour, waiting for our men with camp equipments.

At last they appeared, and went to work most systematically to arrange things. An accident had caused the delay. Two of the mules and one of the horses had fallen down into the valley from the narrow pass, and they had to be got up, but neither was hurt enough to be disabled. We had decided to rest over a day before we knew this; and for the sake of the poor beasts we were glad of our decision.

Riding all day and wearied out at night, we reached Nabulus. One falls into this gypsy-life quite naturally. It is a wonder to myself how I accomplished these hours of riding, averaging twenty-five miles a day.

That day we lunched on a hill-side looking towards Phineas. Our way had been by Shiloh, which is now a heap of ruins. You will recall the historical interest of these points; but never before did they seem the living reality they are now. Reading our Bible and guide-books at odd times, we would say, "Can *this* be the very spot where Hannah came, bringing the coat for little Samuel? and *that* the place where the old man Eli died?" These things occurred

on the mountains; and, when you read of the high places, you can imagine the rocky roads to reach them.

Below Shiloh lies a pretty valley. The patriarch's blessing on Ephraim still seems to hover over his land. We went around by Jacob's Well after lunch, instead of going directly to Nabulus. There was the portion of land that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. In view was the mountain of Gerizim, and there is no doubt that Jesus sat and walked, looking upon all this landscape. We rode to see the tomb of Joseph, then on to Nabulus or Shechem, where we camped outside of the town, having been seven hours in the saddle.

After we had rested, Dr. Carey, a missionary who was born in Nabulus, took us a walk through the town. There is much similarity in all these towns, — the same one-story houses, some larger ones, narrow streets, and the same hungry greed for money in every face. Never did I see such greed as the people exhibit all through Palestine. There are many Samaritans here, and they have their yearly sacrifices on Mt. Gerizim. They acknowledge only the five Books of Moses. We went to their synagogue, and saw the celebrated Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch. The situation of the town is very pretty; it has a great number of fountains and running streams. On one side rises Gerizim, and on the other Ebal, — the mountain of blessing and that of curses.

Samaria, like Shiloh, is desolate; but we saw the ruins of former grandeur. How Herod ever drove chariots through these places is more than I can understand. There are traces of the ancient buildings. We went into the old Mosque, and

saw the traditional grave of John the Baptist. It was formerly the Church of St. John, — a Christian church. A large stone door was shown us as the door of the prison of St. John.

The most wonderful thing was to see the number of columns still standing, some marble, others sandstone. There are nearly one hundred in a straight line, showing where there was a grand colonnade. Many others, standing and lying about, prove that Samaria was once a large city. The gateway is still standing in ruins, outside of which the leper sat. By the way, the mournful cry of a leper, as we have seen them by the roadside, is dreadfully sad to hear.

From this city on the hill we descended and rode through the Valley of Barley, lunching again by the roadside. This time we had some olive-trees to shade us, and after resting went on to Dothan, where Elisha the prophet tarried, and which "was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Again a rocky, slippery descent, and through a narrow glen, which was once famous for robbers; then we reached the village of Jenin, a town on the border of Issachar, where we found our tents pitched. Soon after dinner we were quite ready to go to our beds.

Next morning we mounted our horses at an early hour, and soon were on the plains of Esdraelon. This was the most enjoyable day's ride of all. The plain was like one of our beautiful rolling prairies, and we rode in a path of flowers all day long. I never saw such a perfect carpet of beautiful flowers, most of them familiar; splendid yellow marguerites, and deep crimson poppies, cyclamen, daisies; in fact the

variety was wonderful, and the coloring exquisite. Our guide-book told us "the ground was left uncultivated, owing to plundering Arabs"; but it is now under fine cultivation, although not a single dwelling is seen. In fact, one never sees isolated houses; they cluster together in villages, for safety from robbers, I suppose.

We went to see Gideon's fountain at Jezreel, where his army "lapped the water like dogs"; which simply means that having no cups they did as men do now under like circumstances, drank from the stream. On our way we saw enormous trains of camels carrying wheat from Damascus across the country. Such a slow way, A. says. In a caravan of eighty camels, he thinks each one had only eight bushels of grain.

We took our lunch at Shunem under orange-trees; then on to Nain, seeing the graveyard where they were taking the widow's son when Jesus met them; then on to Nazareth, still riding on the beautiful plain, till we came to the foot of the mountain on which Nazareth stands. Then a hard rough road, till we reached our camp. Going off the main road to visit places of deep interest requires extra time; the muleteers and camp equipage take the direct trail, so as to have things ready for the travellers, with boiling water to make the tea as soon as they get in sight. Our lunch was cold, and we felt the need of something warm on reaching camp.

While we were lunching at Shunem the bells rang for prayers; and some men came up into the field or orange-

grove where we were, and, spreading their mats and taking off their shoes, devoutly went through their long prayers, bowing to the ground seven different times, rising after each time, half bending four times. It was very picturesque to see them performing this service.

The weather was all we could desire, light clouds keeping off the rays of the sun, and adding great effect to the landscape by light and shade. We saw the hills from which the Philistines poured down and forced the Israelites up the hills of Gilboa. In the distance was the place where the Witch of Endor had her cave; and there near Nazareth was Mount Tabor, of a beautiful conical form.

Here at Nazareth the people seem of a different type, a better grade, more agreeable and cleanly. Our tents were pitched on the north of the town, near the Fountain of the Virgin, where many girls and women gather at sunset to fill the large jars they carry on their heads. Some of them when filled weigh at least a hundred pounds. The town lies in a kind of bowl near the top of the mountain, and has about six thousand inhabitants.

During the day we made a detour, to see the well into which Joseph was cast by his brethren, and the fields where the flocks were pastured. It was discouraging, after standing some time by the side of the well, to learn that there was a doubt as to its being the correct one. We passed to a second, and afterwards saw a third, which our party thought probably was *the* one, as it is by the roadside on the camel-trail from Damascus, over which the merchants passed.

NAZARETH.

Dr. T. and Mr. C. went to the summit of Mount Tabor, but A. and I were content to look upon it, and realize all the associations without the fatigue. We were weary enough at night to sleep soundly, even though our jackasses brayed as only they can. The dogs howl as only village-curs do, horses neighed and Arabs talked as though all were angry; but while the Arabs guarded we slept.

The Greek Catholic Church is believed to be the place of the Annunciation, and we were given a drink out of a silver cup from the head of the Virgin fountain which flows under an altar. The Latin Convent, which they believe contains the Chapel of the Annunciation, is built where was the house of Joseph and Mary, and we were taken into what is supposed to be the kitchen. Probably this is true, as the people to-day live in these cave-like houses.

On the site of the workshop of Joseph, a church is built; only a small portion of the wall is claimed to be the original. In another chapel is an immense rock said to be the table where Christ met his disciples and dined.

From here we went to the top of the high hill behind Nazareth. Fortunately A. had a donkey saddled for my use, and I was glad to have the old fellow, for it was a long, steep walk, and there was quite a high wind blowing. From the summit we had a beautiful view of Palestine, and can readily imagine that this hill was a favorite resort of our Saviour. We could see Hermon's snowy peaks, the mountains of Gilead on the other side of Jordan, the Mediterranean in the distance, Mount Carmel, the plains of Esdrae-

lon, the river Kishon, and all the various places we have been visiting from Jenin to Nazareth.

We were only about eighty miles from Jerusalem, in a direct line, yet the distance had taken us over a week. With the convenience of civilized travel, we could have gone from New York to San Francisco in less time.

On our way to Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, we passed by the village of Meshad, which is supposed to be the Gath-Hepher where the prophet Jonah was born, and tradition says his tomb is here. We then went to an old church in Cana of Galilee; it was a small, low, dark room, with clay walls and floor, where Christ performed the first miracle at the marriage-feast, and where Nathaniel was born. They also showed us the water-pots used on that occasion,— but these, though very ancient in appearance, we had little faith in.

We rode on to the "Horns of Hattin,"—a curiously-shaped hill, having two peaks or horns on its summit. This is authentically said to be the Mount of the Beatitudes. From the top there is a very fine view of the Sea of Galilee, and the plains, and the snowy summit of Hermon. We seated ourselves under an olive-tree, and took our lunch there; after which, Dr. T. read to us the Sermon on the Mount. It took very little imagination to picture the multitudes coming up from the Galilean hills, and the fishermen from the sea. On reaching Tiberias, in the afternoon, we found a great change in the temperature; it was very much warmer in the valley. In the night at Nazareth it was quite cold.

The Sea of Galilee is only twelve miles long and six wide, and pear-shaped. It is smaller than I had imagined, being a very pretty lake, with hills rising on either side, sloping down more or less precipitously to the water's edge, and with no trees or bushes whatever upon them, though at that time the grass was quite green.

Tiberias is now a small village of three thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of them Jews. Many Jews come here to die and be buried. The town was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1827; the walls have never been rebuilt.

Our camp was pitched on a small plateau inside of the old walls and overlooking the town. At our feet lay the Sea of Galilee. A few old palms added beauty to the landscape; a little to the left was a Latin monastery, where we were told the miraculous draught of fishes took place, and the opposite bank was pointed out as the spot where the swine ran down into the sea. While we were enjoying the view, a beautiful sunset-glow tinted the mountains and water. The gentlemen, who had been enjoying a bath in the Sea of Galilee, on their return, said I looked very picturesque sitting at the door of my tent, writing. We had been six hours in the saddle that day, yet were not weary.

The following morning, while the rising sun cast a column of golden light over the water, we entered a boat and crossed the Sea of Galilee; when we reached the opposite shore, the native boatmen pulled the boat on the pebble-beach at the mouth of the Jordan; and we walked upon the eastern shore, and watched them cast their nets in native style. Though

they were not successful in filling them, they caught a few fish to show us how they used the net, — gathering it in one hand, and giving it a toss, spreading it out over the water.

After leaving there, we followed the bank which had a fringe of beautiful oleander bushes in full bloom; and going on shore again at Old Capernaum, we saw the ruins and the synagogue where Jesus preached. Just below here, we took our lunch on the bank; then went on to Ain-el-Tin, where our tents were pitched for the night. This is thought by some to be Capernaum; the villages being so near together makes the matter doubtful. All around the shore of this lake, which the Bible calls a sea, and speaks of as the "sea-coast," is associated with the life of Jesus.

We were favored with the loveliest weather, though, on the water and in the valleys, we felt the heat. Our camp at Ain-el-Tin presented a tropical appearance. While I wrote, A. was sleeping on a rug outside the tent; and, looking across, I saw Mr. C. asleep in an easy chair, and Dr. T. sitting on the ground, writing; while around our dining-tent a group of attendants smoked and lounged. The animals of the caravan strolled about, finding nice pasture, and a dog which had followed us from Nazareth lay watching them. At night our own men guarded the tents, as we were far from local police or guards. When we rebelled at the hideous noise of the donkeys, Aissi told us the Arabs say the devil whispers in the donkey's ear that he is the only donkey in the world and has all the work to do, at which he sets up the fearful bray;

hearing another answering him, he suddenly stops, for he finds the devil told a lie. Aissi also told us that, when the moon is eclipsed, the Arabs think a bear or some other large creature has swallowed it; and they beat drums, making an unearthly noise, to make the creature vomit up the moon.

The next day we had a hard road to travel over; there was a haze on the mountain, and the air was very close. We found the plains capable of cultivation, but the thieving propensity of the Arab prevents. This is remedied by the rich men of Damascus buying the land from the government, and giving a certain portion of the measure of grain to the Bedouins who will cultivate it.

One thing is peculiar all over this country; distance is only known by hours, never by miles. We rode five hours before we could find a tree or sheltered place to lunch. At last, with the aid of umbrellas, we got some shade, waited an hour till we were refreshed, and then rode on for another hour, when we found a nice spring of water at a place called Ain Mellahah. We spread ourselves on rugs, and rested till the caravan passed by; allowing time enough to get our camp ready, we rode on again for another hour, when we reached the waters of Merom. It had been a warm day, and we felt weary.

Next morning we made an early start, as usual. The day was delightful, the road execrable. We had to ford streams, pass over what Aissi called juicy ground, and climb over rocks till we wondered the horses did not break their legs, until we came to the head-waters of the Jordan, or, as it is called, the

Fountain of the Jordan, one of the largest and most important springs of this sacred river. We never had seen such an immense body of water rushing out as this does from the high mound! This hill marks the site of Dan. On this mound were some large trees which were good to look upon, and there was the grave of an old sheik surrounded by a wall of loose stones.

Continuing our journey, we met a camel-train of sixty-five camels and about twenty horses or mules, with a great number of men. We had to wait on one side of the path or trail until they passed by. It was a refreshing sight to see quite a number of trees scattered about, and a rapid stream of water roaring and rushing by, as we came near to Banias. And after another rugged, rocky road, we roaming riders reached a large grove of old olive-trees, where we camped for the night, having decided that five hours in the saddle were enough.

The air grew cooler, and we all felt better for the change. The gentlemen went down to the town. I went as far as a deep cave, from which comes another source of the Jordan, bursting out in large streams. On the summit of the cliff which rises above the cave, Herod erected a temple, and now there is a small temple in honor of St. George, or as the Arabs say, "in honor of the prophet that never dies." Around this cave are several niches carved in the solid rock, showing great antiquity.

Banias is believed to be the same as Cæsarea Philippi. A high mountain about two thousand five hundred feet above

the sea, which lies just back of Banias, many believe to be the Mount of the Transfiguration. We constantly realized that all those who carefully study this country, desiring to locate the various places of special interest, do not agree, and all who wish to benefit by their knowledge must be at times sorely perplexed.

We felt quite favored that in the twenty days after leaving Jaffa only the following personal mischances occurred: A. went over a donkey's head twice in the streets of Jerusalem; Mr. C.'s horse slipped on a smooth stone and threw him off; Dr. T. stopped to get a drink of buttermilk at a Bedouin camp, and his horse started off over the plain, and gave Aissi a good chase before catching him; a muleteer had a severe fall; and Aissi's horse sat down in one stream when fording, giving Aissi a ducking, and throwing him off into another stream.

The road to Damascus was unusually hard; we were in the saddle at six o'clock, knowing there were eight hours of riding before reaching Kefr-Hauer. Two hours after starting, rain commenced to fall; the good weather with which we had been favored through the Holy Land deserted us on crossing into Syria; rain poured at times in torrents, the wind blew a gale, and it seemed as though we would be blown off the horses. There was no spot to give shelter. When crossing the mountain we had been ascending, Aissi lost the trail, owing to our being among the lower clouds. Retracing our steps and meeting another party of tourists, we fell into their line. Among thirty men I was the only woman. Our steeds being

much faster, our party soon took the lead; again going off the main road, and down a terrible trail, we reached the village of Beit Jeme. There we went to the house of the Sheik, which was nothing but a clay-walled, clay-floored room, with a long wooden bench on which they put a rug; a brazier was filled with burning wood and set in the middle of the room, and we dried our clothing as best we could, while crowds of Arabs stood gazing and chattering around us. After waiting two hours we started again, and reached our camping-place just as another shower commenced. Again we took shelter in an Arab hut. As soon as the tents were ready, I went to bed in order to get warm. The wind was still blowing, and the snowy range of Hermon was near enough to give a chill to the air. All the bed-clothes we could pile on did not keep out the cold. Before starting from Banias I had felt wretched, having taken cold from the change of air, after the hot valleys of the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan.

We resumed our journey next morning, with the wind still blowing a gale, and another shower coming upon us, we again sought shelter in another Arab hut. As I lay in the dark, dirty place, I thought of my friends at home, and wondered what their opinion would be of this kind of pleasure.

Before reaching Damascus we came to a good road, and saw the tracks of wheels, — the first seen since leaving Jerusalem. On arriving, we went to the Victoria Hotel, and the plainly furnished rooms we pronounced luxurious.

We had ridden three hundred miles during two weeks, and certainly were quite ready for a rest. To make a tour

DAMASCUS.

through the Holy Land is no easy task. It requires nerve and physical endurance. Riding *en chevalier* is much the safest way for all ladies. Several who started on side-saddles with other parties gave up the trip, and two who continued met with severe accidents. It has been safely done by some, and I suppose will be again, but never without increased danger to the rider.

Damascus is a queer old place, and contains a great many strange-looking people and curious bazaars. We drove through and walked about the different streets, many of them roofed over, and some so narrow that the people are forced close to the wall to allow a carriage to pass; fortunately we did not meet another carriage when driving in these places.

The Mosque is very large, though not handsome. Moslems only are allowed to enter its sacred portals, unless by special permit; then only twenty Christians dare be within at one time. It is said that a crypt in the chapel contains the head of John the Baptist.

In visiting the Americans and Europeans who live here, we passed through narrow alley-ways leading into a broader one; then, passing through a gate, entered a pretty court-yard, where flowers were growing; the rooms of the home open upon this court-yard.

We were taken to see the house of a rich Moslem, who permits strangers to see a portion of it. One of the gentlemen of the house came to the outer court, and in offering his apologies, tossed his mantle gracefully over his face as he spoke. He was "ashamed to have to say that as there was a

marriage going to be celebrated the ladies were all in the centre of the buildings, and the gentlemen could not enter, but the lady might." I entered a large court-yard, where eight little children came running to me. Here were a handsome fountain and many flowers, and the largest orange-trees I ever saw; it was a very attractive place. Into this on three sides opened rooms which I could see were very prettily furnished. A number of women were either passing from one room to another, or standing at the doors; we smiled recognition. One young lady came with a key to open a private Mosque, which was on the fourth side of the court-yard. After looking at this, I bowed my adieus, thanked the gentleman, and returned to the outer court; where I told my party there was no reason why they could not have gone with me. I saw no ladies of sufficient beauty to especially attract any one. Many women here go with uncovered faces; Moslem women never do. Under a veil we could at times see a face as black as that of any Dinah.

The dogs are a feature of Damascus, as of Constantinople; they lie around the streets all day and bark all night. They seemed to be the only city scavengers, and everywhere one walks, or rides, or drives, he must turn aside or run over dogs.

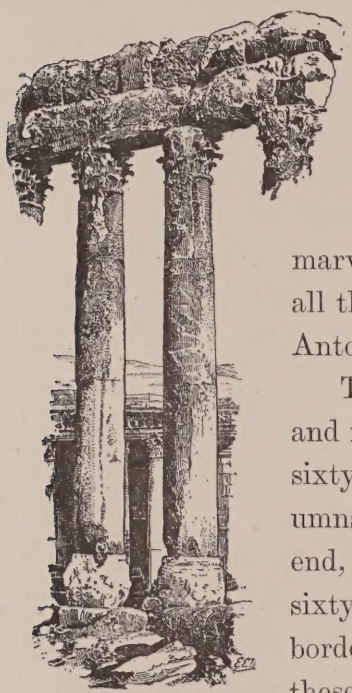
We had seen quite enough of the wandering tribes of Palestine and Syria, and felt that it would be good to get among more civilized people. I do not like the Arabs or Turks as constant companions; and to come directly from home here you would think every body was ready to attack you in some way, they talk so loudly, and look so treacherous at times.

We left Damascus in a diligence at half-past four in the morning; it was a very early start, but the morning was beautiful, and we had engaged outside seats. It was a ride of seven hours to Shtora, where we got breakfast. The diligence line is owned by a French company, who have made a fine road through Damascus to Beyrout. It passes over the mountains at easy grades, and winds up deep ravines. They drive six horses, three abreast, and change every hour or hour and a half. At Shtora we changed carriages, taking three horses. A. and I were the only passengers; and leaving at twelve, we drove up the valley of Lebanon, with the snowy range of the mountains of Lebanon on one side, and Anti-Lebanon on the other.

Nearing Baalbek — Balbec — we saw a portion of the ruins, six large columns with the frieze above them, towering up conspicuously. We were very agreeably surprised to find a clean and comfortable hotel, no other guests, and everything done for our comfort. We had beautiful moonlight evenings, and these wonderful ruins, with green foliage in the foreground, and the snowy range behind them, presented the finest effect in the bright moonlight.

In the morning we studied the ruins more in detail. They were built by the Romans and Greeks, and are of immense size, probably the grandest in the world. There were three temples. The Temple of the Sun has nineteen out of forty-six columns still standing, the rest lie all about it. These columns are sixty-five feet high, including base and capital, and are six feet and three inches in diameter.

The carvings on the capitals are very fine, and the roof or ceiling of the corridor that surrounds the temple is of immense blocks of stone, with wonderfully cut heads in bas-relief. Many of these have fallen, and we could see how carefully the work had been done. The interior of this temple is very spacious, one hundred feet by seventy, and contains the most marvellous carvings, beautiful still after all the centuries that have gone by since Antoninus Pius erected it.



The Great Temple was two hundred and ninety feet long by one hundred and sixty broad. There were seventeen columns on either side, and ten at either end, making fifty-four in all; these were sixty feet high, with Corinthian capitals, bordered with a frieze. Only six of these remain, and are the first thing that greets the eye as the traveller approaches Baalbek.

Most remarkable in these ruins are the immense stones used in the outer walls. Three, especially, are marvellously large, and it is almost beyond the imagination to conceive how they ever were placed in their present position. They are the largest ever used in architecture. One is sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and the third sixty-three feet. Each is thirteen feet high, and thirteen feet

RUIN, BAAL-BEK.

thick; and they are placed on other large stones twenty feet above the ground.

The mass of fallen columns, capitals, and carved stones of such immense size, makes the débris almost as interesting as the parts still standing.

Before leaving we made our last visit by moonlight, when the ruins were grand beyond expression.

A finer morning never dawned than that in which we left these most impressive relics of the mighty past. The moon was setting behind Lebanon, as the sun came up over the opposite mountain, when we started on our way back to Shtora.

While resting on a lounge and waiting for the diligence I put my foot on the floor, and, striking something, found it to be a great brown tortoise, whose home appeared to be under the lounge.

After taking the diligence we soon commenced the ascent of Lebanon, and were two and a half hours reaching the summit, from which we had a fine view looking far across to the Mediterranean.

The descent took three hours, over a zigzag road, both up and down, — a fine piece of engineering. The entire road is in excellent order from Damascus to Beyrout.

As we drove through a long avenue of lilac-trees on our approach to Beyrout, the city looked very pretty, having many more trees and flowers than other cities in Syria. The hotel was directly on the shore of the Mediterranean, the water dashing on mossy rocks on the opposite side of the street, and vessels lying at anchor quite near. The sea was calm, and it was pleasant to rest in so pretty a place before starting on another voyage.

CHAPTER XXI.

Voyage to Smyrna — Close Quarters — Cyprus — Rhodes — Ephesus — Smyrna — Athens — Acropolis — Parthenon — Temple of Theseus — Voyage to Constantinople — Sultan going to Prayers — Watchful Dogs — Customs Officers — Stamboul — Palaces.

E left Beyrout in the ship Vesta of the Austrian Lloyd line. There were more passengers than could be comfortably accommodated. I was given a berth in a cabin with two other ladies, who were fortunately Americans. The three gentlemen were told they must share a cabin together. It was the first time that A. and I had been put in separate cabins, and we objected seriously to the arrangement. While the point was being contended, a woman appeared to claim the fourth berth in our cabin; her presence filled the entire space, and we grew rebellious; she commenced speaking German, we English; then we met on equal ground and all argued in French; we saying to each other in our own language, "the horrid old thing, she cannot come in," and she being in the minority felt unequal to forcing her way. At last the gentlemen came to the rescue; they quietly took possession of our cabin, we going to theirs. They then told the steward they held the

fort, and to send along the enemy. After a series of complaints, matters were more comfortably arranged; another cabin was found for A. and myself. To our amusement we learned afterwards that the old woman we Americans had shunned and rejected was an Austrian countess of high family!

The weather was fine all the time, and the sea smooth, until we landed off Cyprus. There was no hotel at the place, and it was a great fête day, so that every carriage and donkey was engaged. We decided to walk through the town, and thought of going out to the Church of Lazarus, and to see his tomb; but on learning that he was not buried there we gave up the trip. As we strolled along, A. saw an empty carriage, and quickly secured it; in it we were driven to the fête. It was a great show and crowd. The natives from all over the island had come in to this annual fair, dressed in many queer costumes. All were in holiday attire.

We rode back to the ship. The water was blue and beautifully clear; we could see far down into the depths. All day we sailed quite near the coast of Asia Minor; and at the edge of the Gulf of Adalia, at noon, we could see the snow range and Mount Taktali. At midnight we were at Rhodes; the ship anchored only a short time, and no one was able to go on shore.

We had a beautiful day, sailing among the various islands, many of historic interest; at sunset we anchored off Scio, but again there was not time to go on shore. Then we sailed on to Smyrna, where we arrived at five o'clock in the morning;

and hastened to make a train that went out to Ephesus, that being the only opportunity of visiting it. We felt somewhat like a young American we met, who replied to the question "Where do you intend going?" by saying, "I am going to

CHIEF OF BRIGANDS.

Ephesus if I don't see anything else; I don't know where it is, but I am going there."

On reaching the place we found some breakfast prepared, and some miserable horses awaiting our arrival, both of which we had telegraphed for. We rode for two hours among the ruins. There are others that are more beautiful, like those

of Baalbek, but these cover a vast space. The Temple of Diana is among other ruins. We were not interfered with in any way. I find this in a letter dated at Smyrna, October twelfth, 1885: "The brigands were so troublesome that Mr. Stevens, the United States consul, discouraged tourists from visiting Ephesus at that time."

Smyrna is larger and more like a European place than we expected to see. The streets are very narrow, — the only exception being a fine quay, where the people promenade every evening. The bazaars are like all others in the orient.

On leaving, we took another ship, one of the Austrian Lloyd line; and this proved the most overcrowded of any vessel we had been on. Fortunately the voyage was only for one night and a day. Imagine me stowed away in a cabin ten feet long and four wide, with two Russian ladies, two Greek ladies — and the old Austrian countess.

The three gentlemen with one other were packed into a small cabin. Some of the passengers had no place assigned them. Among these were a pasha, with his officers, and one of his wives, with her attendants, — who never for a moment removed their yasmaks. We were glad to leave the ship Oreste, which gave little rest to any of us, and get on shore.

At the landing place, which was Piraeus, we saw the Acropolis in the distance, and the Parthenon. There is a railway to Athens, and trains go up in about fifteen minutes. We found in Athens an exceedingly nice place, the Hotel D'Angleterre; it made us feel quite civilized.

The first thought was of our home-letters, but it was Sunday and late at night, so we could not get them. The next morning we took possession of twenty-five letters, forwarded from Constantinople; and my first morning in Athens was spent in our room, in spirit company with loved ones at home.

There are only two regular meals a day in this city, very much as in Paris, — our coffee for early breakfast, the *chota ajara* of India, then breakfast from ten to twelve. Modern Athens is very much like other European cities in this respect. After four o'clock we took a carriage, and started off to see the city. We went first to the temple of Jupiter and the Arch of Hadrian; then to the Acropolis, which stands high above the city, and can be seen from every point. From this high vantage ground you look upon many places of deep interest.

There were the hills of Hymettus, where the honey was sweetest; there the prison of Socrates; there was the hill Demosthenes spoke from; there the bay of Salamis, and the mountain where Xerxes sat on his throne of gold to watch the battle. On the right we saw where Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious"; and proceeded to give them on the spot those few memorable words of enlightenment, that very short sermon, so simple and so weighty, which would not be out of place in any city or any time since then.

There were the Acropolis, and the Parthenon. We stood

amidst the wondrous mass of ruined temples. They are all of marble, and much of the beautiful carving remains. I will not try to describe them. Books already written do it far better than I possibly could. Our ideals were more than realized.

It was a favorable day for observation. The sun under light clouds had no glare, and the effect was softened. From one point was a very fine view of the city; we looked down upon it from two hundred feet above. The Temple of Theseus appeared quite familiar, as it is the model from which Girard College was built; it is not so large. I am proud that Philadelphia has so fine a specimen of this architecture.

They celebrated May-day while we were in Athens. The streets were filled with people carrying flowers, and carts went by full of loose flowers and bouquets. Next morning the damsels found wreaths hanging on their doors, the young men having gone out on May-day to gather them. A large wreath hung in the hotel.

I thought of spring days at home, and asked the Americans around me if, among all the beautiful blossoms on tree and shrub that we had seen in these foreign lands, there is anything to compare with an apple-orchard in full blossom. The answer came promptly, "Nothing." The mere thought of it wafted delicious perfume across my memory.

The soldiers in Athens and some of the native men dress in a very peculiar fashion; they looked very much like a

ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

lot of ballet dancers, only instead of tulle they wore white muslin.

We visited the Museum, and saw a wonderful collection of articles found in tombs at Mycenæ by Schliemann. And among other places we stood on the very spot that Demosthenes did when he addressed the Athenians. Athens is a pleasant place to stay in. The weather was very fine while we were there, and of course we were constantly interested in all that we saw.

We had a delightful trip to Constantinople. The weather was good, and the sea calm as a river. We began to feel in better humor with the Austrian Lloyd line, having been so well accommodated in this one of their ships.

Passing among the islands of the Archipelago we saw that all were mountainous, but devoid of trees; they looked very barren. The timber has been cut down for fire-wood. It was disappointing to see them in this condition in this climate. We had beautiful views all the way through the Dardanelles. Noticing at all hours of the day a species of ducks constantly on the wing, close to the water, we asked one of the officers what they were. "They are lost souls," he said: "they are called by no other name here, as they never rest."

On nearing Constantinople, we rose early to get a view of the city; it looked immense as we followed the shore along its side. There was a rush of Turks on board as soon as the ship anchored. We had to show our passports and get through the custom-house. This was more difficult

than usual, owing to the war symptoms making officials suspicious and watchful. Good fortune favored us, and the only trunk we thought might be interfered with was not opened. It was very vexatious to see the reckless manner in which our things were tossed about. A fancy needle-case that had travelled with me for fifteen years was gazed upon with inquiring eyes before they decided to let it pass. Dr. T. and Mr. C. were less fortunate. The contents of the latter's trunk were emptied on the platform, scattering a choice collection of coins; and the officers retained many little things of no possible value to them. They also kept Mr. C.'s Bible. He had great annoyance before he regained possession of his belongings. On learning that further duties would be collected when leaving Constantinople, it became a question how to get out without so much trouble.

We wished to reduce our luggage, so we sent a part of it through to Liverpool. Every article had to be examined before leaving, even the least package must be opened. A. felt like pitching the entire lot into the Bosphorus. To add to the trouble, they said England was searching into the corners of every package for dynamite; and we thought of the two trunks we had sent from Bombay. It is one thing to make purchases, and quite another to get them out of one country into the next without great annoyance.

On reaching the hotel, we found it situated in the European part of the city, and well kept. The windows of our room commanded a fine view, the minarets and Mosques towering around, making us realize that we were in Turkey.

It was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. Our party at once started to see the Sultan as he passed to the Mosque. All the military turn out as escort and guard. The Sultan's mother and two of his wives came, each in her own carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome horses, with solid-silver-mounted harness. The horses were taken out and away from the crowd; the ladies remained seated in the closely-curtained carriages, and did honor to his Majesty by their presence. We were told that the Sultan had four hundred and fifty wives, and at least a dozen young men were pointed out as his sons. We afterwards learned there are four acknowledged wives, and three sons; many of the young men we saw were the sons of pashas, and companions of the Sultan's sons. We were also told that the mother of the Sultan makes it her especial care to secure beautiful girls, that her son shall have each year a beautiful new wife.

The Sultan's private income is two thousand pounds a day. There are four thousand women in the harems supported by government. This must be a heavy tax on the treasury. A great crowd gathered while we waited.

At last he appeared in an open barouche, drawn by four magnificent horses, with gold-mounted harness. The coachman was a mass of crimson and gold, and so were the outriders. The footmen who ran by the carriage were very large men. On the seat, alone, sat the Sultan, a rather good-looking man of medium size, forty-two years old. On the seat facing him sat Osman Pasha and Namik Pasha. All his officers, from the "topside" general down,

stand to guard his path to the Mosque, and salute him as he passes.

He was half an hour performing his service alone in the Mosque; that is, other people do not worship there, but he has a man to do his praying for him. He gives his presence, while the service is gone through. I asked if he does his own eating, and was told that he does.

When he came out, the troops marched by him in review, all the bands playing the same tune. And the men all swung their arms like a universal pendulum as they walked, except one company who had to steady their scabbards as they presented swords.

We found, on retiring to rest that night, that all we had been told of the number of dogs in Constantinople conveyed no idea of the real state of things. Surely such a racket was never heard in any other city! A stranger to the district appeared in the form of a white dog, at which apparition arose that extraordinary howling. The next morning the first sight I had from my window on looking down into the street was thirteen dogs lying stretched out, resting from the watch of the previous night, and preparing for the next. This count did not include the other dog that was running off with a pup in its mouth. Each set of dogs have their special district, and woe unto the dog that crosses over the line.

We found there was generally some person in the hotel who could speak English; but when going out, it is necessary to have a guide to translate these heathenish tongues.

SEVEN TOWERS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The position of Constantinople is very fine, surrounded as it is on three sides by the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn. There are two bridges connecting it with Stamboul, the old Byzantium. We went there to visit the wonderful Mosque of St. Sophia, fifteen hundred years old. There are still traces of fine fresco and mosaic work. It is an immense structure, with a beautiful dome around which is inscribed, "God is the light of the Heaven and Earth." Here were a hundred and seven columns of different kinds of marble, eight of porphyry, and twenty of verde antique. Wherever the Greek cross was carved, the Moslem had cut it away; and they had destroyed and painted over the frescoes of Christ and other Christian paintings.

Our guide Emmanuel told us of miraculous events that occurred when the Turks came. There was a well where a few of the same fish have been for three hundred years. When Constantine was out on a picnic they were cooking him some fish. People came running with the news, "The Turks are near!" Constantine said he did not believe them, but if the half-cooked fish would go from the pan into a certain pool he would believe. Out jumped the fish into the pool. We were shown the identical fish — brown on one side, red on the other, only half cooked. Emmanuel, looking earnestly into our eyes, said, "You believe that, don't you?" The people here have faith in all such wonders, and, when you doubt, they remind you that the Old Testament speaks of many similar things.

During our second visit to Stamboul we saw the Seven

Towers, and the old prison, a horrid dungeon, where the janissaries in the height of their power imprisoned the sultans, and, in time of war, the ambassadors of the enemies' countries.

The ruined walls of old Byzantium are wonderful, showing how great was their defence. There is an outer moat, then a wall; then another moat and wall; and still another moat and another wall. At the distance of every sixty or seventy yards a tower is built. We came to the sea after driving four miles on one side of these walls; and here found houses built on the walls, in front of them, piled in all the nooks and corners, almost touching overhead, and filled with women and children. We could tell the different races, as the people of each are as careful to keep in their own district as the dogs are, — Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Moslems, or Turks. As it was Rose Day with the Jews, they were in holiday dress, and decorated with flowers.

The same day we visited a little Mosque even more ancient than St. Sophia, and there saw some exceedingly beautiful mosaics. It is called the Mosque Kahrieh Jamisi, and was formerly a Christian church. The mosaics represent fine pictures of Christ, and the Virgin, and scriptural scenes, showing very advanced ideas in art.

Then we crossed the Sea of Marmora, going to the opposite shore. Landing at the ferry, we took a carriage and drove about four miles, then walked to the summit of a high hill called Boulgourloo, from which we had a magnificent view of the Bosphorus from the Sea of Marmora to the Black

Sea, and obtained a clear idea of the location of places we were visiting.

The English cemetery was next in our drive. It is kept in beautiful order. The dead from the Crimea lie here, as do all the English who die in Constantinople. It is in striking contrast with an enormous Turkish cemetery we drove through, where the stones marking the graves were like a cushion packed full of pins, all in disorder.

We found the howling dervishes not quite so horrible in their wild fanaticism as those in Cairo; here the high priest is thought to have some gift of healing, and sick people were brought to him. The older ones he seemed to pray over and touch gently; the little children, even a baby, were laid flat on their stomachs, and he stood upon them, while he rolled his eyes and muttered something. Such is faith!

These dancing dervishes were an interesting spectacle. When we entered the Mosque they were all sitting on the floor, listening while the Koran was being read. At a given point they suddenly fell forward, bowing their heads to the floor and giving one clap of their hands. Then with most solemn and quiet tread, the priest at the head, they walked one behind the other three times around the room, the floor of which was polished. Each time they passed the place where the chief priest had sat, they bowed profoundly, then turned and bowed to the one behind him. The third time, after bowing, they crossed their arms, the hands resting towards the shoulder, and began to whirl. In a few moments their arms were stretched outward, one hand with the palm upward, the

other with the palm down, and their long white skirts floated out like a great white wheel around them. Thus they spun and spun, and we left them spinning, and drove to see the next sight, which was the ride to "the sweet water."

All waters that are fresh are called sweet, all salt waters bitter. There was a very pretty stream, known as the sweet water, to which on Fridays especially, the people all drove, or took *kaiks*, small row-boats, and spent the afternoon. There we found a great number of Turkish ladies, and very bewitching they looked, with their white mull yasmaks. They generally appear delicate, looking very pale; but they use white powder freely, and many use rouge. To look beautiful is a Turkish woman's most important duty.

Their figure is hid beneath the satin, silk or woollen robe, which is like a long sack coat, with a deep cape reaching to the bottom of the skirt behind, and cut to the elbow in front, and is held in to the figure a little; these are of all colors and qualities. As for the feet and ankles of these women, there is but one thing to be said; as they sit cross-legged so much their legs are bowed and their ankles are, oh, such a size! Of course their walk is not graceful.

We visited the Treasury and the Royal Palaces, having received a letter through the United States Minister to the effect that an aide-de-camp would meet us next day at the old Seraglio Palace, and conduct us through them. Four different locks had to be opened before we could enter the Treasury, and we walked between a file of uniformed men as we passed

in. After entering, each man took a special position in each room as guard.

The most noticeable article among the valuables in the Treasury is a Persian throne about three feet high, covered with embroidery of pearls and precious stones, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, kept under a glass case. There is also the cradle in which the last ten or twelve sultans have slept. This is all of silver and gold and precious stones.

On our visiting the special palace of Sultan Aziz, the servants who have it in charge handed cigarettes to us; after we had seated ourselves on the beautiful sofas or chairs, they brought glasses of water, and jelly made of roses, — they called it rose jelly, — which we took by the spoonful and stirred into the water. After that another man appeared, holding a waiter over which was thrown a crimson satin gold-embroidered cloth, which was taken off and laid upon the shoulder of the servant. On the waiter were tiny china coffee-cups, in little vase-like holders, of gold and precious stones. These were filled from a gold coffee-pot, and presented to us.

After being refreshed, we passed into the garden and out through a gilded gate, and walked to the banks of the Bosphorus. There were *kaiks*, sixty-five feet long and about five feet wide; in each were eight stalwart Turks in uniform. We sat on low satin-brocade-cushioned seats, with our guides on a rug spread on the deck, which extends about twenty feet from each pointed end. The men did not handle the oars, which are big and clumsy, as our oarsmen do, but made a

splashing noise. They cannot feather their oars in style, but they go rapidly through the water. We crossed over to the Dolmar Bagtche palace, which is an immense structure, magnificent both in proportion and in furniture, as well as in general decoration. Imagine a bath-room and dressing-room entirely of alabaster! There were beautiful views from every window. The entire palace stretches, I should think, half a mile along the banks of the Bosphorus. The women of the royal harem still occupy a large portion of this palace, and that portion of course we could not visit. But we passed from room to room, and then into the enormous ball-room, which is elegantly decorated.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE UNLOVELY TURK — THE BLACK SEA — BULGARIA — BUDA-PEST — HUNGARIAN EXHIBITION — A BEAUTIFUL CITY — THE "BLUE DANUBE" — VIENNA — "EXCELSIOR" — CORPUS CHRISTI DAY — THE PRATER — CHURCHES — ROYAL LINGERIE — PALACES.

I TOOK my last farewell look at Constantinople, as it lay picturesque in the beautiful sunlight, without a pang of regret. The Turk is just as unlovely in my eyes as the Arab or the Bedouin.

It is a great nuisance not only to get in but to get out of Turkey, as they strive for chances of making a claim both ways. The Turks are impolitic not to see that they give their visitors no chance to spend money in their country.

The sail along the Bosphorus was beautiful. The land lies high on either side, sloping up gradually from the water's edge. At some points it rises abruptly, reminding one somewhat of the Hudson. It is from half a mile to a mile wide, quite thickly settled, with some villages, and some handsome residences. On the banks of the Bosphorus the wealthy citizens have their summer-houses, — the diplomats, also, when their governments are liberal enough to furnish the means. America is not. Our ambassadors cannot take their proper position; and this gives foreigners the idea that we are a

young nation, and not wealthy or powerful. Many positions on the bluffs have forts, which in days past may have served for defence; now they might as well be of paper.

We were happy to find the waters of the Black Sea very calm. The weather was delightful, no wind blowing, the moon nearly full; and, although the ship was very crowded — I had to room with two Greek ladies, and A. had a sofa in the saloon — we adapted ourselves to the situation, thankful for the mirror-like smoothness of the sea.

On arriving at Varna, we heard the call for prayers from the minarets of the Mosques, and realized we had not left all the Turks behind us. We took railway carriage, and had a ride of about seven hours through Bulgaria, over a very pretty rolling country, nearly all under cultivation, although there are no fences dividing one part from another. It was good to see foliage on the hills.

Our next point was Rustchuk, on the banks of the Danube, where our baggage was again examined, as we were passing from Bulgaria into Roumania. We had to spend the night on the train, and were very fortunate in getting a compartment for two persons; but we soon began to feel hungry, as all we had to eat had been gathered from a table on the roadside when stopping at a station.

The welcome word came to us that a dining-car was attached to the train. I said, "Blessed be America for suggesting such a luxury!"

The conductor of our car had asked us to give him the keys of our trunks, saying that, when we came to Orsova, the

BUDA—PESTH.

border-line into Hungary, the customs-officers would come and we would be asleep. We handed over our keys. At midnight the door of our apartment was opened, a bright light thrown upon us, and our valise asked for. I, at first, seeing two men, one a soldier, said in not an amiable tone, "Que voulez-vous?" but submitted my parcels with lamb-like serenity. A. in the upper berth looked calmly on, realizing it was no use to bluster when nobody appreciated the force of one's words. Having nothing to fear, we could sleep the sleep of the innocent, — though I confess that I was rather glad that one paper bundle they suspiciously seized had in it rubber-shoes, and another some Turkish delight. The only things they could have fussed over were two or three silver ornaments, that in a lucky moment I had put into my boot, which lay on the floor at the feet of the brave-looking officer.

The country we passed through during the morning was very flat. The prettiest scenery was in coming through the mountain-passes after midnight.

The moon was so bright I could enjoy it, being awake and at my window. The cleanly appearance of the houses scat-here and there proved that we were getting among a more civilized race. Passing over the delta of the Danube, I thought there was a great deal of time and money saved by having no fences anywhere. There are boys watching cattle, and shepherds tending flocks.

Buda-Pest is a beautiful city. There are broad streets, asphalt pavements, and fine buildings, both public and private. An exhibition of Hungarian manufactures was being held.

The grounds were beautifully laid out, and there were several large buildings filled with exhibits, and numerous cafés, all having bands of music. We were surprised to see the variety of articles manufactured in Hungary.

There is no city in Europe that has advanced so rapidly within the last twenty years as Buda-Pest. The Hungarians are very proud of Hungary, and though their King is Emperor of Austria, they feel a spirit of independence. In many things it strikes one as a peculiar condition of affairs. Of the army, fifty thousand are soldiers of Hungary, and have their special uniform. Another fifty thousand belong to the general army of Austria and Hungary. The king and queen and about half the population are Catholics, one quarter Jews, and the other quarter Protestants. We were told if you ask the Protestants what their religion is, they will answer, "The religion of Hungary"; which they say is principally Unitarian.

This city is kept in excellent order, and the general cleanliness is noticeable. It may be that I was more impressed with it, coming from the Turks and Arabs. It was good to have women around me, waiting upon us in our room, instead of men making our beds and bringing baths, which had been the case for a year past. And it was also pleasant to see the general amusements entered into by both sexes; and not, as in Turkey, to see men and women entirely separated in public. Here it seemed proper for women to go everywhere as men do, and all appeared healthful and happy.

The next day was a busy one. We had a good courier, and went across the river to Buda, which lies much higher than Pest. The latter is on one side of the river, Buda on the other; but they are called Buda-Pest, as one place. The palace is on a high bluff overlooking the river on the Buda side. It is on the site of an old fortification, is a fine building, and has beautiful grounds.

It was our luck again to happen to be there just when Princess Isabella chose to visit her uncle's palace; she had come to the opening of the exhibition. We saw her walking around the garden, dressed in a black silk walking-suit, quite plain, with nothing more noticeable about her than there would be about any well-dressed lady. The two lady companions were more conspicuous than she was, but they also were plainly dressed in street costume. They were attended by three or four gentlemen. And thus the princess was enjoying her morning. She descended a long flight of steps, got into a hired carriage, drove to the train, and returned to Vienna, like any ordinary person.

After she left the palace, we went through a number of rooms, and then crossed over the suspension-bridge, and visited the Academy of Paintings, where we saw some fine pictures from the old Dutch artists, and the largest collection of Spanish paintings out of Spain. Count Esterhazy contributed his entire collection, which was formerly at Vienna, to this Academy. We also visited the church of the Monastery, and a very fine synagogue, built by the Jews.

In the afternoon, taking a steamboat, we went about

three miles up the Danube, to Margaret Island, a beautiful spot of one hundred and twenty-two acres, all laid out in shady walks, with shrubs and flowers. It belongs to the Archduke Josef, brother of the king, and has sulphur-baths and hotels, everything being in fine order. At one end of the island a brass-band was playing. At the other end was a Gypsy band with stringed instruments.

We were told that these Gypsies play the most difficult music entirely by ear; they never study notes. They are born musicians; they never work, but generation after generation play on the violin. They never marry out of their own race, are called Hungarian Gypsies, and wander from place to place with their music.

We enjoyed life thoroughly at Buda-Pest. We had no idea how pleasant it would be; we thought only of quietly resting; but instead found much to see. People all live out of doors, as in Germany. At the Grand Hotel there was no table-d'hôte, but a large hollow square, glassed over, where we dined, music playing every evening. We found it nine or half-past before we were through dining; and at eleven o'clock the restaurant was still full, and the music playing. Yet the people all looked very hearty.

One idea I must erase from poetic minds. The blue Danube is not blue during three months in the year, but is a very dull, muddy-looking river; though it runs at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

We went to the museum, and in the afternoon to the exposition, though it was Sunday. They did not close the

gates on Sunday, as we did at Philadelphia. It was interesting to see the peasants who come in from the country. The various dresses were very odd, but all looked scrupulously clean.

The last night of our stay, my pretty little room-maid came, and, raising my hand, kissed the back of it, and said "Good-night." This is the Greek salute.

Our memories of Hungary were very pleasant. The people seemed happy and gay-hearted, and very courteous in manner. Leaving by rail we followed the banks of the Danube for a long time. Almost the entire distance is very flat, all under good cultivation, planted mostly in grain, though there are also many vineyards, from which come some of the finest wines.

As we neared Presburg, and the country continued level, I felt that another ideal was about to be wiped out by travel. The lines from the old poem, "Isabella of Austria," were ringing through my mind: —

> . . . . "Imperial Presburg's pride,
> With the noble born and beautiful assembled at her side."

But I was pleased to find Presburg sits nobly on high hills.

On reaching Vienna and taking a carriage for the hotel, we crossed a bridge to enter the city; a guard stopped us for the payment of four kreutzers, not quite two cents, which we gave him. He continued to peer into the carriage, looking for something. I asked "What is it?" and A. in his emphatic manner said, "What do you want?"

Whereupon the guard looked disgusted at our ignorance, and told the driver to go on. We afterwards remembered an item in the guide-book, that there is a tax on wine and eatables brought into the city. He was searching for some.

Experience taught us that a valet-de-place was more useful than a courier in European cities, as they are thoroughly acquainted with all points of interest in their own homes. By writing in advance they are secured, and await your arrival at the hotel. We were very fortunate in securing excellent men.

When walking about Vienna, we saw the loveliest things, of all kinds, and wished we could waft some across the ocean, instead of having to account for each little article to the customs of every country we passed through.

At the opera house there was a spectacular ballet, "Excelsior," causing a great demand for seats, — they sold for a premium, as it was to be performed only one night. There were hundreds of men, women, and children on the stage at one time, and the dressing was truly magnificent. It must have cost a fortune even in Vienna, and would be too expensive to present in America. The performance commenced at half-past seven, and the audience was dismissed at half-past nine.

We had the luck of being in the right place at the right time, and saw the celebration of Corpus Christi day, when the finest procession in Vienna takes place. We had a good position to see it pass, sitting on a balcony overlooking it. First came three hundred and fifty orphans, who are the chil-

dren of military and civil officers, and are supported by the government; they were as fine a set of boys as I ever saw. As they walked they chanted and sang, accompanied by a brass band. The streets through which the procession passed were guarded by troops, and boards were laid down in the middle of the street, covered with grass and some few flowers.

Following the boys came the high priests of the different churches, and their robes were magnificent in gold and embroidery; then came the officers of the government and the burgomaster; then the archbishop, walking under a beautiful canopy, which was carried by richly-dressed men. Immediately behind him walked the Emperor; he, as every one, was bare-headed. He carried a lighted torch or candle in one hand. Behind him came the crown prince, archdukes and other male members of the royal family. Then other high dignitaries, such as generals, and ministers of state; then the bodyguard of the Emperor, the Austrians on black horses, the Hungarians on white, with leopard-skins thrown over their shoulders like a mantle. The guard are a splendid body of men.

There was not a murmur in the crowd as they passed along, neither did the Emperor look to right or left; all was solemn as a funeral. Altars had been placed at several points on the way where they lingered; the entire procession turned their faces towards the altar while a service was performed by the archbishop. The whole affair occupied about two hours.

At the end of the route, carriages were waiting to take

the royal family back to the palace. They all passed us, and the gorgeousness of these equipages quite outshone Barnum with his circus. The Emperor's gold-trimmed coach was drawn by eight magnificent white horses, with heavy gold-mounted harness, and numerous attendants were in waiting. Even at this time the crowd merely uncovered their heads; but not a toss of a hat nor a sound of the voice greeted the sovereign as he smiled kindly upon his people.

After he returned to the palace, the troops passed in review. Every man in line, from the general of the battalion down, had three oak-leaves placed in front of the hat, directly on top. In the distance, to us looking over their heads as they marched, it seemed like a young vineyard. On all gala days, or parades, they always wear the three oak-leaves, emblematic I suppose of strength and sturdiness.

It was a charming drive that we took in the park. The magnificent avenue of horse-chestnut trees is two and a half miles long. This is where the grandees air themselves, both in carriages and on horseback. Another portion of the Prater is appropriated to the class who find pleasure in other ways, in cafés, music, and so on; and as it was a holiday, this was crowded, as it always is on Sundays.

The churches we visited were all Roman Catholic. At St. Stephen's we saw a large, red marble sarcophagus, containing the remains of Frederick the Third. There are two hundred and forty figures beautifully carved on it, besides thirty-two coats of arms. It was built between the years 1493 and 1513. There are many events of historical interest connected

with this old church, which was built about four hundred years ago.

At the Capuchin Church the point of interest is the burial-vault of the imperial family, where are one hundred and five metal coffins, the oldest being that of the Emperor Matthias, in 1619. One portion is occupied by the Hapsburgs, another by the two houses, Hapsburg and Lorriane. Every member of the royal family lies here. Their bowels are deposited in a vault in St. Stephen's, their hearts in silver urns at St. Augustine's; their bodies are placed first in wooden caskets, then lead, and then put into the large, finely-engraved bronze-caskets, each kind being hermetically sealed.

In several instances the hearts of the wives have been put into large urns, and according to special request placed beside the caskets containing their husbands' remains. Maria Theresa had her heart placed in the same urn as that of her husband. Many of the caskets have beautiful fresh flowers on them. The vault suggests a large cellar with stone floor; in one part it was necessary to carry a lighted candle, especially in a side vault, which contained a number of little caskets. There was nothing especially gloomy about the place, though it was impressive to be among the remains of so many illustrious persons.

At St. Augustine's is a beautiful work of Canova's, a monument to Maria Christina, a favorite daughter of Maria Theresa. It was placed here by the husband. I do not remember any work of art which I thought more beautiful. The marble is the purest Carrara, which is so soft in its white-

ness. A life-size female figure, representing Virtue, is bearing an urn with the ashes into a tomb, little twin girls by her side bearing torches. Another female figure represents Benevolence; she is leading an old man and a little child up some steps. On the right lies a melancholy lion, and over him a desponding female figure, representing Genius. Its beauty absorbed me for a long time. In this church all the royal marriages take place, and where hearts are united in marriage seems a proper place for the silver urns that hold the hearts of the departed. The vault where the urns are placed is quite near the altar.

After visiting these churches, I had to attend to the realities and needs of life, and order some dresses. The place where I shopped provides the lingerie of the imperial household. A quantity was being arranged, and I took pleasure in turning over the articles, admiring the elegant simplicity. The quality of everything was as fine as possible; with very little embroidery or lace. The coat-of-arms and the crown were beautifully worked on each article. The bed and table-linen were also very plain, but of the finest quality.

While I was visiting the Schonbrun Palace and Gardens, the Emperor drove up to the door; the Empress being absent from Vienna, the Emperor came to this palace to dine and spend the night. There was no more style about the pretty victoria in which he rode than in any nice private carriage. He was dressed in a light blue army-cloth uniform; his aid by his side was much more adorned. The coachman wore a cocked hat. There was no more apparent excitement than

when any gentleman enters his court-yard; only of course uniformed guards were standing at the entrance-gate and palace doors.

We did not see the private dining-hall. We went into the room Napoleon the First occupied, and saw the bed on which he slept, and on which his son Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died. We walked through the rooms Maria Theresa lived in, and looked upon the paintings her two daughters, Maria Antoinette and Maria Christina, copied from old Flemish masters; they were certainly very nicely done. In these rooms there is some magnificent Gobelin tapestry.

The grounds surrounding this palace are kept in beautiful order; the people are allowed to enjoy them as they would any public park.

The city palace is exceedingly plain on the outside. It is built around different court-yards, through which the public drive or walk at will. The oldest part was built in 1210. We went through a long suite of rooms on the second floor on one side of a large square court-yard. These were formerly Maria Theresa's rooms. Her nuptial chamber, furnished by her father, still remains just as it was, even to the draperies and coverings of the furniture, all in wonderfully good preservation. The last occupants of this part of the palace were the parents of the present Emperor. Since then they have only been used by royal guests. In most of these many rooms the walls are covered with choicest Gobelin tapestry, generally battle-scenes of Charles the Fifth.

The large hall, where wedding-banquets and other impor-

tant feasts are spread, is beautifully decorated. In this room the Emperor and Empress symbolize their humility once every year by receiving twelve of the oldest men and twelve of the oldest women in Vienna. They come on the last Thursday before Easter, barefooted, and some high official pours water over their feet, and the Emperor kneels down and wipes those of the men, and the Empress those of the women. Then they set plates of food before them, as they sit at a table, and hang a little bag containing thirty silver gulden around the neck of each one. The old people do not eat the meal here, but carry it away in little baskets provided for them.

At the Government Treasury the many treasures are shown under glass. The crown-jewels are magnificent. I especially admired a black velvet crown, ornamented with diamonds and pearls, — some wonderful pear-shaped pearls hanging as pendants. From here we visited the Imperial Arsenal. The building is particularly tasteful. In a large hall, which is called the Hall of Fame, are life-size, finely-cut marble statues of heroes and generals. In other rooms are collected the armor worn and flags taken at different battles.

The palace of Luxembourg is where the crown prince and princess live. On the grounds, which are beautiful, Joseph the Second built a castle imitating those of the Middle Ages. Collecting at great expense portions of old castles and convents, he had them placed here to represent the rooms from which they were taken.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Russia — Warsaw — Homes of the Russian Peasants — Smolensk — Moscow — A City of Churches and Domes and Spires — The Long Days — Rainy Weather — The Romanoff House — The Foundling Hospital — St. Petersburg — Royal Palaces — Churches.

WHEN we left Vienna, Mr. B., our new and kind friend, came to see us off in the train, at eleven in the morning. He brought me some beautiful rosebuds. Our courier told the conductor to look well after us, and everything was arranged comfortably. The road was an easy one, and the country rolling, and very pretty. We could see the lesser Carpathians in the distance.

About one o'clock we passed from Austria into Moravia. At Cracow, we crossed the frontier into Russia; and at the next station, Graniza, there appeared two men, one a uniformed officer, asking for our passports, which he walked off with, and another who gathered up all hand-bags and bundles, and, making us understand that he wanted checks for all "gross" baggage, off he went. Our conductor motioned me to go also. A. had followed the man with the small luggage. We all went into a large room, and stood about a counter that ran around the centre of the room. On this were placed small articles, the trunks being on the floor in the centre.

We were pleased at the good feeling shown in the faces of people when we said we were Americans. There was always a smile, and very often the hat was lifted to us. They did not pull over our things, but passed them with a glance. After waiting there an hour, and getting supper, we returned to our compartment, and found that it had been searched. A cane that A. had rolled up very carefully and tied with our umbrellas had been opened and examined.

When we reached Warsaw, our conductor kissed my hand in bidding adieu. Our courier had done the same thing. The familiarity rather startled me, till I quickly remembered it is done as a mark of respect in Hungary, as among the Greeks. And the men embrace one another as warmly as ladies do at home.

There was no one at the Hotel de l'Europe who could speak English; but through pantomime we procured a room and something to eat, and presently a valet-de-place appeared, who proved to be the first one we had met that we were glad to get rid of. He talked like a rattler, and when we were shown an article quite inferior, he would say, "Now, look at that; did you ever see anything so pretty?" At last, A. told him that, after coming from Buda-Pest and Vienna, Warsaw looked like a village. This was truly so, though we were glad to make a pause in our journey to see the place.

There was one very pretty small summer-palace, that the Emperor of Russia, who is also called King of Poland (these titles were used there instead of Czar), occupies when he visits Warsaw. I thought of "Thaddeus," but found him not,

though we saw quite a number of handsome men. The Polish dress is very becoming to most men. There were also some fine-looking women.

There is little to detain the tourist more than one day here, and we saw all of interest.

We grew accustomed to the long days. I went to bed at half-past nine, and it was still light. The ladies were walking and driving, as if it were seven or earlier. All night long it was as light as though the moon was shining. We find there are many ways of arranging bed-clothes. They provided feather-beds to cover us at Vienna on cool evenings, and at Warsaw they buttoned the sheet over the silk coverlid, forming a border of four or five inches of the sheet on the upper part, so that we had to have all the covering or none.

We left Warsaw on Sunday, but as we drove to the station through the Jewish quarter there was no sign to mark the day. On the train we had a compartment to ourselves, with a sofa on each side, but no accommodations of extra pillows, covering, or towels. Luckily, our experience had taught us to be provided with these things. The road was not easy to ride over, and the country was uninteresting, most of the way very level, and a great deal of young timber.

The homes of the peasants are thatched huts or low houses, with a door and one or two windows. These huts are grouped together in villages, on great spaces of unfenced land. Sometimes we could see a large house, evidently one of the homes of the old nobility, as the huts were fit only for serfs.

The peasantry looked poor, not as clean and prosperous, and the cottages not as homelike, as those we passed in Hungary. The women work side by side with the men out-of-doors. At eleven o'clock the light had not all faded from the west, but we decided to retire for the night. Next morning we were at Smolensk on the Dneiper, and there we got some coffee. As no one could speak a word of English or French we had a funny time. A Russian lady and gentleman were in the first-class carriage, and when they got out, we did; the porter of the train counted on his fingers the length of time we would stop, and we kept our eyes on our fellow-travellers; thus we got through wonderfully well, and arrived at Moscow about eight o'clock that evening.

It was a long, long drive from the station to the hotel over streets badly paved with cobble-stones. I told A. that if it had been after dark, I should feel as though we were being carried off somewhere. On stepping into the hall-way, we heard the first English spoken by any one besides ourselves since leaving Vienna, except the one day in Warsaw. Even in this hotel, which was very nice, there were only two who spoke it. Every one else signed no, when we said "Speak English?" or "Parlez-vous Français?"

The man who sat in the hall was a typical Russian; every time that we passed he rose from his seat. He was a fine, stalwart fellow, with short curly hair and beard, and wore a black frock-coat, full skirt belted in, boots high, the trousers falling over, a little full, at the top of the boot, and though the boot fitted tight around the calf of the leg, it fell loosely

about the lower part. This man's duty was to keep our key, and open the door when we returned. Then there was a Russian chambermaid, and though we spoke words that neither comprehended, we managed to make each other understand. Mr. H., a new friend, looked after us kindly, and a courier was engaged.

On entering Moscow one is impressed with the number of domes and spires, and the great number of shrines and painted symbols. It was strange to see the people bow the head, lift the hat, or frequently kneel upon the sidewalk as they passed them. Nowhere have we seen greater profession made in the streets. Even in a hard shower of rain these forms are remembered. Several times when gentlemen lifted their hats in passing, I impulsively acknowledged the salute; then remembered I was among utter strangers, and looking around, saw a wall or window decorated with a painted saint.

We made vain endeavors to read the business-signs and the notices at the railroad stations. There would be just enough familiar letters to tempt one; but the ten extra letters of the Russian alphabet, and the turning of many upside down, and wrong side before, were too much for us. I felt I should grow cross-eyed in my efforts to puzzle them out if we remained much longer among them.

The drosky is a small sort of victoria, in which one person can sit comfortably, or two if they are willing to be crowded. The harness of the horses is noticeable for the immense high yoke which goes over the shoulders of the horse, from one shaft to the other. Some are four feet high,

and every horse, no matter what style of vehicle he is drawing, is harnessed in this style.

Our courier spoke some English; when he was careful, he mixed only a little French with, it but when under a full blast of description, German and Russian were so alternated with the other two languages that it was decidedly difficult to keep pace with him.

The weather was not what we had expected. Instead of being pleasantly warm, a cold wind was blowing. As in most other places, we were told by those who lived here that the season was a very extraordinary one.

The Kremlin is a large space in the city, surrounded by a wall seven thousand two hundred and eighty feet in circumference. There are five gates, one of which is called the Redeemer's Gate. Every man who passes through this gate, even the Emperor, uncovers his head. Within these walls is the palace of the reigning prince, surrounded by his courtiers, the superior clergy. Here also are the treasury, four churches, a sacristy, nunnery, monastery, and bell towers. A fire in 1737 consumed the buildings then in the Kremlin, with other ancient buildings constructed by the first Romanoffs.

That portion of the palace which was occupied by Napoleon, and where the father of Peter the Great died, remains as it was, and the newer portions are not used since the capital was removed to St. Petersburg. Yet here every Emperor must come to be crowned.

The various halls are magnificent. We went into

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

several cathedrals; one where the members of the imperial family are baptized and married, another where they are crowned, another where they are buried. We also went into the sacristy where the jewels of the churches are kept.

There are always many pilgrims in these churches, going through their prayers, and kissing sacred objects. The forms seemed to me prompted more by habit than religious feeling. The Russian Church has no large altar or images or confessional-boxes, but is otherwise like the Roman in its paintings and lighted candles. There seems a similarity, yet there are many points in which they differ.

The Emperor of Russia is head of the church, as the Pope is of the Roman church. The cathedral called the Temple of the Saviour was commenced in 1812, and is lately finished. It is a mass of gold, various marbles, and beautiful paintings. The amount of money contributed to the church by the people is something wonderful.

The children of to-day are being taught to read and write; the older persons appear to depend entirely on pictures to familiarize them with the lives of Christ and his apostles. In the cathedrals, we saw them stand gazing in rapt attention at these symbols.

In every one of the three rooms that formed our suite at the hotel, up high in some corner was a little picture of Jesus, or of some saint. There are six hundred and forty churches, thirty-one monasteries, and thirty-one nunneries in Moscow; so it is easy to imagine the number of domes and spires we looked down upon when on a high elevation. The

domes of many churches are gilded. The roofs of most of the houses are painted green; blue and red are also favorite colors, and the last two are fancied for dresses, and other articles of attire.

We drove to Sparrow Hills, said to be the point from which Napoleon first saw Moscow. There is a fine view of the city from these hills, which are about an hour's drive distant.

The common people looked hard-worked and strong, but coarse and poor, and as though they had lived through cold rough weather. Bad liquor is drunk by the people, and it is said there is a great deal of drunkenness. Tea is the beverage of the country, and whether it is owing to the quality of the tea, which they claim is superior — it being brought on camels overland from China — or the manner of making it, the fact remains that none was ever more palatable.

Mr. H. gave us a lesson in making tea. A samovar — sort of urn — was brought, with thoroughly ignited charcoal inside, which boiled the water placed over it. A little was poured over the tea, which was set to steep a few moments; then the proper amount of boiling water was poured over it. The tea was delicious. I think heating water with a spirit-lamp, as we do, would answer equally well, had we the same quality of tea.

I neglected to say that in Warsaw, where our passport was examined, they asked for the name of A.'s father and mother to be written in it. The surname is used in speak-

ing to one. A. was Amos Edwardowitch, or son of Edward. Mr. H. said that when addressing their customers, not only the person's name but that of his father must be remembered, and told me I am Anna, daughter of George. In addressing letters the family name is used.

We visited the Romanoff House, once occupied by Michael, the first Emperor, grandfather of Peter the Great, and found it to be quite small, but a perfect sample of an old Russian home. The interior has been renovated, but the old style has been carefully preserved, and the old articles were left just as they were used by him.

We were anxious to see the Foundling Hospital, which is supported by Government, and is the largest in the world. We found that Sunday is the only day visitors are admitted, but our guide thought that if we drove there and sent in our card we would be received. We followed his suggestion, and the result was most satisfactory. Had we been special representatives of the American government, we could not have been more courteously received.

The building would cover the space of one of our city blocks. At the time of our visit, there were four thousand children under the care of this hospital. The number sometimes reaches eight thousand. It is as clean as possible everywhere. During the summer the babies are out in a sort of barracks in the garden, and the winter quarters are thoroughly renovated. We went into large rooms where we saw two rows of little cribs standing head to head; the rows of beds for the nurses were on the oppo-

site side. In one room sat ten women, middle-aged, and old; they had all brought babies. Seventeen had been entered that morning. Only one was still in the arms of the grandmotherly-looking woman who brought it. They were waiting for the priest to baptize it. After this ceremony, it is weighed and measured, and a medal with a number on it, and the name of the nurse who is to take care of it, is put around its neck. When it is baptized the name of the child is also put on the medal.

On entering the next room sixteen peasant women, all with red caps on their heads, in the uniform of the hospital, rose and stood in a row; each had one of the babies that had come that morning nursing at her breast. This row all bowed to us like a row of automatons that had been pulled by a string.

We passed into the room where they were waiting to bathe the last baby. Each in its turn is bathed, and bundled up in clean linen. When finished they are about as long as a sheet of fool's-cap paper, and not quite as wide, with a little white cap around the little red face.

During the winter enough peasant-women come in — leaving their own babies at home to be fed on cow's milk — to allow one nurse to every baby; but in summer one woman has to take two babies. When the baby is old enough to show that it is a strong, healthy child, the nurse may take it back to the country with her. Some days sixty, some days eighty, children are brought to the hospital. No questions are asked. If the mother wants to see her child, she

can visit it once a month by paying one ruble, fifty copees — seventy-five cents — each time, and within two years she may take it out again.

There are also little orphan children in the hospital. About twenty pretty little things were being fed, as I went in. They all rose and said "Good-morning" to me, in Russian. It was quite touching. These were orphans and the children of officers in the army.

Children of noble birth, but poor, have one portion of the building for their use. The girls are educated for teachers, governesses, or ladies' maids. The boys all go into the army. Should the girls marry, the institution gives them a marriage portion.

These babies are all vaccinated with virus from calves, which animals we were also allowed to see. It was a wonderfully interesting morning.

Infanticide is not known in Russia. The government and the church — one and the same — consider this the way to prevent greater ills. All through the empire the same plan is adopted, but the largest building is that at Moscow. Night and day there is always some one waiting in the room to take the babies from the arms of those who bring them.

Before we left Moscow, the weather allowed us to take a drive through the park, where we saw a number of very pretty little villas or cottages which are taken by families for the summer. They surround the park, and of course the inmates get all the benefit of the pleasant surroundings.

I think we were both somewhat disappointed in the

appearance of Moscow; yet it is thoroughly a Russian city. We expected to see some fine residences. There, as elsewhere the wealthiest people are out of the city during the summer; therefore we saw little of wealth except in the palaces and churches. The men and the horses are generally fine large ones, and some of the ladies are handsome; but the people of the peasant class are not at all attractive.

Leaving Moscow on the twentieth of June, we went by rail to St. Petersburg. On nearing the city we passed lilac-bushes, both white and purple, in full bloom, also hyacinths; and persons passed us carrying great bunches of the lily-of-the-valley.

When we reached the hotel we found a pretty suite of rooms ready for us, and our home letters on a writing-table. Their greetings seemed very fresh, having left the writers only two weeks previous.

It was a perfect rush after this. Pilly, our courier, understood his business; he had brought it up to a fine art, and was determined we should not miss seeing anything of interest.

After a day spent in sight-seeing, we darkened the room at ten o'clock, and went to bed like tired children. It was useless to wait for daylight to go, as one can see to read in the street any time at this season of the year, except between eleven and one.

We were very much impressed with the general appearance of the city. It was quite up to our ideal of St. Petersburg. The Neva runs through the town, and camels passing

through the streets now and then add to the novelty. There are fewer churches than at Moscow, but the other buildings give the impression of wealth; and although most of the houses are built at uniform height, even the Winter Palace not towering above others, yet they are all fine large buildings, three and four stories high.

There is a horse-railway, and one dummy line. The drosky flourishes through all the streets, being used by all classes. We saw some landaus and barouches, but there is no display made in stylish turnouts, except on state occasions; and even in winter they told us the sleighs are quite plain. The drosky drivers, like all other coachmen, wear a livery consisting of a long coat belted in around the waist, and a queer, low, bell-crowned hat. I think this is the livery all over Russia, even for private carriages. The footmen of the court wore gold trimmings and cocked hats, but the coachmen were all in one style.

The weather was delightful while we were in St. Petersburg; though it was quite warm, the people wore overcoats. We were told that flannel underclothing is seldom used there. The people depend on outside wraps for protection. The houses are all built to keep out cold.

We went over grand palaces and cathedrals, seeing so many precious stones that I did not wonder that Russia is poor; and so many persons are required to guard these treasures, beside the eighty thousand troops in and around the the capital.

The Winter Palace, occupied by the late Emperor, stands

on the banks of the Neva. We were taken from one suite of rooms to another, looking upon many beautiful paintings. We walked through enormous halls, glittering with gold and silver, and saw the bedrooms and the beds where the Empress had slept; we also saw the rooms where the present Duchess of Edinburgh was dressed for her bridal.

She occupied these rooms afterwards when visiting her father. Since his death the present Empress has taken them for her own, and does not often allow strangers to enter. We were fortunate in being admitted. In one of the grand rooms there was a coasting-board, all beautiful in mahogany and velvet, which was made for the children of the imperial family. Sitting on a velvet mat we each took a slide down it, going at rapid-transit speed. We were shown the private apartments of the late Czar; the breakfast-room which the family were entering when the bomb burst which was intended to assassinate the Emperor; the magnificent ball-room; and the little, quiet, plain side-room, the cabinet of Emperor Nicholas, where he died; and the small bedstead with its hard mattress that he died upon. Everything is kept as he left it, even to his worn-out toilet articles, an old comb with the teeth broken, and a shabby pair of old slippers. The bedroom of the Empress and her bed were as elegant as his were plain.

The present Emperor does not occupy this palace, but while in the city lives in the one he occupied when heir-apparent. Service is held in the chapel every day, and some of the old ladies-in-waiting at the late Emperor's Court continue to

live in a certain part of the palace. When we went into the chapel, there were only one old lady and four gentlemen, present, listening to the service.

We afterwards went into the sacristy of the imperial chapel, to see the sacred relics. The crown jewels are locked up, and the Emperor carries the key, so we were told. In the throne-room of Peter the Great, all the ornaments are of solid silver. The throne-room of the late Emperor, Alexander II., was where he received the ambassadors. I give but a brief mention of the palaces and churches. So rich are they in jewels, that diamonds, rubies, pearls, and sapphires seemed as plenty as pebbles on the beach. And our brains went through a sort of cramming, like students before examination.

As we rode along the streets we saw many novel things. On the spot where the Emperor was assassinated, they were building a church. We saw the state carriages, from the time of Peter the Great to the present, — from the gorgeous equipages of Catherine II., on which diamonds are profusely distributed, to the carriage in which the Emperor Alexander II., was riding, when the bomb burst under it, tearing the back into splinters.

We saw also the sleighs that had been used by different emperors. A large one was made to hold a party of ladies, and was drawn by twelve horses. A long crimson cloth was dragged on the snow behind, and noble gentlemen sat on cushions placed on it; this would be suddenly unhitched, and the gentlemen tumbled off, and left behind, just as might happen to a jolly crowd anywhere. Some sleds prettily cush-

ioned and with seats for two persons were joined together with rope, as for any other coasting-party. In the same rooms, were solid gold and silver-mounted harness for a hundred horses, and the livery for one thousand men.

On a pretty island opposite the city, there are charming drives, gardens, and pretty villas, formerly occupied by the nobility, now by the better class of merchants and others, who spend the summer months there.

The summer-palace of the late Emperor at Tsarkoe Selo is fifteen miles distant by rail. Twenty miles of ground are enclosed as imperial property, containing most beautiful drives, with avenues of lovely trees, their branches meeting overhead. These beautiful avenues extend as far as eye can reach.

The exteriors of these palaces are all plain, but the interiors are something wonderful, with their long suites of beautiful rooms. In this summer-palace the chapel is all blue and gold. The Imperial family have a gallery opposite the screen or Ikonotas.

There is one room which has eight round columns of lapis lazuli, and eight pilasters of the same stone. The floor is ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. But the wonderful room is one entirely of amber, presented to Catharine II. by Frederick the Great. The bed-chamber of Catharine is ornamented with porcelain and purple glass. The banqueting-room is beautiful, as are also the two grand ball-rooms. The apartments of Alexander I. are just as he left them; his boots and caps lie about on table and chairs, and his little

bedstead is in an alcove in his bedroom. If any of our servants had not a more comfortable bed, we should hear from them. It was merely an army camp-bed, in this palace filled with every luxury and elegance.

A smaller palace is close by, built by Catharine for her grandson Alexander I. and occupied by the present Emperor when he was heir-apparent. It was here that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came to spend three or four days after their marriage, leaving the winter-palace at midnight while the ball was going on. We were shown their suites of rooms.

At Tsarkoe-Selo is also an arsenal, where for generations the Russian sovereigns have accumulated a singular collection of antique articles pertaining to military and civil life, — many spoils of battle and from captured cities.

It was very restful to get into our carriage and drive mile after mile along the beautiful avenues; white-birch and oak are the principal trees. We heard a cuckoo whistling, and I thought it a cuckoo-clock. Chapels and shrines are always near. Even in the railway-stations, one corner will be occupied by a shrine, with its candles burning.

On the twenty-fourth of June we took a little steamer and went on the Gulf of Finland to Peterhof. It was an hour's sail. On the way we had a good view of Cronstadt in the distance. It is at Peterhof that the present Emperor has his summer-palace. The grounds are private; visitors are not allowed. We were permitted to visit the palace built by Peter the Great, and occupied by other emperors down to Alexander II. The grounds are very beautiful, and many

fountains were playing. Looking through the vista of large trees, we would see fountains of various designs. One was a figure of Eve, surrounded with twenty jets of water, the bright sunlight throwing a rainbow at her feet.

In this palace, are great halls, long lines of rooms, suite after suite, with tapestries, objets de vertu, and pictures in bewildering abundance. Within the grounds are small buildings where the royal persons resort to find amusement. At Marly they call fish to come to their meals by ringing a bell! Peter I. and his Empress Elizabeth used to come to Montplaisir, where she would amuse herself by cooking a meal. And we saw Catharine II.'s hermitage, which she visited with her favorites; she used a dining-room on the second-floor, and had no servants present at meals, but had the table arranged so that at each plate was a bell-wire; when this was pulled the plate descended. The entire middle of the table would also descend, for the contents to be replaced.

Among other places, we were shown the private bathing-house of the Emperor. He and the heir-apparent had just taken a swim; the glasses they had been drinking from were still standing, the towels still hanging. When we first reached the palace, our carriage drove up to the door and we entered. When we were leaving, an officer was standing near. We stood at the door waiting for the carriage to drive up. This officer said to Pilly in a surprised tone, "How is it possible to stop this carriage at his Majesty's door?" Had he seen us alight, he would have understood the possibility; it was the easiest thing in the world for two Americans to do.

At Peterhof, we visited the Emperor's mosaic-factory, where artists were busy working at the different stones — jade, jasper, and malachite, from Siberia; and we marvelled to see little dishes of jade, on which they had been working a year, so hard is this stone to work. Malachite and lapis-lazuli are cut into thin slices, as it were, and veneered on. There is little, that is to say, of the solid stone; it cannot be worked in that way, especially the malachite, it is so porous.

We saw one of the prettiest little pavilions, in the Pompeiian style, on an island, called Empress Island, to which we crossed on a little rope ferry-boat, worked by man-of-war's men. There we saw a good-sized oak-tree, which had grown from an acorn sent by Charles Sumner to the Emperor Nicholas from Mount Vernon about thirty-five years ago.

The prettiest of all the smaller places was about three miles from Peterhof. It was given by Nicholas to his son Alexander II., then heir-apparent, and was called "Mine Own." It is a charming spot, with a charming garden around it. Only think of all these palaces standing empty! Many servants are employed to keep them in order and always ready, in case the members of the imperial family feel like spending an hour or more in them!

We passed a morning in the Hermitage, which joins the winter-palace; and, though we wandered hour after hour among pictures, sculpture, coins, precious stones, enormous vases of Siberian jasper, and of other precious stones, we left wearied, surfeited, with the sweets of art, without seeing more than half there was to see.

In the afternoon, we visited Kazan Cathedral, and while we were looking at a face of the Virgin, framed with gold and precious stones, valued at over seventy-five thousand dollars, the entire thing was taken out from behind, and another put in its place. We had been looking at the imitation, the real one having been taken to some wealthy person who was ill or dying. Both, of course, are holy, as those who were kissing the first one and praying to it evidently felt little difference.

After this, we went to the old cottage, the first house in St. Petersburg, where Peter the Great lived while planning the city. It is now covered over with a roof, and it has three rooms, one of which is appropriated for a chapel. It is a very small room, and while we were there a number of persons came with papers asking for prayers for special persons. The priest was sent for, and the service was performed.

Peter must have been a very industrious man, for there is a great amount of his handiwork shown. There is a boat which he built, chairs and tables that he made, brass of his engraving, and ivory of his carving. Not far from this place is the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, where the members of the imperial family have been buried since the foundation of St. Petersburg. We spent the twenty-sixth of June among the mining-schools, looking at the variety of stones Siberia produces, — jasper, rodinet, and others. Then we drove around the St. Ulric Church and school, where the old ladies of noble birth, and the daughters of noble parents, who have blue blood but no money, are supported by the government. The daughters are educated and receive a marriage-portion.

Then we went to the Alexander Neoski monastery, where we heard the most beautiful choral music — the finest voices I ever listened to. No instrumental music is ever allowed in the Russian Church; but we could scarcely believe, when listening to these monks, that a grand organ was not sending out the full deep notes that rolled up and echoed and re-echoed from the vaulted roof.

The next day we visited the largest and finest church in the city, St. Isaac's, all marble and jasper inside, with malachite columns, wonderful paintings, and mosaics. We were anxious to get a view of the city from a high point, and so mounted five hundred and fifty-two steps to the top of the dome. Fortunately we had strength enough left to visit the artillery museum.

At seven o'clock, I went again to St. Isaac's to hear the singing at vespers. Pilly took me into the centre of the church. Soon one of the men in charge offered me a seat, but Pilly said, "Not yet." No one sits in these churches; the congregation all stand, only kneeling when they come to certain parts in the service, or when in prayer.

After a while I was taken back of the altar-railing, and there seated in a niche between two enormous malachite pillars. Behind me on the wall was a wonderful mosaic of St. Katharine. I listened to the sweet singing of men and boys; some of the little fellows did not look more than four years old.

The next morning I went to the nunnery to hear the singing of the nuns. It was difficult to believe there were no

male voices among them, as we listened to the bass notes of some of the women.

One thing I noticed as quite exceptional in the churches of St. Petersburg; that is, the devoutness of the men, and their attending the services. Frequently there were more men than women present, rich and poor standing or kneeling side by side. They are more generous to strangers and unbelievers than we are; they allowed me to go behind the railing where the priests were, and be the only one seated in the cathedral. They doubtless wondered at my want of faith; as I marvelled at so much form and so little spirit.

The time came to bid adieu to St. Petersburg. We had been long enough in Russia to see the excessive drinking that prevails, and were told that the government has such a large revenue from whiskey that the use of it is more encouraged than frowned upon, although the quality is of the poorest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Leave for Stockholm — Finland — Peasant Dresses — Abo — Stockholm — The Swedes — Norway — Fine Scenery — Trondhjem — Start for North Cape — The Laplanders — The Midnight Sun — Hammerfest — Bird Island — The North Cape — The Lyngenfiord — Magnificent Scenery — Glaciers — Falls of Lerfos — Norwegian Houses — Christiania — Oscar's Hall — Old War Ship — The Cattegat — Copenhagen — Pretty Homes — Thorwaldsen, etc.

THE first surprise after taking a sleeping-car at St. Petersburg was to find a woman officiating as porter. We had become so apt in pantomime that it was quite easy to make our wants known.

We went to sleep without regard to hours because we were sleepy. I often thought of the chickens in the long summer days at home, how they wander around the roosting-place, wondering whether it is time to settle down for the night. At three in the morning old Sol woke me by throwing bright rays across my face. At nine o'clock we had to change cars, waiting till half-past eleven for the train to Abo. After getting breakfast we took a walk about the place, and it looked strange to see familiar things growing.

The strawberry-plants were in bloom, standing up like potato-blossoms, thrifty and strong. Some men were mowing in a garden; the scythe had very odd handles, which rested on the left arm of the mower. A. took one to see how it would work; it was amusing to see him mowing a swath in Finland.

Finlanders, like the people of other countries where strangers are rare, were as much interested in looking at us as we were at them, and America seems a charmed word to all.

The country through which we passed was very pretty and well cultivated, though the soil does not look rich. Part of it recalled Maine, with its hemlock, spruce, and pine, though the forest-trees in Finland are not as large. The season is short; but when summer weather comes, everything grows continually, there are so few dark hours.

We saw no handsome women. Some of the peasant-dresses are very pretty, especially the white skirts, shirt-waists, and white aprons bordered with red embroidery, worn over blue skirts, — the neck of the dress cut half-low, and five or six rows of beads, large and small, covering the neck, which would otherwise be bare. Generally two colors of ribbon-ends droop from these down the back. The custom of tying a handkerchief over the head, instead of wearing a bonnet, is almost universal; there is no fussing over spring styles there. We found that women in Finland hold positions in telegraph-offices, railway-stations, and so on.

On reaching the station at Abo, we had to take a drosky and drive across the city, which is the oldest city in Fin-

land, and was formerly its capital. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1827, and has never been entirely rebuilt.

Having an hour to spare, and being hungry, we went to a restaurant that stood on a hill quite near, and, in our quiet manner, made our wants known. We have found that beefsteak, bread and butter, fried potatoes, coffee and tea, are words that are understood in most nations; these generally supplied our wants when other dishes were not where they could be pointed out.

In the evening we left Abo on a very nice, clean, little steamer, and from the time of leaving the wharf until reaching Stockholm, we had a beautiful sail on water as smooth as a mirror, going near and around islands of all sizes, most of them rocky and well-wooded, with pretty villas dotting their banks.

During the morning we passed quite near a Swedish fleet of eight ships. The King of Sweden was on his way to Finland. Nearing Stockholm we came to the fort which guards the entrance on that side; we also saw several large turreted castles.

Pleasant weather favored our trip, but on arriving at the wharf it commenced to rain. Sweden dropped a few tears of joy at my feet, as a greeting from the land of my forefathers.

After we were nicely settled in good quarters, she took my visit more to heart than was agreeable. It rained in torrents, but as we had resolved to rest, it made little difference.

Our hotel, the Grand, was situated on the water which runs on one side, or through one portion, of Stockholm; an arm of the Baltic extends into the middle of the city. The Molar sea also runs around a portion, and pretty bridges connect different parts.

July in Stockholm opened with fine weather. The King was at his summer-palace; therefore we had a more thorough view of the winter-palace, and were taken into the private apartments, all of which looked more home-like than rooms usually do in palaces. There was a pretty painting in the breakfast-room, — a landscape, and the cottage home of Christine Nillson. In the cabinet of the King — which was simply a cosey little room — stood a writing-table, from which I took up an envelope, asking if I could have it. The man in attendance frowned, and said "Ni, ni!" but our guide, a good old fellow, though rather deaf, said "Ya, ya," so the envelope remained in my possession.

We were shown the bedroom where the grandfather of the present king died; here again everything was left as it was at that time. None of the rooms were so grand that they lost the look of comfort; but of course in the drawing-rooms were many costly *objets de vertu*. Passing through the part of the palace occupied by the Crown Prince, and making ourselves quite at home, we noticed that suddenly an anxious expression came over the face of the attendant. A. and I were asked to retire. After leaving, we were told that the Crown Prince and Princess had arrived, and entered into their apartments. I wished

STOCKHOLM.

they had put off their coming until a later hour, — but I suppose that even kings and princes have a right to enter their own homes when they wish.

When visiting a private museum where there was a collection of figures in peasant dresses, we recognized two or three of the groups as having been those seen at our Centennial Exhibition. The young girls who have charge of the museum were dressed in very tasteful native costumes, and were the first really pretty girls we had seen for a long time.

Stockholm is a picturesque place, with its rocky hills and sparkling waters; and the atmosphere is politically purer than in Russia or Turkey. There is a general distrust in the air of a country whose sovereign dares not go about among his own people.

We have now fallen into line with other tourists, and recognize them at once by the red-covered guide-books they carry. It is sure to be a Murray or Baedeker. I did not feel as utterly ignorant here as in Russia. It is not so bad to be unable to pronounce all words correctly, but not to know the alphabet is very discouraging.

A day was passed among picture-galleries; and in one collection of Swedish artists we saw more pictures that we would covet for a private collection than in any other gallery we had visited.

At Deer Park the King has a small summer-palace, and pretty villas are built here and there on the edge of the woods. While driving through the park, I inquired of our

courier how long Charles the Fifteenth reigned? I thought the word reign confused him, and changed it to lived. His reply was, "A little over six feet." Evidently the use of long in that location was misunderstood.

We visited the church where are the tombs of the old kings and their families, and where up to the present time the Swedish kings have been entombed. The old portion of the city lies much lower than the new; a part of the latter is called Villa-City. There many beautiful houses are built, showing that they prefer separate homes to apartments. One of the finest houses was pointed out as belonging to one who "went to America, stayed nineteen years, and came home a rich man."

We thought Stockholm an exceedingly pretty city, and left it with regret, carrying with us many pleasant memories.

Again taking the railroad, we sped through a good farming country, the houses of frame, with roofs and sides painted red. We passed several May-poles, which had been trimmed, and around which there had doubtless been a merry dance of lads and lasses. The faces of the people looked cheerful and happy, there was a general air of comfort, and it was pleasing to see the young girls drop a little courtesy when greeting a friend.

At Storvich, dinner waited the arrival of the train; on going into the restaurant we each selected from the centre-table anything we desired, and pouring out our own tea or coffee, took all to a side-table and quietly enjoyed it. If we had selected a regular dinner there was a fixed price to pay;

otherwise they depended on the customer's honesty in telling what had been taken; no person was watching.

The scenery was so fine that I fought against sleep; it seemed heartless to close my eyes upon it. At last I had to succumb. We drew the curtains to darken the compartment, and slept by instalments. At six the next morning we had reached Ostersund, which is the most northern point; from there we turned almost directly west in our course. Sunny ranges of mountains gladdened our eyes.

At Storlien we reached the summit of the mountains, having been ascending for some time. On either side of the railroad quite large banks of snow were still remaining, and frequently we passed falls of water that came from the mountain-top into the valleys below, rushing wildly in the descent.

Storlien was the last station in Sweden. I like Sweden, both the country and its people. And the Norwegians are also pleasant to be among. While waiting to change cars from the Swedish to the Norwegian trains, I gathered some blue and yellow violets on one side of the road, while a bank of snow lay on the other.

From this point we began to descend. Just before we left the station, a Laplander came in, dressed in leather clothes, who had a skin hardened with exposure. He was on the lookout for tourists who wanted a guide for the mountain-districts; he said he could drive any number of reindeer.

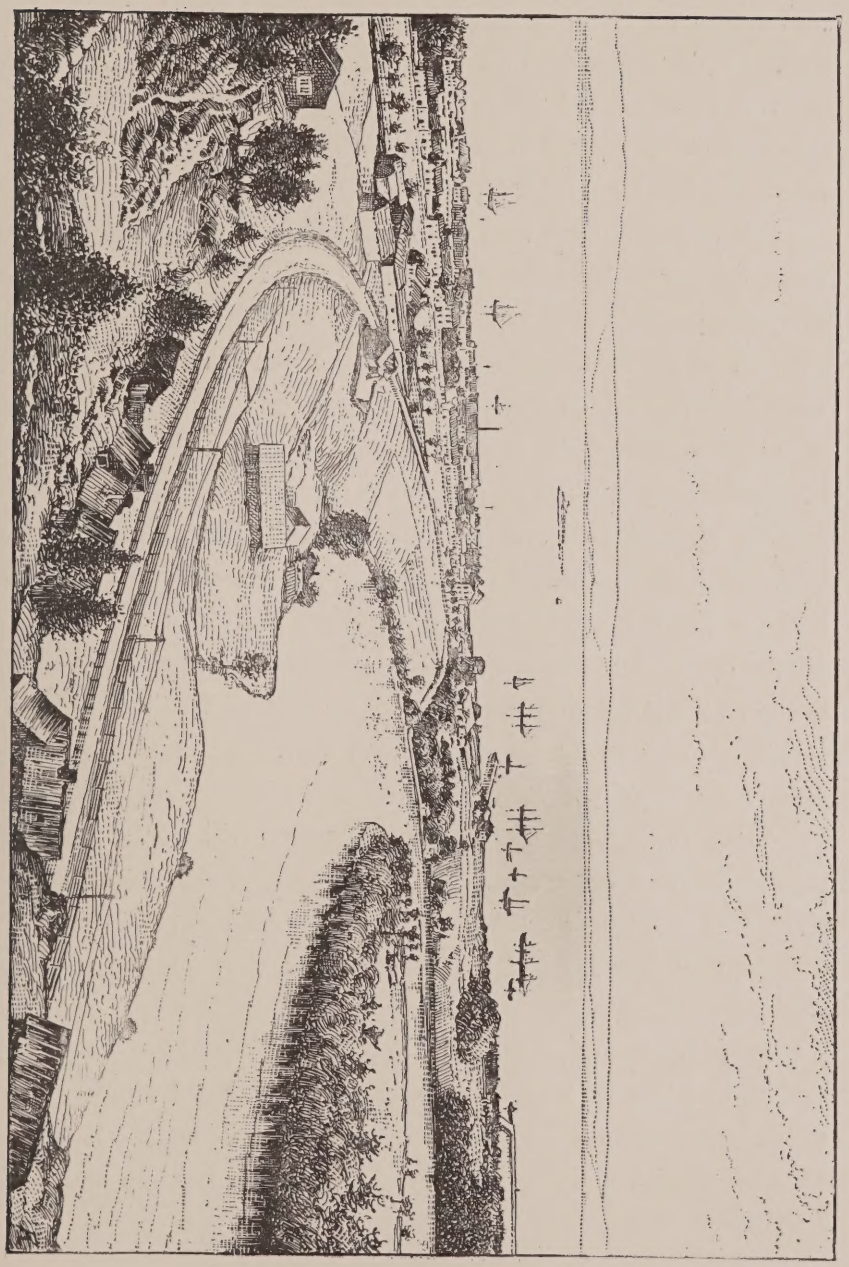
We passed our entire day in going from one magnificent scene to another, — the mountains, with snow still lying in the ravines, the beautiful waterfalls, the large lakes and fjords,

and the bright green freshness of the valleys, each lending its charm. It was rest to be with Nature, after being among so many palaces and churches.

A conductor in the last train spoke English, and it was a comfort to have the length of time told to us when at the station, and not have to count upon our fingers the minutes for stopping. For several miles the train came around point after point of land bordering the Stridenfjord, a beautiful body of water; and there A. saw some old ducks with their young floating around on the waves. This suggested gunning in the autumn. At some places during the day he had seen fine streams for trouting, where were a few English gentlemen in their boats, with rod and line. As we followed the banks of the Underakersu, it suggested "Wagon Wheel Gap," and the good fishing there. It is very similar in appearance. In conversing with some gentlemen who were returning from a fishing-tour after little success, A. was convinced that America is as good for both gunning and fishing as any other part of the world.

On reaching Trondhjem, we found our rooms comfortable though small. The weather was unpleasant and the summer had been remarkably cold. The last trip to the North Cape had been very disappointing, the tourists having had rain and fog. Trusting to our usual good luck, we engaged passage in the steamer, leaving at midnight.

The one thing to see in Trondhjem is the old Cathedral. It was over a century and a half in building, and underwent various alterations in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.



VIEW OF TRONDHJEM.

The kings of Norway are buried here, and in this cathedral all the sovereigns must be crowned.

We remembered that the Fourth of July is the day we celebrate, and waved our flag, in spirit, as we rode along, while our hearts cried out, "God bless America!"

The day was cool, and we longed for the sun to shine and warm us. The rain fell fast as we left the wharf, and most of the party felt down-hearted. We kept our faith, and were amused at its influence on others. A party of four maidens who had waited over two trips on account of the weather, said, "We are going because Mr. and Mrs. L. believe it will be clear; they always have good luck."

The next morning we were happy in having a day fine but cold. The mountains had snow lying over them in patches, and we needed all the warm wraps we could muster. The whole day we cruised among islands. The captain stopped the boat until we got breakfast. For about two hours it was rough enough to make many sick; fortunately, we were not among the number.

After that there were smooth waters, and at four in the afternoon we went on shore at Torget, and walking nearly a mile, saw a natural tunnel in a mountain, through which we looked, and saw framed a picture of the sea on the opposite side.

This mountain — called Torghattan, from the resemblance which it bears at a distance to a three-cornered hat — is the remarkable feature of the little island of Torget. It seems to rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height

estimated at more than two thousand feet, terminates in a deep cleft forming the basin of a small lake, and is completely perforated, not far from the centre, by an immense cavern, six thousand feet long and six hundred feet high. It appears to have been formed by a series of convulsions which have shattered the mountain; evidence of this is furnished by numerous fissures. It is cleft in one place almost from top to bottom. The guide-books tell us that the ancient kings of Norway, when crowned, used to visit this cavern, and prove the vigor of their arms by hurling javelins through it.

Fine weather still favored us, and we hoped it might continue. People on the tourist ship returning from the North Cape reported that there was such a storm when they were there that they were unable to land.

There was a lovely soft haze over the mountains, as we passed among the Loffoden Islands. All the scenery is very rugged; the peaks of the mountains are mostly pointed, and there is a similarity in their appearance. We had some grand views when the light defined them in bold outline. Now and then, in some sheltered nook, we would see a group of houses. We wondered that any people could content themselves there. The snowy, rocky peaks, and the green-covered mountains were side by side. I presume the snow covers the green so early in the fall, that the ground is prevented from freezing, and the instant the snow melts off the green shows itself.

It grew cloudy at times, and the exciting question was asked, "Shall we be able to see the sun at midnight?" A. continued to say, "Of course we shall; did not I tell you

we always have good luck!" When they referred to me, I said, "The chances seem equal; I have faith we shall." During the night previous we had entered the Arctic zone, and for a time had to pass across the west fjord, and feel the nearness of the Arctic Ocean, but the roll was not enough to trouble many of us.

Now and then we got among quite a number of small, square-sail-rigged boats, — the same kind used by the old piratical vikings; and we passed places where the rocks were whitened to deceive the salmon into thinking them waterfalls, making them come nearer shore to fall into the nets of the cunning fishermen.

We were kept in a doubtful state of mind all the day; but, meanwhile, we sailed through some magnificent bold passes, where the islands closed in so about us that we knew not in which direction our way would open. The wind was not so high as it had been, but the air was very cold.

About ten o'clock it lightened up into a hopeful glow along the place where the sun seemed to be setting; and from that time we decided, rejoicing immeasurably, that we were going to be favored with a splendid night. At eleven, beautiful tints lay over the snow-peaks and green mountain-sides; the fishermen's homes and their ships were all brightened with radiant coloring. The amateur artists on board were each trying to copy the inimitable effects that nature was lavishing upon the landscape.

We were all gathered in the bow of the ship. The captain said he would blow the whistle precisely at twelve

o'clock. It was a quiet time, most of the passengers became very silent. A. and I were in the extreme bow, and I was feeling deeply the impressiveness of the occasion. We could look quite steadily at the sun, though it was a solid ball of fire. The captain took us to a point between mountains, where the sun lay in the open space.

It changed position. It fell to what I should say was about fifteen minutes high, — others said an hour high. I thought it would go quite to the horizon, but it did not reach that point. The whistle told us it was midnight; the sun stood still a few moments; then slowly ascended, and the tints, that had faded as it descended, all came back again in the morning light.

I was spell-bound, and did not wish to speak or move. Some of the passengers began hurriedly writing to absent friends. The artists took their colors, the photographer his camera. A gentle quietness pervaded all; we felt specially favored by the fine weather.

At seven next morning, anchor was dropped opposite Tromsöe. Though all were sleepy in the morning, we were up to go ashore at ten o'clock to visit the Laplanders, or Lapps, as they are called, in their huts, about two miles from the shore. Some had telegraphed from Bodöe for horses to be in waiting. We did not telegraph, but being among the first on shore easily procured one.

The road was very good and the day was fine; suddenly the clouds began to gather and thicken. We got to the Lapp settlement, and saw the people in their huts, — all, even the

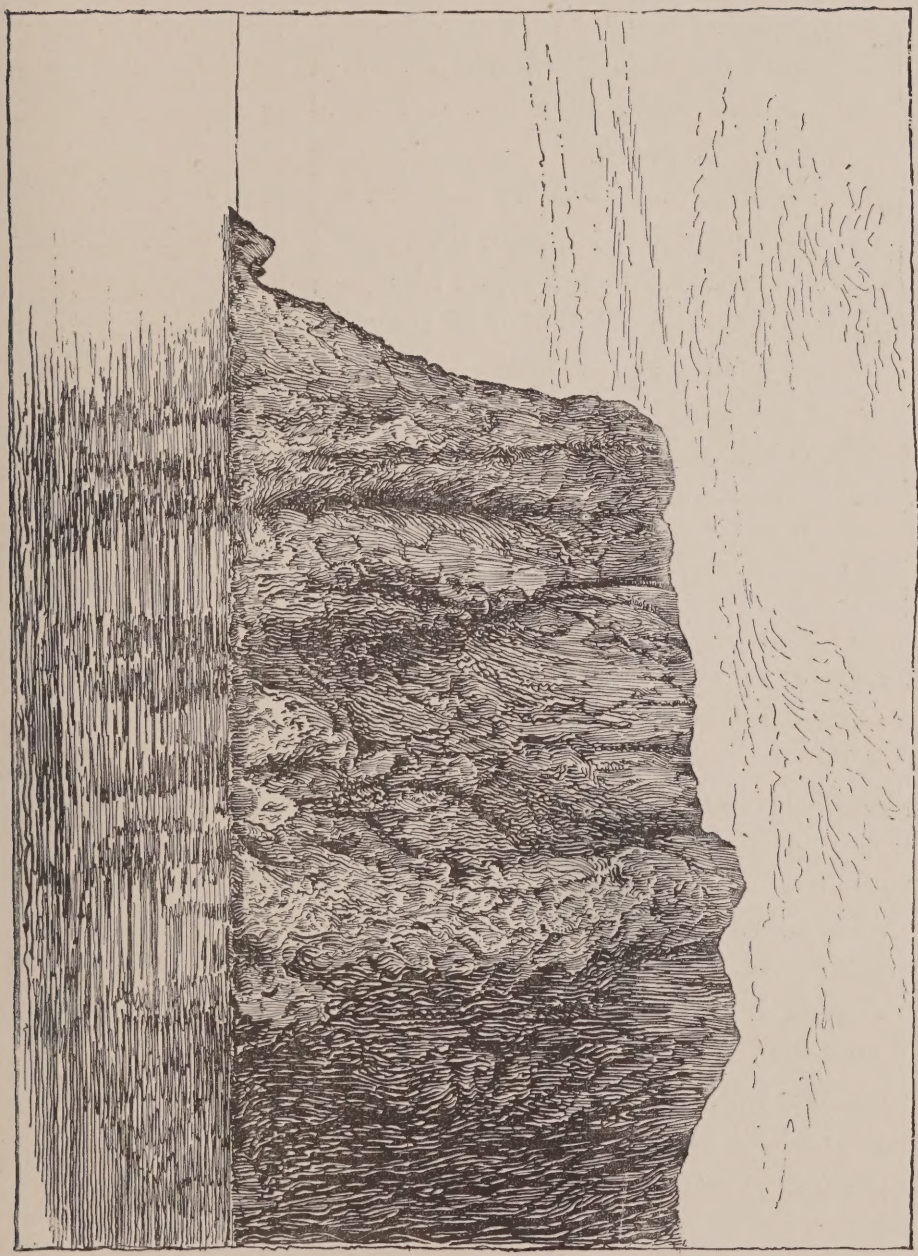
babies, dressed in fur-clothes. The older persons wore coats or dresses — both seemed alike, belted in around the waist — and leggings of fur, the leather side out, and fur or leather boots. We saw at least one hundred reindeer. The Lapps are a small race, with small feet and hands, and are dreadfully dirty-looking creatures. While there, the photographer appeared, and a large group was taken of the passengers, with some reindeer and Lapps among them to give effect to the picture.

Afterwards we crossed to the opposite shore to visit the town of Tromsöe, which lies very prettily at the base of a mountain sloping up from the shore. There are some large and pretty houses on the hill, and in the town a nice little museum.

The atmosphere is delightful on shore at this season. The water does not freeze in winter, the Gulf-stream being too near; but the idea of living here, while there are other places in the world! Only think of the long hours of darkness when the cold days come. I was wrapped up enough for a sleigh-ride, and the ladies who had on their seal-skin coats found them comfortable.

Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, is a quaint little place. The houses are of wood. Every one had flowers in the window. They can have no plants outside, but those in the windows showed that they prized them enough to cultivate them when they could.

Before reaching North Cape, our ship lay to long enough at Bird's Island to fire a cannon, and send up rockets into the



NORTH CAPE.

rocky bluffs, which are three hundred feet high. This startled thousands of white gulls, which flew off in clouds. When they settled again they looked like white daisies in the crevices of the rocks.

Arriving at the Cape, we anchored in a little cove, glad to get quiet, having had a rough time coming from Hammerfest. Most of the gentlemen went on shore, and at midnight seven of them stood on the summit of North Cape. The ascent, of one thousand feet, is very steep. A rope is arranged to assist those ascending. The ladies, with the exception of one or two, remained on the ship, the ground being very wet after the recent rain.

All had hoped to get another fine view of the midnight sun; but at twelve o'clock a cloud hung persistently in front of it; there were beautiful effects of tinted light, and we could see just the point where the sun descended, but did not a second time see the full round sun. We might have contented ourselves with this, if it had not been such a glorious night for the first view. Our captain told us we had had the only successful trip of the season up to that time.

We were all up till two o'clock, to get a good view of the Cape as we passed around it. At three, we were off again, on our return trip. It continued to rain, and gave us what the captain said was North-Cape weather. We were back to Hammerfest at nine o'clock, and there got breakfast.

We led a very irregular life, eating and sleeping when convenient, without the slightest regard to time. At eleven we left Hammerfest, after gathering up the ladies who had

remained there over night, fearing a storm at the Cape. As we had to go into the open sea for a time, there was a settling into quiet corners preparatory to rough weather; by three o'clock the ship was stopped in a smooth place, and all enjoyed dinner.

At six o'clock we entered the Lyngenfiord, and there saw the finest scenery of all. It is about thirty miles long; mountains rise to the height of five and six thousand feet on either side; water falls from the very top in thin sheets down the mountain; snow is seen in patches to the water's edge; and some fine glaciers are lying in the ravines. The sombre light added to the beauty of the coloring, especially the blue of the glaciers. We went through this fiord for three hours, then retraced our route, having sailed through it only to see the magnificent scenery.

The next day was fine, and we all rejoiced in its bright ness. We went through the Svartien in Melo, and anchored in a lake-like body of water, mountains towering all around us, and between them some wonderful glaciers. One of immense size was at the head of this fiord. We took the small boats and went on shore to see it nearer, and found that it was nearly a mile to the foot of it, though it appeared to come almost to the water's edge. Walking towards it over the green bank, we found many beautiful flowers. The masses of ice were grand, and in some of the deep crevices I saw the same beautiful azure that I wrote of when visiting the Terraces in New Zealand.

Some of the party went on the ice for a distance, but A.

and I thought we had walked enough over glaciers, and were content to look upon it. Quite a large stream of water runs from the base of the glacier, between it and the green fields that we walked over. After dinner we fired a salute to the Arctic Circle, and bade it adieu. At eight o'clock we had a beautiful view of the Seven Sisters, — seven mountain-peaks. The fourteenth of July was dull and rainy, until we neared the wharf of Trondhjem, when the weather graciously smiled on us as we landed. A purse was raised among some of the passengers to invest in some silver articles for a present to the captain and the first and second officers, who, apart from fulfilling their duty as officers of the ship, were very kind and attentive.

It was rather amusing to find in the list of those who contributed the names of all the American passengers, three English, and one Bavarian name. The Germans all declined, thinking that the officers owed us all they gave. The English said the Americans are always ruining every one; it would spoil the service if such things were encouraged.

A committee was appointed to select the gifts, the purchase was made, and the gifts were carried to the ship — two gentlemen and two ladies handing them to the officers, who were quite overwhelmed. We laughed afterwards at the memory of our quiet gentlemanly captain, with his face all aflame, who seemed in his embarrassment to feel that the only way to show his thanks was to seize my hand and shake it vigorously.

Trondhjem stands on a promontory, with the river on one

side of it, and the fiord on the other. The houses are all frame-buildings, and nearly every window was filled with flowers.

It is a pretty drive out to the Falls of Lerfos. These are on the River Nid; one fall is one hundred feet high, the other eighty. The rushing torrent and the large body of water dashing over the rocks make the chief beauty.

The drive is over a rolling and picturesque country. After the rain it looked beautifully fresh. Every farm-house we passed looked comfortable; men and women were making hay as well as they could during such a rainy reason. Evidently, the inhabitants expect wet summers, as they dry the grass, of which they have very heavy crops, by making frames composed of three or four rows of poles or wires, and throwing the cut grass over them. This hanging grass up to dry was a new thing to us.

The summer was just coming; the horse-chestnuts were in bloom, and happy, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed children gathered wild strawberries and flowers, and offered them to us as we passed.

As we left the carriage to walk a short distance, four little children ran in front of us to guide the path to the Falls. By the time we returned, the number had greatly increased. It was laughable to see A. in the centre of the group, counting heads, while he put a small coin into the hands of each child. It required no interpreter to translate the object of the American gentleman to the Norwegian children. The question of giving and receiving seems readily understood the world over.

On leaving Trondhjem we had a compartment to ourselves in the railway-carriage. The railroad company supply blankets, but no other sleeping-accommodations than the seats, which we learned to accept as beds, provided we could secure the entire length. The road passes through a very pretty country, with mountains and valleys, and follows the Gala River to the summit of the highest mountain at Jensvold, which is two thousand feet high. There we came to the watershed of the two rivers, the Gala flowing into the Trondhjem fiord, and the Glommen flowing south into Christiania fiord.

After seeing the cold rugged mountains further north, I thoroughly enjoyed the richness of cultivated land, and the farm-houses and big barns, worthy of our own Chester county, showing that there was something harvested to fill them. I am forced to notice the great difference in the comforts of life, where the government is Protestant. The people are not drained of all that gives happiness in this world, that they may secure it in the next.

At four o'clock in the morning we were up, and stopped at Hamar, one of the many pretty stations on the road. There we got some coffee. The air was delicious, the sun bright, and shining just enough over the mountains to make the Glommen river look like crystal, and the flowers, which are so strong in their rapid growth, blend like a richly-colored mosaic.

On the route we passed through a part of the mining-country, where there are large copper-mines. There we saw

the old Norwegian houses, all of logs, and covered with soil on which grass was growing, and on one was a locust-tree in bloom; many had little trees on them, and one had a roof of white daisies. One cannot help liking these people; their faces and manners are so frank; they look one so fairly in the eyes whenever they are speaking.

We reached Christiania at eleven in the morning, and, as soon as we had procured a room at the Victoria Hotel, A. went for our letters. They were from many different parts of the world, but none were so welcome as our home letters from dear America. They had continued to come regularly, through all the many months that have lengthened into years since we left home, keeping us, while wandering over the world, almost as well informed in daily matters of home life as if we were there. And I was happy to be able to do likewise, to let our nearest and dearest into the inner circle of our every-day doings, — mostly a bright and cheerful record, thanks to the Guide and Guard of our venturesome steps.

After reading and re-reading our letters, we took a carriage and drove out of the city about four miles, to a pretty place with many villas. We saw there a summer-palace — quite a small one — called Oscar's Hall, built for Oscar I., who preferred staying there when he came to Christiania. After his death, it was purchased by the government. In the beautiful grounds which surround it, stands an old church, brought from the country. It is one of five old churches still existing in Norway, built in the twelfth century. It was

taken down, brought here, and rebuilt. Quite near it they have placed an old peasant-house, also brought from a distance, and have arranged the interior in the old style.

We went to see an old viking war-ship, which was found in 1880, at Godstad, about a mile from the strand, a tomb-ship, in which the captain, with his horse and dogs, had been buried. It must have been built in the eighth or ninth century, and is as beautiful a model of a boat as we of the nineteenth could possibly build.

We also visited the city palace. As this is the capital of Norway, the King comes once or twice every year. We went over the palace, which is not as elegant as many houses lived in by my good countrymen and their families. I seated myself in the King's chair at the head of the table where he consults with his minister, the premier sitting at the foot of the same table. The chair was not any more comfortable for having the crown on the top of the back, and the Swedish coat-of-arms worked on it.

I thought, while going into the King's bedroom, and then into the Queen's apartments, that I should feel inclined to do as some other Queens have done, — and forbid strangers being taken into my private rooms. We had fine views of the city from the hill where the reservoir is placed that furnishes it with water.

One of the pleasant arrangements of the hotel in Christiania was a tent in the centre of a court-yard, where a table-d'hôte dinner was served at half-past two. The breakfast and tea were served in an odd, veranda-like room, with a tent

cover, and fountains, birds, and flowers ornamenting it. The sparrows came and ate at the same table, the saucy little fellows helping themselves from our dishes.

One experience we did not go through in Norway, — that of driving over the country in a carriole, as many travellers do, going from one station to another.

The carriole is a funny little two-wheeled carriage, holding one person who drives, a boy who rides up behind and acts as guide. You can drive all about on good roads, visiting different fiords, stopping nights at the little wayside inns. We were quite content to miss it, feeling familiar enough with the more fatiguing sort of travelling. Had we begun our travels in Norway, it was just the way in which we should have spent a few weeks, and enjoyed them.

On Friday, at eleven in the morning, we left Christiania in the "Dronning Lovisa" — the Queen Louisa — and had charming views all the fifty miles down the fiord. But after that, a squall came up, and we had rain and wind, so that "Lovisa" conducted herself in a very unqueenly manner, and we had a rough time of it. I never wish to sail on the Cattegat again. It brought vividly to mind the time we spent between the Bluffs and Hobart. Having been so well behaved lately, I felt safe till after getting some supper. Then I made a rapid rush to lay this frail body down. About an hour after, A. came down to the cabin, and dropped hastily into his bunk. Neither of us attempted to undress; I did not dare even to wink, nor did he.

When the captain said next morning, "There has been a

dreadful gale all night," we told him that we were ready to give his ship the premium as a roller.

There was no difficulty in passing through the custom-house. We were treated very courteously by the officials. Soon we were comfortably housed in the hotel at Copenhagen.

Here is another deer park, a beautiful beech-forest, with hundreds of deer. The road to it passed the summer-home of the Crown Prince, which stands at the head of a long avenue of old trees. Two of his little sons were riding on ponies up and down this avenue. A short distance beyond we met a gentleman and lady and two children on the roadside. They were walking rather quickly; our courier lifted his hat; the gentleman lifted his at the same time. A., catching a glance, did likewise. It was the Crown Prince and Princess.

The King's palace is back among the trees, not visible from the road. The city palaces are very plain in exterior. Denmark is a small kingdom, and the ruling powers seem very unostentatious; yet the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia did not hesitate to seek the King's daughters as wives for their sons. And, through these marriages, the little kingdom comes to the front to arbitrate between the Lion and the Bear.

We passed many pretty villas during our drive, none of them very large, but all homelike, and with the doors and windows open. The women and children were outside on the lawns. And very many of the houses, if standing at a dis-

tance from the street, had lawn and gardens, with little summer-houses on the roadside, each containing one pretty room, with curtained windows and a round table with a bouquet upon it. There the ladies sat with their work, and had their afternoon tea or coffee.

They dine in the middle of the day; their light supper they seem to take in gardens, either private or public. So different is it in the North from what it was in Turkey. Here the men and women have all in common, be it work or play.

We passed through a fishing-village where the old women and men were at work on the seines; the younger men were all a-fishing, and the younger women had gone to market. We met at least twenty in one wagon coming home, and all looked very clean. They form a shaker-like front to the handkerchief worn on the head, by putting a piece of stiff paper inside. Every woman of the poorer classes, or country woman, wears this kind of a head-covering.

Along the banks of the sound there were a number of these pretty villas, which are rented during the season of a few weeks which they call summer. They are owned by a hotel company, so those who occupy them have no care of housekeeping; all eat at the restaurant of the hotel.

On Sunday we visited the Fruekirke — the Church of Our Lady — which has some fine marble statuary by Thorwaldsen. Then we went to the Thorwaldsen Museum, which is an extensive collection of his works. When he was only ten years old, he made a clock-case, seven feet high. This was

his first piece of work; his last was a bust of Luther, which he modelled at the age of seventy-four.

Thorwaldsen never married, and he bequeathed all of his works and personal property to his native city of Copenhagen, with the request that a suitable building should be erected to contain them. This is built with a hollow square, in the centre of which is the grave of the great sculptor, covered with a rich growth of ivy; it is oblong in shape and raised about a foot from the stone pavement.

The portraits that have been made of him — one of which he copied, carving a full-length likeness of himself in marble — are beautiful to look upon. I asked our courier, who knew him well, if he was handsome in his old age. "Oh, yes!" he said, "and every one loved him." It could not be otherwise. There is a fascinating frankness in his face, as portrayed in those exquisite paintings, that no one could resist.

We visited Rosenborg Castle, which was built in 1604, and occupied by Danish monarchs down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Now it is used as a museum; and the coronation-robes, and old portraits, and jewels and bric-a-brac belonging to different kings, are deposited there.

As a rest from seeing works of art, we took a stroll in Frederiksborg Park, where the old palace of Frederik IV. still stands; it is now used as a marine school. The grounds are very handsome, and there were many men and women, with their families, spending Sunday there. In our own country we are learning what outdoor life is to the people.

One of the finest paintings I ever saw was exhibited in

Copenhagen while we were there, a picture of Christ before Pontius Pilate, by a Bavarian artist. It is wonderful both in design and execution. The figures are almost life-size, and there are numbers of them; the grouping and expression are remarkably fine.

CHAPTER XXV.

Off for Hamburg — German Customs — Berlin — Emperor William — Potsdam — Dresden — Picture-Galleries — Leipsic — Frankfort — Hamburg — Heidelberg — Baden Baden — Black Forest — Strasburg Cathedral — The Rhine — Cologne — Amsterdam — The Hague — Brussels — Waterloo.

UPON leaving Copenhagen, at seven in the morning, we had a good view of the fruit and flower women in the market, looking clean and fresh, with their white handkerchief-bonnets over their heads.

On reaching Korsör, Zealand, we had to change and take the ferry-boat to cross the "big belt." There we found two boats going to Hamburg, each by a different route. We showed our tickets, one said one boat, another said the other; so, after fluttering between the two, we at last got upon the right one, which took us across to Nyborg. After crossing Funen in the cars, we were turned out again to cross in another ferry-boat the "little belt" to Fredericki. At last we got into the third train, which took us to Hamburg; but when we reached the Danish frontier at Vandrup, out we all had to go again, with our hand-luggage, that the German custom-officers might examine it. Ours was not looked into. The

word American continued to act like a charm; it brought a stamp on the bag, and nothing in return but a thank you.

In Hamburg there are no palaces and museums to visit, and we were rather glad of it. There is a beautiful drive around the "Binnen-Alster." Wide avenues run around this lake, and on three sides are beautiful homes. We rode to see the old part of the city, where are yet many of the quaint old-fashioned houses, which look very picturesque, but are fast giving way to more modern styles, just as the old people must step aside for the young.

In the evening we went to the circus, which was a very fine one, and we enjoyed the people as much as they did the circus. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, sandwiches and beer are passed among the audience, also ice-cream and cakes. One day was enough to see all that was important, and we left, thinking Hamburg a fine flourishing city, doing an enormous business, if one may judge by the number of vessels in the harbor, and the busy scene on the quays.

All baggage must be examined before leaving Hamburg. Although our hand-luggage had a blue patch on it to be allowed to enter, it had to receive a green one to pass out again. When we said, "We have nothing dutiable," again our truthfulness was accepted, and not a piece was opened.

Finding that the best of passengers were taking tickets in second-class railway-carriages, we did likewise. Our courier asked the conductor if he could not let us have a carriage to ourselves. The result was that for three marks we had a first-class carriage through to Berlin. The coun-

try over which we travelled was under fine cultivation, and the crops looked well.

The atmosphere seemed full of the power that says: "No trifling! we all mean business." Even the flagmen at the stations stand like sentinels, holding their unfurled flags like guns to their shoulders, as the trains pass. The railroads belong to the government, and every official looks as though he had taken private lessons of Bismarck.

At Berlin we found an excellent valet de place, and began to think that we were either fortunate or very easy to please. There was much to see in this large and beautiful city. The Emperor is very simple in his tastes, compared with other potentates, and the palaces are quite plain on the outside. We visited the royal palace occupied by William IV., father of the present Emperor, and the modern picture-gallery, which is very rich in fine painting. Then, wearied with art, we took a drive around the Deer Park, a large garden, kept in beautiful order, and with fine villas all around it. At Charlottesburg we saw the exquisite statue, more than life-size, of Louisa, mother of the present Emperor; also one of William IV.

The Emperor has portraits, statues and busts of his mother, in many different places; she was a beautiful woman. We were told that the old man denies audience to every one on only two days in the year; one day is the anniversary of his mother's death, the other that of the death of his first love. Her father was not willing his daughter should marry him, and she died unmarried.

BISMARCK'S PALACE, BERLIN.

Potsdam is about thirty minutes ride by rail. When we arrived there we took a carriage and drove among beautiful parks all day. This place is the summer residence of the royal family. The "Kaiser Wilhelm" lives at Babelsburg when at Potsdam. He and the Empress were absent at the time of our visit. The persons in charge were engaged, and as our guide was well known by them, the keys were handed to him; so we wandered over the various rooms as we fancied, all being open to us, except the bedroom of the Empress.

The Emperor reserves only two rooms for himself, — one as his bedroom, the other as his audience-room; these are both exceedingly plain. The old soldier's bed is on a little narrow bedstead, covered with a plaid woollen shawl. On a veranda we saw a maple table with a leather-covered chair on either side. Here the Emperor and Empress take their coffee in the morning in the plainest manner, nature alone decorating the place with her vines and flowers. We visited Charlottenhof, — a small homelike palace belonging to Frederick the Great, of which he and his friend Humboldt were very fond. Sans Souci, another favorite, is also homelike, and has beautiful grounds, in which we saw the historical windmill. The late Emperor was very partial to this palace; he died there in 1861. The room is left as it was when he used it; so is the room which Voltaire occupied, though his toilet-articles are all that is left of his belongings. A most novel piece of work is the grotto or shell room in the new palace, which was built by Frederick the

Great, after the Seven Years' War. The entire room is made of shells and minerals, as though the contents of a splendid cabinet collection had been placed as friezes to a wall of shell. The vaulted ceiling is also composed of shells. One portion of this palace is now occupied by the Crown Prince and his family.

Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Crown Princess Victoria, is somewhat formal and English in her ideas, and is not a special favorite with the people here. As the Empress is also haughty, the two are not the best of friends.

The Princess passed us one day in a carriage. She resembles the pictures of her mother, taken when several years younger.

While in Germany we enjoyed staying in doors in the evenings, and again having candles. When we were in the North, in the continual daylight, there seemed to be no time for sleep. We felt as if we wasted time from our sight-seeing when we slept. But now we were quite ready none the less to let the German moonlight all go to waste, and not get even a twinkle from the stars!

On retiring we realized we were in Germany by the down bed-coverings and the enormous pillows. It was laughable to see the bed prepared for us. The Americans and English are the only people that use double beds, and the single ones here are about filled with feather coverings.

One evening we mingled among the people at Knolls Garden. There was an orchestra of thirty-five or forty pieces, and the music was very good. An opera was sung in a large

hall; between the acts the audience went out to walk about the garden. It was a picture of fairy-land, — flowers and fruit illuminated, and lamps of beautiful designs hanging everywhere. The Germans thoroughly enjoy their out-door life.

Three hours travel by train carried us to Dresden. The picture-galleries there are remarkable, as every one knows; the collection is only equalled by that of the Louvre. Here we saw the original of Raphael's Madonna and many other very choice gems of art. We wished we had the time to sit long with them, to fully enjoy them.

The porcelain in Dresden is also very beautiful. The large collection of armor was also very interesting. Our wonder was how men and horses ever bore the weight of it. We saw the crown-jewels; some of the little cabinet-ornaments as well as the larger ones were inlaid with all kinds of precious stones.

The railroad ride to Leipsic takes only three hours. We drove around the city, seeing good streets, fine buildings, and parks. Many Americans are living there; those who go to study prefer the society of the Germans, as they acquire the language more rapidly in that way; and they live very differently from at home. We attended the opera of the Huguenots in the evening, and next morning took the cars for Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Our road passed through the most picturesque country we had seen in Germany. The absence of fences adds to the effect by widening the view. The grain-fields looked golden.

I never saw such gold-colored wheat, which both women and men were harvesting.

We were close on the border of the Thuringian forest, and also in sight of the Hirschberg ridge, where tradition locates the cave of Venus, in which she enticed the knight Tannhäuser.

We spent a pleasant day, driving around Frankfort. We saw the monuments to Goethe and Schiller, and to Gutenberg, Faust and Schoeffer, who were the first pioneers of printing. We also saw the house in which Goethe was born, and the place where his mother was buried. Another house was pointed out as being the one where Luther had preached from the window. In a small house built to shelter it, is the masterpiece of Dannecker, the original Ariadne and the panther, a beautiful work of art.

In the Jewish quarter, they were tearing down the old houses to widen the street. The house where the senior Rothschild was born, and where he lived and sold old clothes, was saved from destruction. The family are repairing it.

All these German cities have beautiful gardens, where rich men and poor go to listen to good music, and to eat and drink and enjoy life generally.

There is a great deal of independent feeling existing in all the provinces which have been whipped into line by Kaiser Wilhelm. The people shrug their shoulders when they speak of him, and in answer to the question, "Does the Emperor ever come to see you?" they say, "Oh no! he does not care for us, nor we for him — he does not care to come, nor we to see him."

I never saw such gold-colored wheat, which both women and men were harvesting.

We were close on the border of the Thuringian forest, and also in sight of the Hirschberg ridge, where tradition locates the cave of Venus, in which she enticed the knight Tannhäuser.

We spent a pleasant day, driving around Frankfort. We saw the monuments to Goethe and Schiller, and to Gutenberg, Faust and Schoeffer, who were the first pioneers of printing. We also saw the house in which Goethe was born, and the place where his mother was buried. Another house was pointed out as being the one where Luther had preached from the window. In a small house built to shelter it, is the masterpiece of Dannecker, the original Ariadne and the panther, a beautiful work of art.

In the Jewish quarter, they were tearing down the old houses to widen the street. The house where the senior Rothschild was born, and where he lived and sold old clothes, was saved from destruction. The family are repairing it.

All these German cities have beautiful gardens, where rich men and poor go to listen to good music, and to eat and drink and enjoy life generally.

There is a great deal of independent feeling existing in all the provinces which have been whipped into line by Kaiser Wilhelm. The people shrug their shoulders when they speak of him, and in answer to the question, "Does the Emperor ever come to see you?" they say, "Oh no! he does not care for us, nor we for him — he does not care to come, nor we to see him."

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

We were told that when Bismarck gets his temper up, — or, as it was expressed to us, "when his hat doesn't set well on his head, but gets on one side," — the Emperor has to go to Bismarck, if he wishes to see him, for Bismarck will not go to the Emperor.

Homburg is a delightful place, which is visited for the benefits of its mineral-waters. The Empress was visiting here. The streets were gayly decorated in her honor; the dear old stars and stripes flying among the other flags. The best of English society patronize Homburg, and many Americans are also here to recuperate wasted strength.

Arriving at Heidelberg we took a carriage to drive up to the old ruined castle, with which we are all familiar from the pictures. It looked very beautiful in the distance, as we approached the town; and when, after going up on a good carriage road, we reached the castle, it was all as lovely in its ruins as fancy had ever pictured. It is exceedingly picturesque, and the view of forest and valley is prettier than I have words to tell.

It is a very pleasant ride to Baden-Baden. A novel sight was the hop-vines, growing on high poles, quite like a forest in general appearance. The hop-vines are trained on strings and festooned from pole to pole.

Reaching Baden-Baden at nine in the evening, we drove to the Hotel Russie, which is finely situated; and having secured our rooms and got some supper, we went at once to see the garden by gaslight, and to hear the end of the concert. I was greatly disappointed to find it so quiet. The gay life

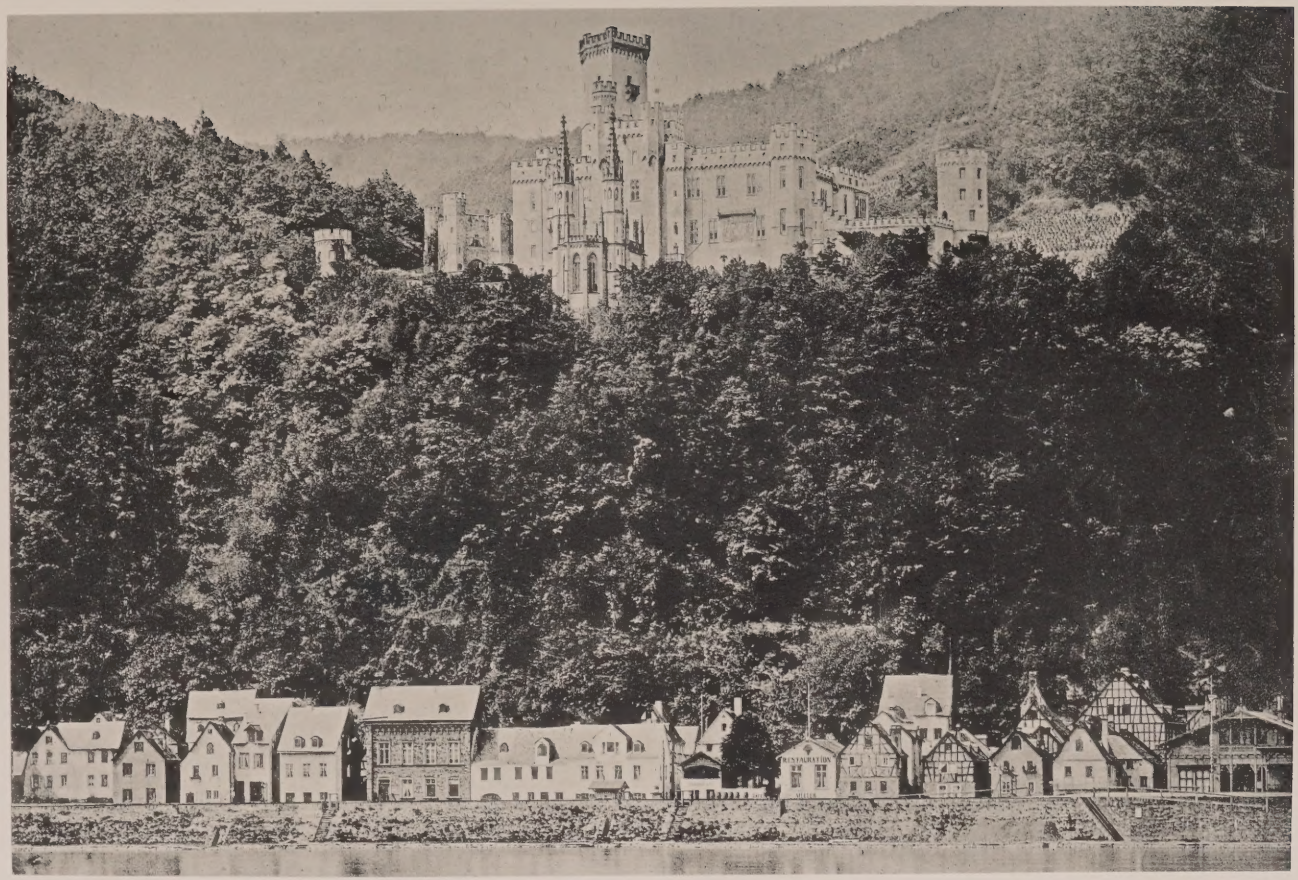
of the past all went with the order to close the gambling-halls, and it was like going to a fair after it is over.

The ruined fortunes and the heart-romances are now only a memory, and quieter people roam round the beautiful gardens and listen to the sweet music. In the sunlight and the freshness of the following morning, the gardens looked even more charming. Nature at least feels no blank from the passing away of that feverish pleasure, and that deadly pain which was its inevitable shadow.

We drove to the new castle on the hill, which is kept in good repair, and is occupied by the Grand Duke when in Baden. We went down into the old dungeons used in the fifteenth century, — horribly dark old cellar-vaults, in which it would drive one mad to be confined, with no light, no pure air, nothing but terror all around. I could not bear to stop a minute in them.

After going over the castle, we ascended to the ruins of the old castle, Hohen Baden. The walls date back to the third century, when the Romans constructed fortifications there. In some of the ruined windows they had placed wind harps, and the weird music that came from them when the wind passed over the strings was quite impressive. We mounted up many steps till we reached the top of one of the old towers, from which there was a charming view of the valley of the Rhine and the Black Forest.

As we drove back to the hotel, we went a long distance through the Black Forest, which is chiefly of evergreens, with just enough of other foliage not to weary the eye with same-



STOLZENFELS ON THE RHINE.

ness. The dark pine-trees, which are quite large, probably suggested its name.

Approaching Strasburg, we saw how strongly fortified it was; and just after our arrival a regiment of horse and another of infantry passed. They had been out drilling. German soldiers have no time to play. They are worked hard all the time, — drill, drill, drill. All are young men from twenty to twenty-five years of age. Those who cannot stand the fatigue, and fall by the way, are culled out. Germany reminds me of a big boy who stands challenging any one to knock a chip off his hat. And all the rest of these Continental countries take about the same attitude, bristling up and ready to plunge into strife at the slightest warning. Germany, especially, looks ready for a short and decisive fight at any moment.

The thing to do in Strasburg, on Sunday morning, is to go to the cathedral, where after admiring the exterior, we mounted three hundred and thirty steps, to a position on the roof, which is two hundred and sixteen feet above the city. From this point we had a grand view, which we surely deserved to get after this ascent.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, — the time the wonderful old clock strikes; so we waited to hear, and see the accompanients. A part of the great machinery was out of order, — the chariot would not pass around, nor the lion wag his tail, but otherwise all went as it should.

There was a work of art we desired especially to see, — a beautiful monument erected by Louis XIV. to Marshal Saxe,

son of Augustus I. of Poland, and the charming Countess Königsmark. It is in the Protestant Church of St. Thomas. We heard sweet music as we entered; there was a service, and the church was filled with soldiers, their voices mingling with the choir.

One beautiful morning we took the boat at Mayence to go down the Rhine, and went on board full of anticipation. We passed vineyard after vineyard, seeing where the grapes are grown from which the Rhine wine is made, and looking at one old castle after another, as it stands grand in its ruins, on the high peaks on either side.

The natural beauty of the river is to be admired, but to me, apart from the historical associations, it does not compare with the Hudson, which flows at the foot of "Sunnyside" and "Idlewild," the homes of Irving and Willis.

Probably when there were forests on the hillsides, instead of vines, the scenery was more grand. I was rather disappointed at "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine." It is very pretty, but not more beautiful than the other places. Perhaps I ought to have expected this. The halo of poetry and feeling thrown around a certain spot of earth by personal experiences does not appeal always to the eye of the stranger. The water in the river was quite low, lower than it had been for twenty years, and ours was the last trip of the large boats. At six in the afternoon we reached Cologne, and next day visited the great cathedral. It is truly wonderful, the grandest that we had seen, and fully realized all we had read and heard of it. Then we went to the museum and galleries of

paintings, where we especially admired a beautiful portrait of Queen Louisa.

There is little else to see there. Of course, we found the Farina eau de Cologne everywhere for sale; but I did not perceive the bad smells that are said to hang around the city. The old streets are very narrow, and not at all pretty. Great improvements are being made; the fortifications have been extended quite a distance beyond the former ones, which are taken down, leaving a few of the old gates, — as they are both historical and ornamental, — and making wide streets. They have erected block after block of beautiful buildings. No two are alike, and the variety in architecture has a striking effect.

We saw, before leaving Cologne, the house where Rubens was born, or, at least, where his infancy was passed. In the same house, Marie de Medicis died; and as we came through Kempen, we thought of Thomas à Kempis, whose memory is green, and his personality clear, though the knowledge of where he was born, and where he died, is lost in the dimness of the past.

In passing into Holland we lingered only long enough to get a fleeting glimpse. Our journey onward was over ground more familiar to my readers.

The cleanliness of the Hollanders is everywhere remarkable; an untidy man or woman is an exception in Amsterdam. Some of the countrywomen wear very odd-looking white muslin caps, pinned up at the ears, or standing out like blinkers on a horse, with big ornaments. To modernize this

effect, they sometimes wear a bonnet over all, producing a decidedly unique style.

At a cottage-door, a little baby was placed in a chair which was shaped like a drum and stood on three legs. The baby was standing up in it as happy as a king.

We drove about Amsterdam, the city of canals; it is much larger than I thought. Why any one, in the far-away days, came to a mud-flat to build a city, when there were so many better sites, I cannot imagine. The result is, however, that a large number of people live in homes built on piles, and seem as satisfied of their security as though their houses were built on a rock. We went to the palace, and to a new and very fine gallery for paintings, but enjoyed most going around the city.

At the large hotel, the Amstrel, our window opened upon one of the numerous canals, and little steamboats went by, very much as cars on a tramway.

We spent several hours, after leaving Amsterdam, at the Hague. How very pretty these cities all are! Complimentary adjectives grow monotonous over them. The King lives at the Hague, in a very plain palace. One sees many handsome residences. Well-kept parks are found in every city, and nothing could be more ornamental.

Rotterdam is another town of much water, and there are three hundred bridges covering its numerous canals. The hotel is situated on a wide canal, and ships were being loaded in front of it. The manner in which the women were scrubbing and cleaning in front of the dwellings reminded me of good old Philadelphia on Saturday mornings.

We arrived at Antwerp to find the city filled with people from the country around, and the hotels full of those who had come to the Exhibition. There was also a harvest-festival, which they hold once in seven years. Last year was the regular celebration, but it was repeated this year on account of the Exhibition.

The first thing in the harvest procession was an enormous whale, mounted on wheels, with quite a good representation of water surrounding it. On its back was a small boy, dressed in tights, and holding the nozzle of a hose in each hand, from which he threw water everywhere. The whale spouted without any regard to things or persons, into the windows, and on the people. We thought it a rough joke, but everybody shouted and took it good-naturedly.

There were peasants in the native dress, with implements of farming, and girls with sheaves of wheat in wagons; and every style of dressing, and all shades of gorgeous coloring.

Of course we visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and saw Rubens' masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross; and also another, the Ascent. Most of the paintings in the old times were designed for altar-pieces, and placed in the churches. There is a continual repetition of the agonies of Christ and of the saints, under various names. I cannot enjoy them. The more perfect the art, the greater is the strain on one's sympathies.

We saw the tomb of Rubens, and the family-chapel; also a quaint old mansion, now called the Musée Plantin-Moretus. Plantin set up a printing-office in Antwerp, and the descend-

ants of his son-in-law, Moretus, continued the business until 1800, when the place was closed. The government now owns it, and everything is kept as it was when purchased. We were surprised to see the fine wood and copper plates that are preserved, and the many fine engravings, which show the character of the work done at that time.

We were pleased with the beautiful city of Brussels, and its large gallery of paintings, and the Wientz Museum, containing pictures very different in conception from any we had previously seen. At ten in the morning a four-horse coach starts daily for Waterloo. Securing front seats on top, we took the excursion. The road leads for the first two miles through a pleasant park to a straight paved avenue with trees on either side. This avenue is the work of the great Napoleon, whose pleasure was to employ prisoners in making roads; and the straighter the road, the quicker the way into the enemy's country.

At Waterloo we got luncheon, and then set out for a walk over the ground to see the positions of the armies at the great battle. Our guide was a peculiar creature; each time, after stopping us to listen to an explanation, the instant he had concluded, he would turn around, and start off as though he had been shot out of a gun. The inclination to mimic was so strong in me that, but for the strangers who accompanied us, I should have followed him; but the English and Germans are so slow to take a joke they saw nothing droll in it.

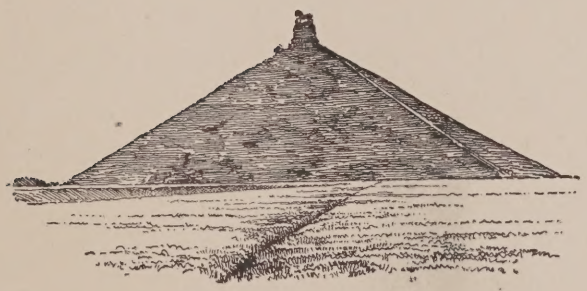
We returned to Brussels in the afternoon. The trip was

LA PORTE DE HAL, BRUSSELS.

interesting, though fatiguing to some of the party, on account of the miles of paved road over which we drove.

The new Palais de Justice is a very extensive building, but we were more interested in visiting the old Hotel de Ville, and guild-houses.

In the centre of "the Place" is a flower-market. The only remnant of the old fortifications is a tower-like building, called Forte de Hall, built in 1318, and now converted into a museum.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Paris — Père la Chaise — Versailles — St. Cloud — Boat Tilting — Fontainebleau — London — English Free-Trade — English Ladies and Gentlemen — An English Home and Village Church — Grave of William Penn — Stoke-Pogis and Gray's Elegy — Rainy Weather — Liverpool — Boston Spa — Leave England — Return to America.

E arrived at Paris the sixteenth of August, having come through from Brussels in five hours. Eighteen years had passed since we last saw it; then the Emperor reigned, and it was decked for the great exhibition. As it was Sunday, we went to Père la Chaise, joining the great numbers who were going with garlands to decorate the tombs and shrines. I do not like the decorations in the French cemeteries; there is too much bead-work, — wreaths upon wreaths, black, white, and purple, all bead-work, hanging everywhere. They do not seem in the usual good taste of the French.

We spent some hours there, seeking for the graves of noted persons; of course, we wandered to the tomb of Abelard and Héloise. The most elegant monument is one to Mrs. Edmund Bancroft, formerly a Miss Peabody, of Boston. It is decorated with beautiful natural flowers.

TROCADÉRO PALACE, PARIS.

We passed a day at Versailles, refreshing our memory with things seen before. In the garden, once so profusely filled with flowers, are none now except on a chance shrub or two; and the grounds have lost much of their general attractiveness. The portraits of Napoleon the Third and Eugénie hang among the older portraits on the upper floor, Napoleon's having no name or number. We knew it from our memory of him.

Paris is a wonderful city, and Paris life full of variety; but it does not seem the brilliant place it was under the Empire. We rode through the Bois du Boulogne, and found it comparatively quiet. It was out of season, but that did not account sufficiently for the great change in the number of people frequenting it. A beautiful place the park certainly is; but about it, and over the whole city, there was a deadness that did not seem like Paris. Those who reside here say it has never been the same since the revolution.

We frequently met with Cook's or Gage's tourists. It is amusing to see them come in droves into the various galleries, many of them puffing and blowing, all jaded out; but they have to keep up. Only so many minutes are allowed for each place, and they walk through long galleries of paintings as they would down a crowded thoroughfare.

Victor Hugo's tomb was not yet prepared, when we visited the Pantheon. His coffin was literally a monument of wreaths, and various designs of beads, and of beautiful artificial flowers, many faded natural ones having been removed. Hundreds of designs filled the centre of the building, some

of the wreaths being twelve feet high; and the steps outside, leading into the Pantheon, were covered with wreaths of immortelles.

At the Luxembourg palace we saw the fine statuary and paintings. The senate holds its meetings in one part of the old palace, which was originally built for Marie de Medicis. When in the senate-chamber, I sat in Victor Hugo's chair, and leaned my arms on the desk; his card was there still. Then I took a seat in the chair usually occupied by Lafayette's grandson, who bears his name.

At the Gobelin factory it was very interesting to watch the men patiently weaving into shape the beautiful designs fastened on the walls behind them. They work from the back of the frame, throwing the little spindles of coloring, either silk or worsted, around the filling, which is worsted. The embroidery and the carpet-tapestry are done in one building. It takes one man a year to do a square yard of the picture-like embroidery. One Sunday we went to an old palace once occupied by Madame de Sévigné, which now is used as a museum, where are collected together many interesting articles belonging to Napoleon the First and Voltaire, and also relics of the Bastile. Then we saw a wonderfully good panorama of the Bastile, and the taking of it, and a general view of old Paris.

We took one of the little steamers, and went down the Seine to St. Cloud. It was a very pretty sail. There were fêtes going on in several places. One odd and amusing thing was to see two boats being rowed toward each other, while

one man stood in the bow of either boat with a long pole, having a knob at the end; a signal being given, the rowers went as fast as possible toward each other, each endeavoring to place the pole against the breast of the other with sufficient force to throw him into the water.

St. Cloud was the summer-palace of Napoleon the Third, when we visited it before; now, it is a ruin. The Prussian war played havoc with it. The beautiful fountains remain uninjured, and as it was a fête day the waters were playing.

The Palace of Fontainebleau is one of the finest near Paris. Some portions remain the same as when Napoleon occupied it. The drive through the forest of Fontainebleau is charming. Leaving the carriage, we walked to the spot where Napoleon I. used to stand with folded arms, watching the mock battles in the valley below. That picture of the great general is familiar to all.

When we left France, it was by way of Boulogne and Folkestone. The channel was as rough as I had remembered it, but the boats are much better.

London is truly a wonderful city in size and population, and full of excitement, both of pleasure and business. We found in the daily papers the usual growling about impure water, and bad drainage, and all the things that the people of large cities are vexed over; but if there is much to abuse, there is also much to praise. The lack of sunshine and the fogs are felt at once by Americans, who see so much of the royal sun that the absence of his gracious smile seems like a right withheld. The use of soft coal is another

grievance. The senses are despotic, as Emerson says, and many a greater evil goes by unchallenged, while minor ones are resented as insults.

This same coal-dust gives a softening effect to all the architecture, and it produces in the photograph the appearance of a light fall of snow, where the stone remains its natural color.

In this land of boasted free-trade, they are unwilling that any article of silver should enter their ports without paying duty. Not wishing to go about the Continent burdened with luggage, we had sent several packages through from places we were visiting, being assured we would have no trouble on arrival in England. We had great annoyance in gathering them together; they were all held for duty, as each package contained some trifling article of silver.

The English ladies and young girls looked prettier to us than ever before, their complexions are so fair. It might be from comparison with the darker skins of the women in warmer climes. It truly was a long time since we had met, face to face, so much beauty and intelligence.

American women have the credit of being the prettiest and best dressed. We quite longed to see a bevy of our ladies, to find how they impressed us after a long absence.

There is no doubt of one fact, — English men are the best dressed in the world. They take more pains, and are willing to take the trouble to dress for different occasions, as ladies generally do. And the invariable custom of wearing high hats gives dignity to their morning costume, which

is always tidy and well-fitting. As to the swaggering way of walking that some of our young men followed before we left home, their arms poking out at the elbows, some policeman or cockney may be seen with the strut, but no English gentleman walks in this manner.

The exhibition held by inventors was a fine affair. And the garden, in which the electric light company showed off their marvellous inventions, was simply magical. The fountains, beautiful in themselves, were made gorgeous with colored lights.

An old acquaintance, Mr. D., entertained us in his beautiful country home. On a Sunday morning we were told that there would be family prayers before breakfast. At the appointed time the servants came in, the maids looking very tidy in their white caps and aprons, and the men-servants following them.

After breakfast, we walked over the fields to the village church; it seemed very much like the familiar English novels, as we went along the meadow-path, and through the turnstiles, and the bells rang out a summons. The pretty little church, ivy-covered, had a quaint old tomb of a knight and his lady, dating very far back in the years gone by. The lady's marble figure was placed higher than that of the husband at her side, because she was of higher rank in this present life.

After church the rector asked us to go into the rectory, that we might see his home, which we found cosey and comfortable.

Our lunch over, we had a charming drive along narrow shaded roads, hedged in with hawthorn, to the old Jordan meeting-house, where is the grave of William Penn. I never was in "unity" with those who endeavored to remove the bones of Penn to Philadelphia; and when I saw the quiet spot which he had chosen for the last resting-place of his family, it seemed sacrilege to disturb its peace. It is so entirely sequestered that a stranger could scarcely find it. The quaint little meeting-house, in which meetings are held once a year, looked very friendly; we sat in the high places, and if the spirit suggested thoughts, they remained unexpressed.

After leaving here we took afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs. S., who own a fine estate near. The same day we dined with Mr. and Mrs. A., who live at Stoke Court, one of the homes of the Penn family. In the library where we sat to take our coffee are many books formerly belonging to the Penn family. Mr. S. purchased them with the estate. In this library Gray wrote a great deal of his Elegy. In the garden is a summer-house where Milton wrote a part of Paradise Lost.

Before taking the train again for London, we had a beautiful drive to see the grand old Burnham Beeches; then to Stoke Park, the mansion of Penn's descendants, and to the graveyard. There lies Thomas Gray, beside the picturesque little church whose curfew still "tolls the knell of parting day," and the ivied tower where the owls still hoot, — so said the rector's daughter, who had joined us.

London, we all know, is filled with places of interest; and we spent pleasant hours in revisiting many of them. I am fond of London for itself, — but do not like its climate. There was only one entirely fair day during the three weeks we spent there. Can one wonder that waterproofs and umbrellas are the constant companions of English people? It was raining

LITTLE CHURCH.

hard when we left in the early morning and took the train for Liverpool; but the sun soon came out. The country looked well, but the hedged fields appeared small to us and somewhat like garden-plots, after travelling over countries with unfenced fields. When stopping at Rugby Junction for refreshments, we found a great improvement in the station

and the courtesy of the attendants since our last visit; they then held the lunch with one hand till they received the pay in the other. This station and the waiters have been so much ridiculed by travellers that they have thought best to change their style.

Nearing Liverpool, we saw the smoke settling over the city, and knew that was the atmosphere we were to breathe while there.

Soon after our arrival, we had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with Mr. T., another member of our old Yosemite party. It seems strange we should have met and been entertained by three out of the four friends whom we met fourteen years ago during three weeks of travel.

Other kind friends invited us to visit them at Boston Spa, which place is a thoroughly English village, where we walked over the fields, and by pretty river-banks, and hawthorn-hedged lanes.

During our visit, we spent a day at Harrogate, and another at Fontaine Abbey, — one of the finest old ruins in England.

Upon our returning to Liverpool, our days were made pleasant by the attentions of kind friends. The city itself has few charms for strangers. The older parts swarm with the poorer class of Irish. The best homes are situated around Prince's and Sefton Parks, which are handsome and well cared for.

Time had been passing on during these months of travel, till two and a half years had gone by, and now we were look-

ing towards home; our passage was taken in the Aurania, which was to sail October third.

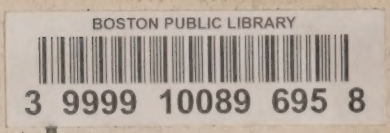
Before closing, let me say to those interested in travel: Do not burden yourself with extra baggage; you will find supplies to meet all demands, in every country.

In regard to the expense of travel, an average of ten dollars a day for each person will enable you to travel in the best way, including expenses of hotels, and so on, excepting, of course, personal expenses for clothing and curios. One must keep guard over the amount spent on the latter, or the purse will grow lighter unawares.

We bade adieu to those who saw us safely on to the ship, and our hearts turned towards the loved ones we hoped to greet on reaching our native land.

The voyage was fairly good, — some days of storm and fog, with some of sunshine. An interesting study to me was the tenderness of the young lads on board towards their mothers, showing how early our American boys are trained in thoughtfulness to women; and it was pleasing also to see the care bestowed by husbands and fathers on wives and daughters. I thought of days spent in the English Colonies, when I advised the young women to visit America before selecting husbands. I regretted being obliged to admit that there are sad exceptions, but the rule holds good, — an American is the kindest of husbands.

We were greatly favored in all our wanderings. We had been blessed with continued good health, and mercifully preserved from all danger.

As we neared the New World, we stood with anxious hearts watching for the first sight of land. Beautiful were its shores, and the harbor; but dearer than all were the loved ones that greeted us, — while all felt the absence of the one whose spirit had gone out into the greater unknown world.

B. P. L. Bindery
MAR 26 1903